John Adams.

ADAMS 234.4 v.9

THE

WORKS

OF

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN of ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

VOLUME IX.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by A. DONALDSON, and sold at his Shops in London and Edinburgh.

M. DCC. LXVIII.

ADAMS 234.4
v.9

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LETTER

AN ESSAY ON MODERN EDUCATION *.

FROM frequently reflecting upon the courſe and method of educating youth in this and a neighbouring kingdom, with the general ſucceſs and conſequence thereof, I am come to this determination, that education is always the worſe in proportion to the wealth and grandeur of the parents: nor do I doubt in the leaſt, that if the whole world were now under the dominion of one monarch, (provided I might be allowed to chuſe where he ſhould fix the ſeat of his empire) the only ſon and heir of that monarch would be the worſt educated mortal that ever was born ſince the creation; and I doubt the ſame proportion will hold through all degrees and titles, from an Emperor downwards to the common gentry.

* This Eſſay was printed in the Intelligencer, No 9.

I do not say, that this hath been always the case: for in better times it was directly otherwise; and a scholar may fill his Greek and Roman shelves with authors of the noblest birth as well as highest virtue. Nor do I tax all nations at present with this defect; for I know there are some to be excepted, and particularly Scotland, under all the disadvantages of its climate and soil, if that happiness be not rather owing even to those very disadvantages. What is then to be done, if this reflection must fix on two countries, which will be most ready to take offence, and which, of all others, it will be least prudent or safe to offend?

But there is one circumstance yet more dangerous and lamentable: for if, according to the *postulatum* already laid down, the higher quality any youth is of, he is in greater liklihood to be worse educated, it behoves me to dread, and keep far from the verge of *scandalum magnatum*.

Retracting therefore that hazardous *postulatum*, I shall venture no farther at present than to say, that perhaps some additional care in educating the sons of nobility and principal gentry, might not be ill employed. If this be not delivered with softness enough, I must for the future be silent.

In the mean time, let me ask only two questions which relate to England. I ask first, How it comes about, that, for above sixty years past, the chief conduct of affairs hath been generally placed in the hands of new men, with very few exceptions? The noblest blood of England having been shed in the grand rebellion, many great families became extinct, or were supported only by minors. When the King was restored, very few of those Lords remained, who began, or at least had improved, their education under the reigns of King James, or King Charles I.; of which Lords the two principal were the Marquis of Ormond, and the Earl of Southampton. The minors had, during the rebellion and usurpation

ſurpation, either received too much tincture of bad principles from thoſe fanatic times, or coming to age at the reſtoration, fell into the vices of that diſſolute reign.

I date from this æra the corrupt method of education among us, and the conſequence thereof, the neceſſity the crown lay under of introducing new men into the chief conduct of public affairs, or to the office of what we now call prime miniſters; men of art, knowledge, application, and inſinuation; merely for want of a ſupply among the nobility. They were generally (though not always) of good birth, ſometimes younger brothers, at other times ſuch, who, although inheriting good eſtates, yet happened to be well educated, and provided with learning. Such under that King were, Hyde, Bridgeman, Clifford, Oſborn, Godolphin, Aſhley-Cooper, Few or none under the ſhort reign of King James II. Under King William, Sommers, Montague. Churchill, Vernon, Boyle, and many others. Under the Queen, Harley, St. John, Harcourt, Trevor; who indeed were perſons of the beſt private families, but unadorned with titles. So in the following reign, Mr. Robert Walpole was for many years prime miniſter, in which poſt he ſtill happily continues: his brother Horace is ambaſſador-extraordinary to France. Mr. Addiſon and Mr. Craggs, without the leaſt alliance to ſupport them, have been ſecretaries of ſtate.

If the facts have been thus for above ſixty years paſt, (whereof I could with little farther recollection produce many more inſtances), I would aſk again, How it hath happened, that in a nation plentifully abounding with nobility, ſo great ſhare in the moſt competent parts of public management, hath been for ſo long a period chiefly intruſted to commoners, unleſs ſome omiſſions or defects, of the higheſt import, may be charged upon thoſe to whom the care of educating our noble youth, had

been committed? For if there be any difference between human creatures in the point of natural parts, as we uſually call them, it it ſhould ſeem, that the advantage lies on the ſide of children born from noble and wealthy parents; the ſame traditional ſloth and luxury, which render their body weak and effeminate, perhaps refining and giving a freer motion to the ſpirits, beyond what can be expected from the groſs, robuſt iſſue of meaner mortals. Add to this the peculiar advantages which all young noblemen poſſeſs, by the privileges of their birth; ſuch as a free acceſs to courts, and a univerſal deference paid to their perſons.

But as my Lord Bacon chargeth it for a fault on princes, that they are impatient to compaſs ends, without giving themſelves the trouble of conſulting or executing the means; ſo perhaps it may be the diſpoſition of young nobles, either from the indulgence of parents, tutors, and governors, or their own inactivity, that they expect the accompliſhments of a good education, without the leaſt expence of time or ſtudy to acquire them.

What I ſaid laſt, I am ready to retract; for the caſe is infinitely worſe; and the very maxims ſet up to direct modern education, are enough to deſtroy all the ſeeds of knowledge, honour, wiſdom, and virtue, among us. The current opinion prevails, that that the ſtudy of Greek and Latin is loſs of time; that public ſchools, by mingling the ſons of noblemen with thoſe of the vulgar, engage the former in bad company; that whipping breaks the ſpirits of lads well born; that univerſities make young men pedants; that to dance, fence, ſpeak French, and know how to behave yourſelf among great perſons of both ſexes, comprehends the whole duty of a gentleman.

I cannot but think this wiſe ſyſtem of education hath been much cultivated among us by thoſe worthies

thies of the army, who, during the laſt war, returning from Flanders at the cloſe of each campaign, became the dictators of behaviour, dreſs, and politeneſs, to all thoſe youngſters who frequent chocolate-coffee-gaming-houſes, drawing-rooms, operas, levees, and aſſemblies; where a colonel, by his pay, perquiſites, and plunder, was qualified to outſhine many peers in the realm; and by the influence of an exotic habit and demeanor, added to other foreign accompliſhments, gave the law to the whole town, and was copied as the ſtandard-pattern of whatever was refined in dreſs, equipage, converſation, or diverſions.

I remember in thoſe times an admired original of that vocation ſitting in a coffeehouſe near two gentlemen, whereof one was of the clergy, who were engaged in ſome diſcourſe that favoured of learning. This officer thought fit to interpoſe, and profeſſing to deliver the ſentiments of his fraternity, as well as his own, (and probably he did ſo of too many among them), turned to the clergyman, and ſpoke in the following manner: "* D——n me, Doctor, ſay what you will, the army is the only ſchool for gentlemen. Do you think my Lord Marlborough beat the French with Greek and Latin? D——n me, a ſcholar, when he comes into good company, what is he but an aſs? D—n me, I would be glad, by G—d, to ſee any of your ſcholars, with his nouns, and his verbs, and his philoſophy, and trigonometry, what a figure he would make at a ſiege or blocade, or rencountering—— D——n me," &c. After which he proceeded with a volley of military terms, leſs ſignificant, ſounding worſe, and harder to be underſtood, than any that were ever coined by the commentators upon Ariſtotle. I would not here be thought to charge the ſoldiery with igno-

* See the poem called "The Grand Queſtion Debated," in vol. 8.

rance and contempt of learning, without allowing exceptions, of which I have known many; but, however, the worſt example, eſpecially in a great majority, will certainly prevail.

I have heard, that the late Earl of Oxford, in the time of his miniſtry, never paſſed by White's chocolate houſe, (the common rendezvous of infamous ſharpers, and noble cullies,) without beſtowing a curſe upon that famous academy, as the bane of half the Engliſh nobility. I have likewiſe been told another paſſage connerning that great miniſter, which becauſe it gives a humorous idea of one principal ingredient in modern education, take as followeth. Le Sack, the famous French dancing-maſter, in great admiration, aſked a friend, whether it were true, that Mr. Harley was an Earl and Lord Treaſurer? and finding it confirmed, ſaid, "Well, I wonder what the devil the Queen could "ſee in him; for I attended him two years, and "he was the greateſt dunce that ever I taught."

Another hindrance to good education, and I think the greateſt of any, is that pernicious cuſtom in rich and noble families, of entertaining French tutors in their houſes. Theſe wretched pedagogues are enjoined by the father to take ſpecial care, that the boy ſhall be perfect in his French; by the mother, that Maſter muſt not walk till he is hot, nor be ſuffered to play with other boys, nor be wet in his feet, nor daub his cloaths, and to ſee the dancing-maſter attends conſtantly, and does his duty: ſhe farther inſiſts, that the child be not kept too long poring on his book, becauſe he is ſubject to ſore eyes, and of a weakly conſtitution.

By theſe methods the young gentlemen is in every article as fully accompliſhed at eight years old, as at eight and twenty, age adding only to the growth of his perſon and his vice; ſo that, if you ſhould look at him in his boyhood through the magnifying end of a perſpective, and in his manhood through

through the other, it would be impoſſible to ſpy any difference; the ſame airs, the ſame ſtrut, the ſame cock of his hat, and the poſture of his ſword, (as far as the change of faſhions will allow), the ſame underſtanding, the ſame compaſs of knowledge, with the very ſame abſurdity, impudence, and impertinence of tongue.

He is taught from the nurſery, that he muſt inherit a great eſtate, and hath no need to mind his book; which is a leſſon he never forgets to the end of his life. His chief ſolace is to ſteal down, and play at ſpan-farthing with the page, or young black-a-moor, or little favourite foot-boy; one of which is his principal confident and boſom friend.

There is one young Lord * in this town, who, by an unexampled piece of good fortune, was miraculouſly ſnatched out of the gulph of ignorance, confined to a public ſchool for a due term of years, well whipped when he deſerved it, clad no better than his comerades, and always their play-fellow on the ſame foot; had no precedence in the ſchool, but what was given him by his merit, and loſt it whenever he was negligent. It is well known how many mutinies were bred at this unprecedented treatment, what complaints among his relations, and other great ones of both ſexes; that his ſtockings with ſilver clocks were raviſhed from him; that he wore his own hair; that his dreſs was undiſtinguiſhed; that he was not fit to appear at a ball or aſſembly, nor ſuffered to go to either: and it was with the utmoſt difficulty that he became qualified for his preſent removal, where he may probably be farther perſecuted, and poſſibly with ſucceſs, if the firmneſs of a very worthy governor, and his own good diſpoſitions, will not preſerve him. I confeſs I cannot but wiſh he may go on in the way he began; becauſe I have a curioſity to know, by ſo

* The author is ſuppoſed to mean the Lord Viſcount Montcaſſel of Ireland.

ſingular

ſingular an experiment, whether truth, honour, juſtice, temperance, courage, and good ſenſe, acquired by a ſchool and college education, may not produce a very tolerable lad, although he ſhould happen to fail in one or two of theſe accompliſhments, which in the general vogue are held ſo important to the finiſhing of a gentleman.

It is true, I have known an academical education to have been exploded in public aſſemblies; and have heard more than one or two perſons of high rank declare, they could learn nothing more at Oxford and Cambridge, than to drink ale and ſmoke tobacco; wherein I firmly believed them; and could have added ſome hundred examples from my own obſervation in one of thoſe univerſities; but they all were of young heirs, ſent thither only for form; either from ſchools, where they were not ſuffered by their careful parents to ſtay above three months in the year; or from under the management of French family-tutors, who yet often attended them to their college, to prevent all poſſibility of their improvement. But I never yet knew any one perſon of quality, who followed his ſtudies at the univerſity, and carried away his juſt proportion of learning, that was not ready upon all occaſions to celebrate and defend that courſe of education, and to prove a patron of learned men.

There is one circumſtance in a learned education, which ought to have much weight, even with thoſe who have no learning at all. The books read at ſchool and colleges, are full of incitements to virtue, and diſcouragements from vice, drawn from the wiſeſt reaſons, the ſtrongeſt motives, and the moſt influencing examples. Thus young minds are filled early with an inclination to good, and an abhorrence of evil; both which increaſe in them, according to the advances they make in literature: and although they may be, and too often are drawn, by the temptations of youth, and the opportunities of a large

a large fortune, into ſome irregularities, when they come forward into the great world; yet it is ever with reluctance and compunction of mind, becauſe their bias to virtue ſtill continues. They may ſtray ſometimes out of infirmity or compliance; but they will ſoon return to the right road, and keep it always in view. I ſpeak only of thoſe exceſſes which are too much the attendants of youth and warmer blood; for as to the points of honour, truth, juſtice, and other noble gifts of the mind, wherein the temperature of the body hath no concern, they are ſeldom or ever known to be wild.

I have engaged myſelf very unwarily in too copious a ſubject for ſo ſhort a paper. The preſent ſcope I would aim at, is, to prove that ſome proportion of human knowledge appears requiſite to thoſe who, by their birth or fortune, are called to the making of laws, and in a ſubordinate way to the executing of them; and that ſuch knowledge is not to be obtained without a miracle, under the frequent, corrupt, and ſottiſh methods of educating thoſe who are born to wealth or titles. For I would have it remembered, that I do by no means confine thoſe remarks to young perſons of noble birth; the ſame errors running through all families where there is wealth enough to afford, that their ſons (at leaſt the eldeſt) may be good for nothing. Why ſhould my ſon be a ſcholar, when it is not intended that he ſhould live by his learning? By this rule, if what is commonly ſaid be true, that *money anſwers all things*, why ſhould my ſon be honeſt, temperate, juſt, or charitable, ſince he hath no intention to depend upon any of theſe qualities for a maintenance?

When all is done, perhaps, upon the whole, the matter is not ſo bad, as I would make it; and God, who worketh good out of evil, acting only by the ordinary courſe and rule of nature, permits this continual circulation of human things for his own unſearch-

unſearchable ends. The father grows rich by avarice, injuſtice, oppreſſion; he is a tyrant in the neighbourhood over ſlaves and beggars, whom he calls his tenants. Why ſhould he deſire to have qualities infuſed into his ſon, which himſelf never poſſeſſed or knew, or found the want of in the acquiſition of his wealth? The ſon, bred in ſloth and idleneſs, becomes a ſpendthrift, a cully, a profligate, and goes out of the world a beggar, as his father came in. Thus the former is puniſhed for his own ſins, as well as for thoſe of the latter. The dunghill, having raiſed a huge muſhroom of ſhort duration, is now ſpread to enrich other mens lands. It is indeed of worſe conſequence, where noble families are gone to decay, becauſe their titles and privileges outlive their eſtates; and politicians tell us, that nothing is more dangerous to the public, than a numerous nobility, without merit or fortune. But even here God hath likewiſe preſcribed ſome remedy in the order of nature; ſo many great families coming to an end by the ſloth, luxury, and abandoned luſt, which enervated their breed thro' eve-ſucceſſion, producing gradually a more effeminate race, wholly unfit for propagation.

A LET-

A LETTER to a very YOUNG LADY on her MARRIAGE *.

MADAM,

THE hurry and impertinence of receiving and paying visits on account of your marriage being now over, you are beginning to enter upon a course of life, where you will want much advice to divert you from falling into many errors, fopperies, and follies, to which your sex is subject. I have always born an entire friendship to your father and mother; and the person they have chosen for your husband, hath been for some years past my particular favourite; I have long wished you might come together, because I hoped, that, from the goodness of your disposition, and by following the counsel of wise friends, you might in time make yourself worthy of him. Your parents were so far in the right, that they did not produce you much into the world; whereby you avoided many wrong steps, which others have taken, and have fewer ill impressions to be removed: but they failed, as it is generally the case, in too much neglecting to cultivate your mind; without which it is impossible to acquire or preserve the friendship and esteem of a wise man, who soon grows weary of acting the lover, and treating his wife like a mistress, but wants a reasonable companion, and a true friend, through every stage of his life. It must be therefore your business to qualify yourself for those offices; wherein I will not

* This letter ought to be read by all new-married women; and will be read with pleasure and advantage by the most distinguished and most accomplished ladies. *Orrery.*

fail

fail to be your director, as long as I shall think you deserve it, by letting you know how you are to act, and what you ought to avoid.

And beware of despising or neglecting my instructions; whereon will depend not only your making a good figure in the world, but your own real happiness, as well as that of the person who ought to be the dearest to you.

I must therefore desire you, in the first place, to be very slow in changing the modest behaviour of a virgin. It is usual in young wives, before they have been many weeks married, to assume a bold forward look, and manner of talking; as if they intended to signify in all companies, that they were no longer girls, and consequently that their whole demeanor, before they got a husband, was all but a countenance and constraint upon their nature: whereas, I suppose, if the votes of wise men were gathered, a very great majority would be in favour of those ladies, who, after they were entered into that state, rather chose to double their portion of modesty and reservedness.

I must likewise warn you strictly against the least degree of fondness to your husband before any witness whatsoever, even before your nearest relations, or the very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is so exceeding odious and disgustful to all who have either good breeding or good sense, that they assign two very unamiable reasons for it. The one is gross hypocrisy, and the other has too bad a name to mention. If there is any difference to be made, your husband is the lowest person in company, either at home or abroad; and every gentleman present has a better claim to all marks of civility and distinction from you. Conceal your esteem and love in your own breast, and reserve your kind looks and language for private hours; which are so many in the four and twenty, that they will afford time to employ

employ a paſſion as exalted as any that was ever deſcribed in a French romance.

Upon this head I ſhould likewiſe adviſe you to differ in practice from thoſe ladies who affect abundance of uneaſineſs while their huſbands are abroad; ſtart with every knock at the door, and ring the bell inceſſantly for the ſervants to let in their maſter; will not eat a bit at dinner or ſupper, if the huſband happens to ſtay out; and receive him at his return with ſuch a medley of chiding and kindneſs, and catechiſing him where he has been, that a ſhrew from Billingſgate would be a more eaſy and eligible companion.

Of the ſame leaven are thoſe wives, who when their huſbands are gone a journey, muſt have a letter every poſt upon pain of fits and hyſterics; and a day muſt be fixed for their return home, without the leaſt allowance for buſineſs, and ſickneſs, or accidents, or weather. Upon which I can only ſay, that, in my obſervation, thoſe ladies who are apt to make the greateſt clutter on ſuch occaſions, would liberally have paid a meſſenger for bringing them news, that their huſbands had broken their necks on the road.

You will perhaps be offended, when I adviſe you to abate a little of that violent paſſion for fine cloaths ſo predominant in your ſex. It is a little hard, that ours, for whoſe ſake you wear them, are not admitted to be of your council. I may venture to aſſure you, that we will make an abatement at any time of four pounds a yard in a brocade, if the ladies will but allow a ſuitable addition of care in the cleanlineſs and ſweetneſs of their perſons. For the ſatirical part of mankind will needs believe, that it is not impoſſible to be very fine and very filthy; and that the capacities of a lady are ſometimes apt to fall ſhort in cultivating cleanlineſs and finery together. I ſhall only add, upon ſo tender a ſubject, what a pleaſant gentleman ſaid concerning a filly

woman of quality, That nothing could make her ſupportable but cutting off her head; for his ears were offended by her tongue, and his noſe by her hair and teeth.

I am wholly at a loſs how to adviſe you in the choice of company; which, however, is a point of as great importance as any in your life. If your general acquaintance be among ladies, who are your equals or ſuperiors, provided they have nothing of what is commonly called an ill reputation, you think you are ſafe; and this, in the ſtyle of the world, will paſs for good company: whereas, I am afraid, it will be hard for you to pick out one female acquaintance in this town, from whom you will not be in a manifeſt danger of contracting ſome foppery, affectation, vanity, folly, or vice. Your only ſafe way of converſing with them, is, by a firm reſolution to proceed in your practice and behaviour directly contrary to whatever they ſhall ſay or do. And this I take to be a good general rule, with very few exceptions. For inſtance; in the doctrines they uſually deliver to young married women for managing their huſbands: their ſeveral accounts of their own conduct in that particular, to recommend it to your imitation; the reflections they make upon others of their ſex for acting differently; their directions, how to come off with victory upon any diſpute or quarrel you may have with your huſband; the arts, by which you may diſcover and practiſe upon his weak ſide; when to work by flattery and inſinuation, when to melt him with tears, and when to engage with a high hand: in theſe, and a thouſand other caſes, it will be prudent to retain as many of their lectures in your memory as you can, and then determine to act in full oppoſition to them all.

I hope your huſband will interpoſe his authority to limit you in the trade of viſiting. Half a dozen fools are, in all conſcience, as many as you ſhould

ſhould require: and it will be ſufficient for you to ſee them twice a year; for I think the faſhion does not exact, that viſits ſhould be paid to friends.

I adviſe, that your company at home ſhould conſiſt of men, rather than women. To ſay the truth, I never yet knew a tolerable woman to be fond of her own ſex. I confeſs, when both are mixed and well choſen, and put their beſt qualities forward, there may be an intercourſe of civility and good-will; which, with the addition of ſome degree of ſenſe, can make converſation or any amuſement agreeable. But a knot of ladies, got together by themſelves, is a very ſchool of impertinence and detraction, and it is well if thoſe be the worſt.

Let your men-acquaintance be of your huſband's choice, and not recommended to you by any ſhe-companions; becauſe they will certainly fix a coxcomb upon you, and it will coſt you ſome time and pains before you can arrive at the knowledge of diſtinguiſhing ſuch a one from a man of ſenſe.

Never take a favourite waiting-maid into your cabinet-council. to entertain you with hiſtories of thoſe ladies whom ſhe hath formerly ſerved, of their diverſions and their dreſſes; to inſinuate how great a fortune you brought, and how little you are allowed to ſquander; to appeal to her from your huſband, and to be determined by her judgment, becauſe you are ſure it will be always for you; to receive and diſcard ſervants by her approbation or diſlike; to engage you, by her inſinuations, in miſunderſtandings with your beſt friends, to repreſent all things in falſe colours, and to be the common emiſſary of ſcandal.

But the grand affair of your life will be, to gain and preſerve the friendſhip and eſteem of your huſband. You are married to a man of good education and learning, of an excellent underſtanding and an exact taſte. It is true, and it is happy for you,

that theſe qualities in him are adorned with great modeſty, a moſt amiable ſweetneſs of temper, and an unuſual diſpoſition to ſobriety and virtue. But neither good-nature nor virtue will ſuffer him to eſteem you againſt his judgement; and although he is not capable of uſing you ill, yet you will in time grow a thing indifferent, and perhaps contemptible; unleſs you can ſupply the loſs of youth and beauty with more durable qualities. You have but a very few years to be young and handſome in the eyes of the world; and as few months to be ſo in the eyes of a huſband who is not a fool; for I hope you do not ſtill dream of charms and raptures, which marriage ever did, and ever will put a ſudden end to. Beſides, yours was a match of prudence and common good-liking, without any mixture of that ridiculous paſſion, which hath no being but in play-books and romances.

You muſt therefore uſe all endeavours to attain to ſome degree of thoſe accompliſhments, which your huſband moſt values in other people, and for which he is moſt valued himſelf. You muſt improve your mind by cloſely purſuing ſuch a method of ſtudy as I ſhall direct or approve of. You muſt get a collection of hiſtory and travels, which I will recommend to you, and ſpend ſome hours every day in reading them, and making extracts from them, if your memory be weak. You muſt invite perſons of knowledge and underſtanding to an acquaintance with you, by whoſe converſation you may learn to correct your taſte and judgment; and when you can bring yourſelf to comprehend and reliſh the good ſenſe of others, you will arrive in time to think rightly yourſelf, and to become a reaſonable and agreeable companion. This muſt produce in your huſband a true rational love and eſteem for you, which old age will not diminiſh. He will have a regard for your judgement and opinion in matters of the greateſt weight; you will be able to entertain

entertain each other without a third perſon to relieve you by finding diſcourſe. The endowments of your mind will even make your perſon more agreeeble to him ; and when you are alone, your time will not lie heavy upon your hands for want of ſome trifling amuſement.

As little reſpect as I have for the generality of your ſex, it hath ſometimes moved me with pity, to ſee the lady of the houſe forced to withdraw immediately after dinner; and this in families where there is not much drinking ; as if it were an eſtabliſhed maxim, That women are incapable of all converſation. In a room where both ſexes meet, if the men are diſcourſing upon any general ſubject, the ladies never think it their buſineſs to partake in what paſſeth ; but, in a ſeparate club, entertain each other with the price and choice of lace, and ſilk, and what dreſſes they liked or diſapproved at the church or the playhouſe. And when you are among yourſelves, how naturally. after the firſt compliments, do you apply your hands to each others lappets, and ruffles, and mantuas; as if the whole buſineſs of your lives, and the public concern of the world, depended upon the cut or colour of your dreſſes? As divines ſay, that ſome people take more pains to be damned, than it would coſt them to be ſaved; ſo your ſex employs more thought, memory, and application to be fools, than would ſerve to make them wiſe and uſeful. When I reflect on this, I cannot conceive you to be human creatures, but a ſort of ſpecies hardly a degree above a monkey; who hath more diverting tricks than any of you, is an animal leſs miſchievous and expenſive, might in time be a tolerable critic in velvet and brocade, and, for aught I know, would equally become them.

I would have you look upon finery as a neceſſary folly ; which all great ladies did whom I have

ever known. I do not desire you to be out of the fashion, but to be the last and least in it. I expect that your dress shall be one degree lower than your fortune can afford; and, in your own heart, I would wish you to be an utter contemner of all distinctions which a finer petticoat can give you; because it will neither make you richer, handsomer, younger, better natured, more virtuous or wise, than if it hung upon a peg.

If you are in company with men of learning, though they happen to discourse of arts and sciences out of your compass, yet you will gather more advantage by listening to them, than from all the nonsense and frippery of your own sex; but if they be men of breeding as well as learning, they will seldom engage in any conversation where you ought not to be a hearer, and in time have your part. If they talk of the manners and customs of the several kingdoms of Europe, of travels into remoter nations, of the state of their own country, or of the great men and actions of Greece and Rome; if they give their judgement upon English and French writers, either in verse or prose, or of the nature and limits of virtue and vice; it is a shame for an English lady not to relish such discourses, not to improve by them, and endeavour, by reading and information, to have her share in those entertainments, rather than turn aside, as it is the usual custom, and consult with the woman who sits next her, about a new cargo of fans.

It is a little hard, that not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand should be brought to read or understand her own natural tongue, or be judge of the easiest books that are written in it; as any one may find, who can have the patience to hear them, when they are disposed to mangle a play or a novel; where the least word out of the common road is sure to disconcert them: and it is no wonder, when

when they are not ſo much as taught to ſpell in their childhood, nor can ever attain to it in their whole lives. I adviſe you therefore to read aloud, more or leſs, every day to your huſband, if he will permit you, or to any other friend (but not a female one) who is able to ſet you right. And as for ſpelling, you may compaſs it in time, by making collections from the books you read.

I know very well, that thoſe who are commonly called learned women, have loſt all manner of credit by their impertinent talkativeneſs, and conceit of themſelves. But there is an eaſy remedy for this; if you once conſider, that, after all the pains you may be at, you never can arrive, in point of learning, to the perfection of a ſchoolboy. The reading I would adviſe you to, is only for improvement of your own good ſenſe, which will never fail of being mended by diſcretion. It is a wrong method, and ill choice of books, that makes thoſe learned ladies juſt ſo much the worſe for what they have read. And therefore it ſhall be my care to direct you better; a taſk for which I take myſelf to be not ill qualified; becauſe I have ſpent more time, and have had more opportunities than many others, to obſerve and diſcover from what ſources the various follies of women are derived.

Pray obſerve, how inſignificant things are the common race of ladies, when they have paſſed their youth and beauty; how contemptible they appear to the men, and yet more contemptible to the younger part of their own ſex; and have no relief but in paſſing their afternoons in viſits, where they are never acceptable; and their evening at cards among each other: while the former part of the day is ſpent in ſpleen and envy, or in vain endeavours to repair, by art and dreſs, the ruins of time. Whereas I have known ladies at ſixty, to whom all the polite part of the court and town paid

their

their addreſſes, without any farther view than that of enjoying the pleaſure of their converſation.

I am ignorant of any one quality that is amiable in a man, which is not equally ſo in a woman. I do not except even modeſty and gentleneſs of nature. Nor do I know one vice or folly, which is not equally deteſtable in both. There is indeed one infirmity which is generally allowed you; I mean that of cowardice. Yet there ſhould ſeem to be ſomething very capricious, that when women profeſs their admiration for a colonel or a captain, on account of his valour, they ſhould fancy it a very graceful becoming quality in themſelves, to be afraid of their own ſhadows; to ſcream in a barge when the weather is calmeſt, or in a coach at the ring; to run from a cow at a hundred yards diſtance; to fall into fits at the ſight of a ſpider, an earwig, or a frog. At leaſt, if cowardice be a ſign of cruelty, (as it is generally granted), I can hardly think it an accompliſhment ſo deſirable, as to be thought worth improving by affectation.

And as the ſame virtues equally become both ſexes, ſo there is no quality whereby women endeavour to diſtinguiſh themſelves from men, for which they are not juſt ſo much the worſe, except that only of reſervedneſs; which, however, as you generally manage it, is nothing elſe but affectation or hypocriſy. For, as you cannot too much diſcountenance thoſe of our ſex who preſume to take unbecoming liberty before you, ſo you ought to be wholly unconſtrained in the company of deſerving men, when you have had ſufficient experience of their diſcretion.

There is never wanting in this town, a tribe of bold, ſwaggering, rattling ladies, whoſe talents paſs among coxcombs for wit and humour; their excellency

cellency lies in rude choking expreſſions, and what they call "running a man down." If a gentleman in their company happens to have any blemiſh in his birth or perſon, if any misfortune hath befallen his family or himſelf, for which he is aſhamed, they will be ſure to give him broad hints of it without any provocation. I would recommend you to the acquaintance of a common proſtitute, rather than to that of ſuch termagants as theſe. I have often thought, that no man is obliged to ſuppoſe ſuch creatures to be women, but to treat them like inſolent raſcals diſguiſed in female habits, who ought to be ſtripped and kicked down ſtairs.

I will add one thing, though it be a little out of place; which is, to deſire that you will learn to value and eſteem your huſband for thoſe good qualities which he really poſſeſſeth, and not to fancy others in him which he certainly hath not. For although this latter is generally underſtood to be a mark of love, yet it is indeed nothing but affectation or ill judgement. It is true, he wants ſo very few accompliſhments, that you are in no great danger of erring on this ſide; but my caution is occaſioned by a lady of your acquaintance, married to a very valuable perſon, whom yet ſhe is ſo unfortunate as to be always commending for thoſe perfections to which he can leaſt pretend.

I can give you no advice upon the article of expenſe: only I think you ought to be well informed, how much your huſband's revenue amounts to; and be ſo good a computer, as to keep within it, in that part of the management which falls to your ſhare; and not to put yourſelf in the number of thoſe politic ladies, who think they gain a great point, when they have teaſed their huſbands to buy them a new equipage, a laced head, or a fine petticoat, without once conſidering what long ſcores remain unpaid to the butcher.

I de-

I desire you will keep this letter in your cabinet, and often examine impartially your whole conduct by it. And so God bless you, and make you a fair example to your sex, and a perpetual comfort to your husband, and your parents. I am, with great truth and affection,

MADAM,

Your most faithful friend,

and humble servant.

A PREFACE to the Right Reverend Dr. BURNET Bishop of SARUM's INTRODUCTION to the third volume of the HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Written in the year 1712.

———————*Spargere voces*
In vulgum ambiguas, et quærere conscius arma.

To the BOOKSELLER.

Mr. MORPHEW,

YOur care in putting an advertisement in the Examiner, hath been of very great use to me. I now send you my preface to the Bishop of Sarum's Introduction to his third volume; which I desire you to print in such a form as, in the bookseller's phrase, will make a sixpenny-touch; hoping it will give such a public notice of my design, that it may come into the hands of those who perhaps look not into the Bishop's introduction *. I desire you will prefix to this a passage out of Virgil, which doth so perfectly agree with my present thoughts of his Lordship, that I cannot express them better, nor more truly, than those words do.

I am,
SIR,
Your humble servant.

* The Bishop's introduction is prefaced with a letter to his bookseller, of which this letter is a burlesque.

A PRE-

A PREFACE to Bishop BURNET's INTRODUCTION.

THIS way of publishing introductions to books that are, God knows when, to come out, is either wholly new, or so long unpractised, that my small reading cannot trace it. However, we are to suppose, that a person of his Lordship's great age and experience would hardly act such a piece of singularity, without some extraordinary motives. I cannot but observe, that his fellow-labourer, the author of the paper called The Englishman *, seems, in some of his late performances, to have almost transcribed the notions of the Bishop. These notions I take to have been dictated by the same masters, leaving to each writer that peculiar manner of expressing himself, which the poverty of our language forceth me to call their style. When the Guardian changed his title, and professed to engage in faction, I was sure the word was given; that grand preparations were making against next sessions; that all advantages would be taken of the little dissensions reported to be among those in power; and that the Guardian would soon be seconded by some other piquerers from the same camp. But I will confess my suspicions did not carry me so far as to conjecture, that this venerable champion would be in such mighty haste to come into the field, and serve in the quality of an *enfant perdu* †, armed only with a pocket-pistol, before his great blunderbuss could be got ready, his old

* Mr. Steele.

† *Enfans perdus*, one of the forlorn hope. The forlorn hope is a number of men elected or any desperate enterprise, or appointed for the first onset in a battle.

rusty breastplate scoured, and his cracked head-piece mended.

I was debating with myself, whether this hint of producing a small pamphlet, to give notice of a large folio, was not borrowed from the ceremonial in Spanish romances, where a dwarf is sent out upon the battlements, to signify to all passengers what a mighty giant there is in the castle, or whether the Bishop copied this proceeding from the *fanfaronnade* ‡ of Monsieur Boffleurs, when the Earl of Portland and that General had an interview. Several men were appointed at certain periods to ride in great haste towards the English camp, and cry out, *Monseigneur vient*, *Monseigneur vient* *: then small parties advanced with the same speed, and the same cry: and this foppery held for many hours, until the Mareschal himself arrived. So here the Bishop (as we find by his dedication to Mr. Churchill the bookseller) hath for a long time sent warning of his arrival by advertisements in gazettes; and now his introduction advanceth to tell us again, *Monseigneur vient*. In the mean time we must gape, and wait, and gaze, the Lord knows how long, and keep our spirits in some reasonable agitation, until his Lordship's real self shall think fit to appear in the habit of a folio.

I have seen the same sort of management at a puppet-show. Some puppets of little or no consequence appeared several times at the window, to allure the boys and the rabble: the trumpeter sounded often, and the door-keeper cried an hundred times, until he was hoarse, that they were "just "going to begin;" yet, after all, we were forced sometimes to wait an hour before Punch himself in person made his entry.

But why this ceremony among old acquaintance?

‡ *Fanfaronnade*, vain ostentation.

* My Lord is coming, my Lord is coming.

The world and he have long known one another. Let him appoint his hour, and make his visit, without troubling us all day with a succession of messages from his lackeys and pages.

With submission, these little arts of getting off an edition, do ill become any author above the size of Marten the surgeon. My Lord tells us, that "many thousands of the two former parts of his "history are in the kingdom;" and now he perpetually advertiseth in the gazette, that he intends to publish the third. This is exactly in the method and style of Marten; "The seventh edition (many "thousands of the former editions having been sold "off in a small time) of Mr. Marten's book concern-"ing secret diseases," &c.

Doth his Lordship intend to publish his great volume by subscription, and is this introduction only by way of specimen? I was inclined to think so, because, in the prefixed letter to Mr. Churchill, which introduces this introduction, there are some dubious expressions. He says, "The advertise-"ments he published were in order to move people "to furnish him with materials, which might help "him to finish his work with great advantage." If he means half a guinea upon the subscription, and the other half at the delivery, why doth he not tell us so in plain terms?

I am wondering how it came to pass, that this diminutive letter to Mr. Churchill should understand the business of introducing better than the introduction itself; or why the bishop should not take it into his head to send the former into the world in some months before the latter; which would have been yet a greater improvement upon the solemnity of the procession.

Since I writ these lines, I have perused the whole pamphlet, (which I had only dipped in before), and found I have been hunting upon a wrong scent; for the author hath, in several parts of his piece,

discovered

diſcovered the true motives which put him upon ſending it abroad at this juncture. I ſhall therefore conſider them as they come in my way.

My Lord begins his introduction with an account of the reaſons why he was guilty of ſo many miſtakes in the firſt volume of his Hiſtory of the reformation. His excuſes are juſt, rational, and extremely conſiſtent. He ſays, "he wrote in haſte;" which he confirms, by adding, "that it lay a year "after he wrote it before it was put into the "preſs," At the ſame time he mentions a paſſage extremely to the honour of that pious and excellent prelate Archbiſhop Sancroft, which demonſtrates his Grace to have been a perſon of great ſagacity, and almoſt a prophet. "Dr. Burnet, then a pri-"vate divine, deſired admittance to the Cotton li-"brary, but was prevented by the Archbiſhop *; "who told Sir John Cotton, that the ſaid Doctor "was no friend to the prerogative of the crown, "or to the conſtitution of the kingdom." This judgement was the more extraordinary, becauſe the Doctor had not long before publiſhed a book in

* It is ſomewhat remarkable to ſee the progreſs of th's ſtory. In the firſt edition of this introduction, it ſhould ſeem "he was PREVEN-"TED by the Archbiſhop." &c. When the introduction was reprinted a year after with the hiſtory, it ſtands: "A GREAT PRELATE "had been before hand, and poſſeſſed him [Sir John Cotton] againſt "me.——That unleſs the Archbiſhop of Canterbury would recom-"mend me.——he deſired to be excuſed.——The Biſhop of Worceſ-"ter could not prevail on the Archbiſhop to INTERPOSE." This is ſomewhat leſs than PREVENTING; unleſs the Archbiſhop be meant by the GREAT PRELATE; which is not very probable. 1. Becauſe, in the preface to this very third volume, p. 4. he ſays, it was by Archbiſhop Sancroft's order he had the free uſe of every thing that lay "in the Lambeth library." 2. Becauſe the author of *Speculum Sarisburianum*, p. 6. tells us, "His acceſs to the library was owing SOLE-"LY to the recommendation of Archbiſhop Sancroft, as I have been "informed (ſays the author) by ſome of the family." 3. Becauſe Biſhop Burnet, in his hiſtory of his own times, ſays it was "DOLBEN, "Biſhop of Rocheſter, [at the inſtigation of the Duke of Lauderdale], "that diverted Sir John Cotton from ſuffering him to ſearch his library."

Scotland, with his name prefixed, which carries the regal prerogative higher than any writer of the age. However, the good Archbiſhop lived to ſee his opinion become univerſal in the kingdom.

The biſhop goes on, for many pages, with an account of certain facts relating to the publiſhing his two former volumes of the reformation; the great ſucceſs of that work, and the adverſaries who appeared againſt it. Theſe are matters out of the way of my reading; only I obſerve, that poor Mr. Henry Wharton, who hath deſerved ſo well of the commonwealth of learning, and who gave himſelf the trouble of detecting ſome hundreds of the Biſhop's miſtakes, meets with very ill quarter from his Lordſhip. Upon which I cannot avoid mentioning a peculiar method which this prelate takes to revenge himſelf upon thoſe who preſume to differ from him in print. The biſhop of Rocheſter * happened ſome years ago to be of this number. My Lord of Sarum, in his reply, ventured to tell the world, that the gentleman who had writ againſt him, meaning Dr. Atterbury, was one upon whom he had conferred great obligations; which was a very generous Chriſtian contrivance of charging his adverſary with ingratitude. But it ſeems the truth happened to be on the other ſide: which the Doctor made appear in ſuch a manner, as would have ſilenced his Lordſhip for ever, if he had not been writing-proof. Poor Mr. Wharton in his grave, is charged with the ſame accuſation, but with circumſtances the moſt aggravating that malice and ſomething elſe could invent; and which I will no more believe than five hundred paſſages in a certain book of travels **. See the character he gives of a divine and a ſcholar, who ſhortened his life in the ſervice of God and the church. "Mr. Wharton

* Dr. Atterbury.

** Burnet's travels.

"deſired

" desired me to intercede with Tillotson for a pre-
" bend of Canterbury. I did so, but Wharton
" would not believe it; said, he would be reven-
" ged, and so writ against me. Soon after he was
" convinced I had spoke for him; said he was set
" on to do what he did: and if I would procure a-
" ny thing for him, he would discover every thing
" to me." What a spirit of candor, charity, and good-nature, generosity, and truth, shines thro' this story, told of a most excellent and pious divine twenty years after his death, without one single voucher!

Come we now to the reasons which moved his Lordship to set about this work at this time. " He
" could delay it no longer, because the reasons of
" engaging in it at first seemed to return upon him."
He was then frightened with " the danger of a Po-
" pish successor in view, and the dreadful appre-
" hensions of the power of France." England hath forgot these dangers, and yet is nearer to them than ever, and therefore he is resolved to awaken them with his third volume; but in the mean time sends this introduction to let them know they are asleep. He then goes on in describing the condition of the kingdom after such a manner as if destruction hung over us by a single hair; as if the Pope, the devil, the pretender, and France, were just at our doors.

When the Bishop published his history, there was a popish plot on foot: the Duke of York, a known Papist, was presumptive heir to the crown; the house of Commons would not hear of any expedient for securing their religion under a Popish prince, nor would the King, or Lords, consent to a bill of exclusion: the French King was in the height of his grandeur, and the vigour of his age. At this day the presumptive heir, with that whole illustrious family, are Protestants; the Popish pretender excluded for ever by several acts of parliament; and every person in the smallest employment,

as well as the members of both houſes, obliged to abjure him: the French king is at the loweſt ebb of life; his armies have been conquered, and his towns won from him for ten years together; and his kingdom is in danger of being torn by diviſions during a long minority. Are theſe caſes parallel? or are we now in more danger of France and Popery, than we were thirty years ago? What can be the motive for advancing ſuch falſe, ſuch deteſtable aſſertions? What concluſions would his Lordſhip draw from ſuch premiſſes as theſe? If injurious appellations were of any advantage to a cauſe, (as the ſtyle of our adverſaries would make us believe), what appellations would thoſe deſerve, who thus endeavour to ſow the ſeeds of ſedition, and are impatient to ſee the fruits! "But," ſaith he, "the "deaf adder ſtoppeth her ears, let the charmer "charm never ſo wiſely." True, my Lord, there are indeed too many adders in this nation's boſom; adders in all ſhapes and in all habits, whom neither the Queen nor parliament can charm to loyalty, truth, religion, or honour.

Among other inſtances produced by him of the diſmal condition we are in, he offers one which could not eaſily be gueſſed. It is this, "That the "little factious pamphlets written about the end of "King Charles II's reign lie dead in the ſhops, "are looked on as waſte paper, and turned to "paſteboard." How many are there of his Lordſhip's writing, which could otherwiſe never have been of any real ſervice to the public? Hath he indeed ſo mean an opinion of our taſte to ſend us at this time of day into all the corners of Holburn, Duck-lane, and Moorfields, in queſt after the factious traſh publiſhed in thoſe days by Julian Johnſon, Hickeringill, Dr. Oates, and himſelf?

His Lordſhip taking it for a *poſtulatum*, that the *Queen* and miniſtry, both houſes of parliament, and a vaſt majority of the landed gentlemen throughout England,

England, are running headlong into Popery, layeth hold on the occasion to describe "the cruelties "in Queen Mary's reign; an inquisition setting up "faggots in Smithfield, and executions all over the "kingdom. Here is that that," says he, "which "those that look towards a Popish successor, must "look for." And he insinuates through his whole pamphlet, that all who are not of his party, look towards a Popish successor. These he divides into two parts, the Tory laity, and the Tory clergy. He tells the former, "although they have no reli- "gion at all, but resolve to change with every wind "and tide: yet they ought to have compassion on "their countrymen and kindred." Then he applies himself to the Tory clergy; assures them, that "the fires revived in Smithfield, and all over the "nation, will have no amiable view, but least of "all to them, who, if they have any principles at "all, must be turned out of their livings, leave "their families, be hunted from place to place into "parts beyond the seas, and meet with that con- "tempt with which they treated foreigners, who "took sanctuary among us."

This requires a recapitulation, with some remarks. First, I do affirm, that in every hundred of professed Atheists, Deists, and Socinians, in the kingdom, ninety-nine at least are stanch, thorough-paced Whigs, entirely agreeing with his Lordship in politics and discipline: and therefore will venture all the fires of hell, rather than singe one hair of their beards in Smithfield. Secondly, I do likewise affirm, that those whom we usually understand by the appellation of Tory, or high-church clergy, were the greatest sticklers against the exorbitant proceedings of King James II. the best writers against Popery, and the most exemplary sufferers for the established religion. Thirdly, I do pronounce it to be a most false and infamous scandal upon the nation in general, and on the clergy in particular,

to

to reproach them for treating foreigners with haughtineſs and contempt. The French Hugonots are many thouſand witneſſes to the contrary; and I wiſh they deſerved the thouſandth part of the good treatment they have received.

Laſtly, I obſerve, that the author of a paper called, *The Engliſhman*, hath run into the ſame cant, gravely adviſing the whole body of the clergy not to bring in Popery: becauſe that will put them under a neceſſity of parting with their wives, or loſing their livings.

The bulk of the kingdom, both clergy and laity, happen to differ extremely from this prelate in many principles, both of politics and religion. Now, I aſk, whether, if any man of them had ſigned his name to a ſyſtem of Atheiſm, or Popery, he could have argued with them otherwiſe than he doth? or if I ſhould write a grave letter to his Lordſhip with the ſame advice, taking it for granted that he was half an Atheiſt and half a Papiſt, and conjuring him by all he held dear to have compaſſion upon all thoſe who believed a God; "not to revive the "fires in Smithfield; that he muſt either forfeit "his biſhopric, or not marry a fourth wife;" I aſk, whether he would not think I intended him the higheſt injury and affront?

But as to the Tory laity, he gives them up in a lump for abandoned Atheiſts: They are a ſet of men ſo "impiouſly corrupted in the point of reli- "gion, that no ſcene of cruelty can fright them "from leaping into it, [Popery], and perhaps act- "in ſuch a part in it as may be aſſigned them." He therefore deſpairs of influencing them by any topics drawn from religion or compaſſion; and advances the conſideration of intereſt, as the only powerful argument to perſuade them againſt Popery.

What he offers upon this head is ſo very amazing, from a chriſtian, a clergyman, and a prelate of the church of England, that I muſt in my own

own imagination ſtrip him of thoſe three capacities, and put him among the number of that ſet of men he mentions in the paragraph before; or elſe it will be impoſſible to ſhape out an anſwer.

His Lordſhip, in order to diſſuade the Tories, from their deſign of bringing in Popery, tells them, "how valuable a part of the whole ſoil of England, "the abbey-lands, the eſtates of the biſhops, of "the cathedrals, and the tithes. are;" how difficult ſuch a reſumption would be to many families: "yet all theſe muſt be thrown up; for ſacrilege in "the church of Rome is a mortal ſin." I deſire it may be obſerved, what a jumble here is made of eccleſiaſtical revenues, as if they were all upon the ſame foot, were alienated with equal juſtice, and the clergy had no more reaſon to complain of one than the other: whereas the four branches mentioned by him are of very different conſideration. If I might venture to gueſs the opinion of the clergy upon this matter, I believe they could wiſh, that ſome ſmall part of the abbey-lands had been applied to the augmentation of poor biſhoprics; and a very few acres to ſerve for glebes in thoſe pariſhes where there are none; after which I think they would not repine that the laity ſhould poſſeſs the reſt. If the eſtates of ſome biſhops and cathedrals were exorbitant before the reformation, I believe the preſent clergy's wiſhes reach no further, than that ſome reaſonable temper had been uſed, inſtead of paring them to the quick. But as to the tithes, without examining whether they be of divine inſtitution, I conceive there is hardly one of that ſacred order in England, and very few even among the laity who love the church, who will not allow the miſapplying thoſe revenues to ſecular perſons to have been at firſt a moſt flagrant act of injuſtice and oppreſſion; altho', at the ſame time, God forbid they ſhould be reſtored any other way than by gradual purchaſe, by the conſent of thoſe who are now the

the lawful poſſeſſors, or by the piety and generoſity of ſuch worthy ſpirits as this nation ſometimes produceth. The Biſhop knows very well, that the application of tithes to the maintenance of monaſteries was a ſcandalous uſurpation, even in Popiſh times; that the monks uſually ſent out ſome of their fraternity to ſupply the cures; and that when the monaſteries were granted away by Henry VIII. the pariſhes were left deſtitute, or very meanly provided, of any maintenance for a paſtor. So that in many places the whole eccleſiaſtical dues, even to mortuaries, Eaſter-offerings, and the like, are in lay-hands, and the incumbent lieth wholly at the mercy of his patron for his daily bread. By theſe means there are ſeveral hundred pariſhes in England under twenty pounds a-year, and many under ten. I take his Lordſhip's biſhopric to be worth near 2500 l. annual income; and I will engage at half a year's warning to find him above an hundred beneficed clergymen, who have not ſo much among them all to ſupport themſelves and their families: moſt of them orthodox, of good life and converſation; as loath to ſee the fires kindled in Smithfield as his Lordſhip; and at leaſt as ready to face them under a Popiſh perſecution. But nothing is ſo hard for thoſe who abound in riches, as to conceive how others can be in want. How can the neighbouring vicar feel cold or hunger, while my Lord is ſeated by a good fire, in the warmeſt room of his palace, with a dozen diſhes before him? I remember one other prelate much of the ſame ſtamp, who when his clergy would mention their wiſhes that ſome act of parliament might be thought of for the good of the church, would ſay, "Gentlemen, we are very well as we are; if they would "let us alone, we ſhould aſk no more."

Sacrilege (ſays my Lord) in the church of Rome is a mortal ſin: and is it only ſo in the church of Rome? or is it but a venial ſin in the church of England?

England? Our litany calls fornication a deadly ſin; and I would appeal to his Lordſhip for fifty years paſt, whether he thought that or ſacrilege the deadlieſt? To make light of ſuch a ſin at the ſame moment that he is frightening us from an idolatrous religion, ſhould ſeem not very conſiſtent. "Thou "that ſayeſt that a man ſhould not commit adulte-"ry, doſt thou commit adultery? Thou that ab-"horreſt idols, doſt thou commit ſacrilege?"

To ſmooth the way for the return of Popery in Queen Mary's time, the grantees were confirmed by the Pope in the poſſeſſion of the abbey lands. But the Biſhop tells us, "that this confirmation was "fraudulent and invalid." I ſhall believe it to be ſo, although I happen to read it in his Lordſhips hiſtory. But he adds, that "although the confir-"mation had been good, the prieſts would have "got their land again by theſe two methods. *Firſt*, "The ſtatute of Mortmain was repealed for twenty "years; in which time no doubt they reckoned "they would recover the beſt part of what they "had loſt: beſides that engaging the clergy to re-"new no leaſes, was a thing entirely in their own "power; and this in forty years time would raiſe "their revenues to be about ten times their preſent "value." Theſe two expedients for increaſing the revenues of the church he repreſents as pernicious deſigns, fit only to be practiſed in times of Popery, and ſuch as the laity ought never to conſent to: from whence, and from what he ſaid before about tithes, his Lordſhip hath freely declared his opinion, that the clergy are rich enough, and that the leaſt addition to their ſubſiſtence would be a ſtep towards Popery. Now, it happens, that the two only methods which could ever be thought on with any probability of ſucceſs, towards ſome reaſonable augmentation of eccleſiaſtical revenues, are here rejected by a biſhop as a means for introducing Popery, and the nation publicly warned againſt them: whereas

whereas the continuance of the ſtatute of Mortmain in full force, after the church had been ſo terribly ſtripped, appeared to her Majeſty and the kingdom a very unneceſſary hardſhip; upon which account it was at ſeveral times relaxed by the legiſlature. Now, as the relaxation of that ſtatute is manifeſtly one of the reaſons which gives the Biſhop thoſe terrible apprehenſions of Popery coming on us; ſo I conceive another ground of his fears is the remiſſion of the firſt-fruits and tenths. But where the inclination to Popery lay, whether in her Majeſty who propoſed this benefaction, the parliament which confirmed, or the clergy who accepted it, his Lordſhip hath not thought fit to determine.

The other Popiſh expedient for augmenting church-revenues is, "engaging the clergy to renew "no leaſes." Several of the moſt eminent clergymen have aſſured me, that nothing has been more wiſhed for by good men than a law to prevent (at leaſt) biſhops from ſetting leaſes for lives. I could name ten biſhopricks in England, whoſe revenues, one with another, do not amount to 600 l a-year for each: and if his Lordſhip's, for inſtance, would be above ten times the value when the lives are expired, I ſhould think the overplus would not be ill diſpoſed towards an augmentation of ſuch as are now ſhamefully poor. But I do aſſert, that ſuch an expedient was not always thought Popiſh and dangerous by this Right Reverend hiſtorian. I have had the honour formerly to converſe with him; and he hath told me ſeveral years ago, that he lamented extremely the power which biſhops had of letting leaſes for lives; whereby, as he ſaid, they were utterly deprived of raiſing their revenues, whatever alterations might happen in the value of money by length of time. I think the reproach of betraying private converſation will not upon this account be laid to my charge. Neither

do I believe he would have changed his opinion upon any ſcore, but to take up another more agreeable to the maxims of his party, "That the leaſt "addition of property to the church is one ſtep "towards Popery."

The Biſhop goes on with much earneſtneſs and prolixity to prove, that the Pope's confirmation of the church-lands to thoſe who held them by King Henry's donation, was null and fraudulent; which is a point that, I believe, no Proteſtant in England would give three-pence to have his choice, whether it ſhould be true or falſe. It might indeed ſerve as a paſſage in his hiſtory, among a thouſand other inſtances, to detect the knavery of the court of Rome. But I aſk, where could be the uſe of it in this introduction? or why all this haſte in publiſhing it at this juncture; and ſo out of all method, apart, and before the work itſelf? He gives his reaſons in very plain terms. We are now, it ſeems, "in more danger of Popery, than towards the "end of King Charles II.'s reign. That ſet of "men (the Tories) is ſo impiouſly corrupted in "the point of religion, that no ſcene of cruelty "can frighten them from leaping into it, and per-"haps from acting ſuch a part in it as may be aſ-"ſigned them." He doubts whether the high-church clergy have any principles; and therefore will be ready to turn off their wives, and look on the fires kindled in Smithfield as an amiable view. Theſe are the facts he all along takes for granted, and argues accordingly. Therefore, in deſpair of diſſuading the nobility and gentry of the land from introducing Popery by any motives of honour, religion, alliance, or mercy, he aſſures them, "that "the Pope hath not duly confirmed their tithes to "the church-lands in their poſſeſſion;" which therefore muſt be infallibly reſtored as ſoon as that religion is eſtabliſhed among us.

Thus, in his Lordſhip's opinion, there is nothing wanting to make the majority of the kingdom, both for number, quality, and poſſeſſion, immediately embrace Popery, except a "firm bull from the "Pope" to ſecure the abbey and other church lands, and tithes, to the preſent proprietors and their heirs. If this only difficulty could now be adjuſted, the pretender would be reſtored next ſeſſion, the two houſes reconciled to the church of Rome, againſt Eaſter term, and the fires lighted in Smithfield by Midſummer. Such horrible calumnies againſt a nation, are not the leſs injurious to decency, good-nature, truth, honour, and religion, becauſe they may be vented with ſafety; and I will appeal to any reader of common underſtanding, whether this be not the moſt natural and neceſſary deduction from the paſſages I have cited and referred to.

Yet all this is but friendly dealing, in compariſon with what he affords the clergy upon the ſame article. He ſuppoſes that whole reverend body, who differ from him in principles of church or ſtate, ſo far from diſliking Popery upon the above-mentioned motives of perjury, quitting their wives, or burning their relations, that the hopes of enjoying the abbey-lands would ſoon bear down all ſuch conſiderations, and be an effectual incitement to their perverſion: and ſo he goes gravely on, as with the only argument which he thinks can have any force, to aſſure them, that "the parochial prieſts in Ro- "man-Catholic countries are much poorer than in "ours; the ſeveral orders of regulars, and the "magnificence of their church, devouring all their "treaſure; and, by conſequence, their hopes are "vain of expecting to be richer after the introduc- "tion of Popery."

But, after all, his Lordſhip deſpairs that even this argument will have any force with our abominable clergy; becauſe, to uſe his own words, "they "are

" are an inſenſible and degenerate race, who are " thinking of nothing but their preſent advan- " tages; and, ſo that they may now ſupport a lu- " xurious and brutal courſe of irregular and vo- " luptuous practices, they are eaſily hired to be- " tray their religion, to ſell their country, and " give up that liberty, and thoſe properties, which " are the preſent felicities and glories of this nation."

He ſeems to reckon all theſe evils as matters fully determined on, and therefore falls into the laſt uſual form of deſpair, by threatening the authors of theſe miſeries with " laſting infamy, and the " curſes of poſterity upon perfidious betrayers of " their truſt."

Let me turn this paragraph into vulgar language, for the uſe of the poor; and ſtrictly adhere to the ſenſe of the words. I believe it may be faithfully tranſlated in the following manner. " The bulk " of the clergy, and one third of the biſhops, are " ſtupid ſons of whores, who think of nothing but " getting money as ſoon as they can: if they may " but procure enough to ſupply them in gluttony, " drunkenneſs, and whoring, they are ready to " turn traitors to God and their country, and " make their fellow-ſubjects ſlaves." The reſt of the period, about threatening infamy, and the curſes of poſterity, upon ſuch dogs and villains, may ſtand as it doth in the Biſhop's own phraſe; and ſo make the paragraph all of a piece.

I will engage, on the other ſide, to paraphraſe all the rogues and raſcals in the Engliſhman, ſo as to bring them up exactly to his Lordſhip's ſtyle. But, for my own part, I much prefer the plain Billingſgate way of calling names, becauſe it expreſſeth our meaning full as well, and would ſave abundance of time which is loſt by circumlocution: ſo, for inſtance, John Dunton, who is retained on the ſame ſide with the Biſhop, calls my Lord Treaſurer and Lord Bolingbroke traitors, whoremongers, and

Jacobites; which three words coſt our Right Reverend author thrice as many lines to define them; and I hope his Lordſhip doth not think there is any difference, in point of morality, whether a man calls me traitor in one word, or ſays I am one "hired to betray my religion, and ſell my country."

I am not ſurpriſed to ſee the Biſhop mention with contempt all convocations of the clergy; for Toland, Aſgil, Monmouth, Colins, Tindal, and others of the fraternity, talk the very ſame language. His Lordſhip confeſſeth he is not inclined "to expect much from the aſſemblies of clergy-"men." There lies the misfortune: for if he and ſome more of his order would correct their inclinations, a great deal of good might be expected from ſuch aſſemblies; as much as they are now cramped by that ſubmiſſion which a corrupt clergy brought upon their innocent ſucceſſors. He "will "not deny, that his copiouſneſs in theſe matters "is, in his own opinion, one of the meaneſt parts "of his new work." I will agree with him, unleſs he happens to be more copious in any thing elſe. However, it is not eaſy to conceive, why he ſhould be ſo copious upon a ſubject he ſo much deſpiſeth, unleſs it were to gratify his talent of railing at the clergy; in the number of whom he diſdains to be reckoned, becauſe he is a biſhop; for it is a ſtyle I obſerve ſome prelates have fallen into of late years, to talk of clergymen as if themſelves were not of the number. You will read in many of their ſpeeches at Dr. Sacheverel's trial, expreſſions to this or the like effect: "My Lords, "if clergymen be ſuffered," &c. wherein they ſeem to have reaſon: and I am pretty confident, that a great majority of the clergy were heartily inclined to diſown any relation they had to the managers in lawn. However, it was a confounding argument againſt Preſbytery, that thoſe prelates who are moſt ſuſpected to lean that way, treated

their

their inferior brethren with haughtineſs, rigour, and contempt: although, to ſay the truth, nothing better could be hoped for; becauſe I believe it may paſs for an univerſal rule, that in every dioceſe governed by biſhops of the Whig ſpecies, the clergy (eſpecially the poorer ſort) are under double diſcipline; and the laity left to themſelves. The opinion of Sir Thomas Moore, which he produceth to prove the ill conſequences or inſignificancy of convocations, advanceth no ſuch thing; but ſays, "If the clergy aſſembled often, and might act as "other aſſemblies of clergy in Chriſtendom, much "good might have come;" but the misfortune lay "in their long diſuſe, and that in his own, and a "good part of his father's time, they never came "together, except at the command of the prince."

I ſuppoſe his Lordſhip thinks there is ſome original impediment in the ſtudy of divinity, or ſecret incapacity in a gown and caſſock without lawn, which diſqualifies all inferior clergymen from debating upon ſubjects of doctrine or diſcipline in the church. It is a famous ſaying of his, That "he "looks upon every layman to be an honeſt man, "until he is by experience convinced to the con-"trary; and on every clergyman as a knave, un-"til he finds him to be an honeſt man." What opinion then muſt we have of a lower houſe of convocation, where, I am confident, he will hardly find three perſons that ever convinced him of their honeſty, or will ever be at the pains to do it? Nay, I am afraid they would think ſuch a conviction might be no very advantageous bargain, to gain the character of an honeſt man with his Lordſhip, and loſe it with the reſt of the world.

In the mous *concordate* that was made between Francis I. of France and Pope Leo X. the Biſhop tells us, that "the King and Pope came to a bar-"gain, by which they divided the liberties of the "Gallican church between them, and indeed quite

" inflaved it." He intends, in the third part of his hiftory, which he is going to publifh, " to o- " pen this whole matter to the world." In the mean time he mentions fome ill conſequences to the Gallican church from that *concordate*, which are worthy to be obſerved. " The church of France " became a ſlave; and this change in their conſti- " tution put an end, not only to national, but e- " ven to provincial ſynods, in that kingdom. The " aſſemblies of the clergy there meet now only to " give ſubſidies, &c." And he ſays, " Our nation " may ſee by that proceeding, what it is to deliver " up the eſſential liberties of a free conſtitution to " a court."

All I can gather from this matter is, that our King Henry made a much better bargain than his cotemporary Francis, who divided the liberties of the church between himſelf and the Pope, while the King of England ſeized them all to himſelf. But how comes he to number the want of ſynods in the Gallican church among the grievances of that *concordate*, and as a mark of their ſlavery, ſince he reckons all convocations of the clergy in England to be uſeleſs and dangerous? Or what difference, in point of liberty, was there between the Gallican church under Francis, and the Engliſh under Harry? For the latter was as much a Papiſt as the former, unleſs in the point of obedience to the ſee of Rome; and in every quality of a good man, or a good prince, (except perſonal courage, wherein both were equal), the French monarch had the advantage, by as many degrees as is poſſible for one man to have over another.

Henry VIII. had no manner of intention to change religion in his kingdom, He continued to perſecute and burn Proteſtants, after he had caſt off the Pope's ſupremacy; and I ſuppoſe his ſeizure of eccleſiaſtical revenues (which Francis never attempted) cannot be reckoned as a mark of the church's

church's liberty. By the quotation the Biſhop ſets down to ſhew the ſlavery of the French church, he repreſents it as a grievance, that "Biſhops are not now elected there as former-"ly, but wholly appointed by the prince; and "that thoſe made by the court have been ordina-"rily the chief advancers of ſchiſms, hereſies, and "oppreſſions of the church." He cites another paſſage from a Greek writer, and plainly inſinuates, that it is juſtly applicable to her Majeſty's reign; "Princes chuſe ſuch men to that charge (of "a biſhop), who may be their ſlaves, and in "all things obſequious to what they preſcribe, "and may lie at their feet, and have not ſo much "as a thought contrary to their commands."

Theſe are very ſingular paſſages for his Lordſhip to ſet down, in order to ſhew the diſmal conſe-ſequences of the French *concordate*, by the ſlavery of the Gallican church compared with the freedom of ours. I ſhall not enter into a long diſpute, better it were for religion, that biſhops ſhould be choſen by the clergy, or the people, or both together. I believe our author would give his vote for the ſecond, (which however would not have been of much advantage to himſelf, and ſome others that I could name): but I aſk, whether bi-ſhops are any more elected in England than in France? and the want of ſynods are in his own o-pinion, rather a bleſſing than a grievance; unleſs he will affirm, that more good can be expected from a Popiſh ſynod than an Engliſh convocation. Did the French clergy ever receive a greater blow to their liberties, than the ſubmiſſion made to Hen-ry VIII. or ſo great a one as the ſeiſure of their lands; the reformation owed nothing to the good intentions of King Henry. He was only an inſtrument of it (as the logicians ſpeak) by acci-dent; nor doth he appear, throughout his whole reign, to have had any other views than thoſe of gratifying

gratifying his insatiable love of power, cruelty, oppression, and other irregular appetites. But this kingdom, as well as many other parts of Europe, was at that time generally weary of the corruptions and impositions of the Roman court and church, and disposed to receive those doctrines which Luther and his followers had universally spread. Cranmer the Archbishop, Cromwell, and others of the court, did secretly embrace the reformation; and the King's abrogating the Pope's supremacy, made the people in general run into the new doctrine with greater freedom, because they hoped to be supported in it by the authority and example of their Prince; who disappointed them so far, that he made no other step, than rejecting the Pope's supremacy, as a clog upon his own power and passions; but retained every corruption besides, and became a cruel persecutor, as well of those who denied his own supremacy, as of all others who professed any Protestant doctrine. Neither hath any thing disgusted me more, in reading the histories of those times, than to see one of the worst princes of any age or country celebrated as an instrument in that glorious work of the reformation.

The Bishop, having gone over all the matters that properly fall within his introduction, proceeds to expostulate with several sorts of people. First, with Protestants who are no Christians; such as, Atheists, Deists, Freethinkers, and the like enemies to Christianity: but these he treats with the tenderness of a friend, because they are all of them of sound Whig principles in church and state. However, to do him justice, he lightly toucheth some old topics for the truth of the gospel; and concludes, by "wishing that the Free-"thinkers would consider well, if" (*Angl.* whether) "they think it is possible to bring a nation on to "be without any religion at all; and what the consequences

fequences of that may prove:" and, in cafe they allow the negative, he gives it clearly for Chriftianity.

Secondly, He applieth himfelf (if I take his meaning right) to Chriftian Papifts, " who have a tafte " of liberty;" and defires them to " compare the " abfurdity of their own religion with the reafon- " ablenefs of the reformed;" againft which, as good luck would have it, I have nothing to object.

Thirdly, He is fomewhat rough againft his own party, " who having tafted the fweets of Protef- " tant liberty, can look back fo tamely on Popery, " coming on them;" it looks as if they were bewitched, or that the devil were in them, to be fo negligent. " It is not enough, that they refolve not " to turn Papifts themfelves; they ought to a- " waken all about them, even the moft ignorant " and ftupid, to apprehend their danger, and to " exert themfelves, with their utmoft induftry, to " guard againft it, and to refift it. If, after all " their endeavours to prevent it, the corruption of " the age, and the art and power of our enemies, " prove too hard for us; then, and not until " then, we muft fubmit to the will of God, and " be filent; and prepare ourfelves for all the ex. " tremities of fuffering and of mifery;" with a great deal more of the fame ftrain.

With due fubmiffion to the profound fagacity of this prelate, who can fmell Popery at five hundred miles diftance, better than Fanaticifm juft under his nofe, I take leave to tell him, that this reproof to his friends for want of zeal and clamour againft Popery, flavery, and the Pretender, is what they have not deferved. Are the pamphlets and papers daily publifhed by the fublime authors of his party, full of any thing elfe? Are not the Queen, the miniflers, the majority of Lords and commons, loudly taxed in print with this charge againft them at full length! Is it not the perpetual echo of every Whig coffee-

coffee-houſe and club? Have they not quartered Popery and the Pretender upon the peace and treaty of commerce; upon the poſſeſſing, and quitting, and keeping, and demoliſhing of Dunkirk? Have they not clamoured, becauſe the Pretender continued in France, and becauſe he left it? Have they not reported, that the town ſwarmed with many thouſand Papiſts; when, upon ſearch, there were never found ſo few of that religion in it before? If a clergyman preacheth obedience to the higher powers, is he not immediately traduced as a Papiſt? Can mortal man do more? To deal plainly, my Lord, your friends are not ſtrong enough yet to make an inſurrection; and it is unreaſonable to expect one from them, until their neighbours be ready.

My Lord, I have a little ſerioufneſs at heart upon this point, where your Lordſhip affects to ſhew ſo much. When you can prove, that one ſingle word hath ever dropt from any miniſter of ſtate, in public or private, in favour of the pretender, or his cauſe; when you can make it appear, that, in the courſe of this adminiſtration, ſince the Queen thought fit to change her ſervants, there hath one ſtep been made towards weakening the Hanover title, or giving the leaſt countenance to any other whatſoever; then, and not until then, go dry your chaff and ſtubble, give fire to the zeal of your faction, and reproach them with lukewarmneſs.

Fourthly, The Biſhop applies himſelf to the Tories in general; taking it for granted, after his charitable manner, that they are all ready prepared to introduce Popery. He puts an excuſe into their mouths, by which they would endeavour to juſtify their change of religion. "Popery is not what it "was before the reformation; things are now "much mended, and further corrections might "be expected, if we would enter into a treaty with "them. In particular, they ſee the error of pro-

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" ceeding ſeverely with heretics; ſo that there is " no reaſon to apprehend the returns of ſuch cru- " elties as were practiſed an age and a half ago."

This, he aſſures us, is a plea offered by the Tories in defence of themſelves, for going about at this juncture to eſtabliſh the Popiſh religion among us. What argument doth he bring to prove the fact itſelf?

Quibus indicis, quo teſte, probavit?
Nil horum: verboſa et grandis epiſtola venit.

Nothing but this tedious introduction, wherein he ſuppoſeth it all along as a thing granted. That there might be a perfect union in the whole Chriſtian church, is a bleſſing which every good man wiſheth, but no reaſonable man can hope. That the more polite Roman Catholics have, in ſeveral places, given up ſome of their ſuperſtitious foppe- ries, particularly concerning legends, relics, and the like, is what no body denies. But the material points in difference between us and them, are univerſally retained and aſſerted in all their controverſial writings. And if his Lordſhip really thinks, that every man who differs from him, under the name of a Tory, in ſome church and ſtate opinions, is ready to believe tranſubſtantiation, purgatory, the infallibility of Pope or councils, to worſhip ſaints and angels, and the like; I can only pray God to enlighten his underſtanding, or graft in his heart the firſt principles of charity; a virtue which ſome people ought not by any means wholly to renounce, " becauſe it covereth a multitude of " ſins."

Fifthly, The Biſhop applies himſelf to his own party in both houſes of parliament, whom he exhorts to " guard their religion and liberty againſt " all danger, at what diſtance ſoever it may appear. " If they are abſent and remiſs on critical occa- " ſions;"

" ſions ;" that is to ſay, if they do not attend cloſe next ſeſſions to vote, upon all occaſions whatever, againſt the proceedings of the Queen and her miniſtry ; " or if any views of advantage to themſelves prevail on them ;" in other words, if any of them vote for the bill of commerce, in hopes of a place or a penſion, a title or a garter, God " may " work a deliverance for us another way ;" (that is to ſay, by inviting the Dutch) : " but they and " their families," *i. e.* thoſe who are negligent or revolters, " ſhall periſh." By which is meant, they ſhall be hanged, as well as the preſent miniſtry, and their abettors, as ſoon as we recover our power, " becauſe they let in idolatry, ſuperſtition, " and tyranny ;" becauſe they ſtood by, and ſuffered the peace to be made, the bill of commerce to paſs, and Dunkirk to lie undemoliſhed longer than we expected, without raiſing a rebellion.

His laſt application is to the Tory clergy, a parcel of " blind, ignorant, dumb, ſleeping, greedy, " drunken dogs." A pretty artful Epiſcopal method is this, of calling his brethren as many injurious names as he pleaſeth. It is but quoting a text of ſcripture, where the characters of evil men are deſcribed, and the thing is done ; and, at the ſame time, the appearances of piety and devotion preſerved. I would engage, with the help of a good concordance, and the liberty of perverting holy writ, to find out as many injurious appellations, as the Engliſhman throws out in any of his politic papers, and apply them to thoſe perſons " who call " good evil, and evil good ;" to thoſe who cry without cauſe, " Every man to his tent, O Iſrael!" and to thoſe who " curſe the Queen in their " hearts !"

Theſe decent words, he tells us, make up a " lively deſcription of ſuch paſtors as will not ſtu- " dy controverſy, nor know the depths of Satan." He means, I ſuppoſe, the controverſy between us

and the Papiſts; for as to the Freethinkers and Diſſenters of every denomination, they are ſome of the beſt friends to the cauſe. Now, I have been told, there is a body of that kind of controverſy publiſhed by the London divines, which is not to be matched in the world. I believe likewiſe there is a good number of the clergy at preſent thoroughly verſed in that ſtudy. After which I cannot but give my judgement, that it would be a very idle thing for paſtors in general to buſy themſelves much in diſputes againſt Popery; it being a dry, heavy employment of the mind at beſt, eſpecially when, God be thanked, there is ſo little occaſion for it in the generality of pariſhes throughout the kingdom, and muſt be daily leſs and leſs by the juſt ſeverity of the laws, and the utter averſion of our people from that idolatrous ſuperſtition.

If I might be ſo bold to name thoſe who have the honour to be of his Lordſhip's party, I would venture to tell him, that paſtors have much more occaſion to ſtudy controverſies againſt the ſeveral claſſes of Freethinkers and Diſſenters; the former (I beg his Lordſhips pardon for ſaying ſo) being a little worſe than Papiſts, and both of them more dangerous at preſent to our conſtitution both in church and ſtate. Not that I think Preſbytery ſo corrupt a ſyſtem of Chriſtian religion as Popery; I believe it is not above one third as bad; but I think the Preſbyterians, and their clans of other fanatics, of Freethinkers and Atheiſts that dangle after them, are as well inclined to pull down the preſent eſtabliſhment of monarchy and religion, as any ſet of Papiſts in Chriſtendom: and therefore that our danger, as things now ſtand, is infinitely greater from our Proteſtant enemies: becauſe they are much more able to ruin us, and full as willing. There is no doubt but Preſbytery and a commonwealth are leſs formidable evils than Popery, ſlavery, and the pretender: for if the fanatics were in

power, I ſhould be in more apprehenſion of being ſtarved than burned. But there are probably in England forty Diſſenters of all kinds, including their brethren the Freethinkers, for one Papiſt; and allowing one Papiſt to be as terrible as three Diſſenters, it will appear by arithmetic, that we are thirteen times and one third more in danger of being ruined by the latter than the former.

The other qualification neceſſary for all paſtors, if they will not be blind, ignorant, greedy, drunken dogs, &c. is "to know the depths of Satan." This is harder than the former; that a poor gentleman ought not to be parſon, vicar, or curate of a pariſh, except he be cunninger than the devil. I am afraid it will be difficult to remedy this defect, for one manifeſt reaſon, becauſe whoever had only half the cunning of the devil, would never take up with a vicarage of ten pounds a year, *to live on at his eaſe*, as my Lord expreſſeth it; but ſeek out for ſome better livelihood. His Lordſhip is of a nation very much diſtinguiſhed for that quality of cunning (although they have a great many better), and I think he was never accuſed for wanting his ſhare. However, upon a trial of ſkill, I would venture to lay ſix to four on the devil's ſide, who muſt be allowed to be at leaſt the older practitioner. Telling truth ſhames him, and reſiſtance makes him fly; but to attempt outwitting him, is to fight him at his own weapons, and conſequently no cunning at all. Another thing I would obſerve, is, that a man may be in the depths of Satan, without knowing them all; and ſuch a man may be ſo far in Satan's depths, as to be out of his own. One of the depths of Satan is, to counterfeit an angel of light. Another, I believe, is, to ſtir up the people againſt their governors, by falſe ſuggeſtions of danger. A third is, to be a prompter to falſe brethren, and to ſend wolves about in ſheep's cloathing. Sometimes he ſends Jeſuits about England in the habit and

and cant of fanatics; at other times he hath fanatic miſſionaries in the habits of ———. I ſhall mention but one more of Satan's depths, for I confeſs I know not the hundredth part of them; and that is, to employ his emiſſaries in crying out againſt remote imaginary dangers, by which we may be taken off from defending ourſelves againſt thoſe which are really juſt at our elbows.

But his Lordſhip draws towards a concluſion, and bids us, " look about, to conſider the danger " we are in, before it is too late;" for he aſſures us, we are already " going into ſome of the worſt " parts of Popery." Like the man who was ſo much in haſte for his new coat, that he put it on the wrong ſide out. " Auricular confeſſion, " prieſtly abſolution, and the ſacrifice of the maſs," have made great progreſs in England, and no body hath obſerved it; ſeveral other Popiſh points " are " carried higher with us than by the prieſts them- " ſelves:" and ſomebody, it ſeems, had the " im- " pudence to propoſe an union with the Gallican " church." I have indeed heard, that Mr. Leſlie publiſhed a diſcourſe to that purpoſe, which I have never ſeen; nor do I perceive the evil in propoſing an union between any two churches in Chriſtendom. Without doubt, Mr. Leſlie is moſt unhappily miſled in his politics; but if he be the author of the late tract againſt Popery *, he hath given the world ſuch a proof of his ſoundneſs in religion, as many a biſhop ought to be proud of. I never ſaw the gentleman in my life. I know he is the ſon of a great and excellent prelate, who upon ſeveral accounts, was one of the moſt extraordinary men of his age. Mr. Leſlie hath written many uſeful diſcourſes upon ſeveral ſubjects; and hath ſo well deſerved of the Chriſtian religion, and the church of England in particular, that to

* The caſe ſtated.

accuſe him of "impudence for propoſing an union" in two very different faiths, is a ſtyle which I hope few will imitate. I deteſt Mr. Leſlie's political principles as much as his Lordſhip can do for his heart; but I verily believe he acts from a miſtaken conſcience, and therefore I diſtinguiſh between the principles and the perſon. However, it is ſome mortification to me, when I ſee an avowed nonjuror contribute more to the confounding of Popery, than could ever be done by a hundred thouſand ſuch introductions as this.

His Lordſhip ends with diſcovering a ſmall ray of comfort. "God be thanked, there are many "among us that ſtand upon the watch-tower, and "that give faithful warning; that ſtand in the "breach, and make themſelves a wall for their "church and country; that cry to God day and "night, and lie in the duſt mourning before him, "to avert thoſe judgements that ſeem to haſten to-"wards us. They ſearch into the myſtery of ini-"quity that is working among us, and acquaint "themſelves with that maſs of corruption that is "in Popery." He prays, "that the number of "theſe may increaſe, and that he may be of that "number, ready either to die in peace, or to ſeal "that doctrine he hath been preaching above fifty "years with his blood." This being his laſt paragraph, I have made bold to tranſcribe the moſt important parts of it. His deſign is to end after the manner of orators, with leaving the ſtrongeſt impreſſion poſſible upon the minds of his hearers. A great breach is made, "the myſtery of Popiſh "iniquity is working among us;" may God avert thoſe "judgements that are haſtening towards us!" I am an old man, "a preacher above fifty years;" and I now expect, and am ready to die a martyr for the doctrines I have preached. What an amiable idea doth he here leave upon our minds of her Majeſty and her government! He hath been poring

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ſo long upon Fox's book of martyrs, that he imagines himſelf living in the reign of Queen Mary, and is reſolved to ſet up for a knight-errant againſt Popery. Upon the ſuppoſition of his being in earneſt, (which I am ſure he is not), it would require but a very little more heat of imagination to make a hiſtory of ſuch a knight's adventures. What would he ſay to behold the fires kindled in Smithfield, and all over the town, on the 17th of November; to behold the Pope borne in triumph on the ſhoulders of the people, with a Cardinal on the one ſide, and the Pretender on the other? He would never believe it was Queen Eliſabeth's day, but of her perſecuting ſiſter. In ſhort, how eaſily might a windmill be taken for the whore of Babylon, and a puppet-ſhow for a Popiſh proceſſion?

But enthuſiaſm is none of his Lordſhip's faculty. I am inclined to believe, he might be melancholly enough when he wrote his introduction. The deſpair at his age of ſeeing a faction reſtored, to which he hath ſacrificed ſo great part of his life; the little ſucceſs he can hope for in caſe he ſhould reſume thoſe high-church principles, in defence of which he firſt employed his pen; no viſible expectation of removing to Farnham or Lambeth; and, laſtly, the misfortune of being hated by every one, who either wears the habit, or values the profeſſion, of a clergyman; no wonder ſuch a ſpirit, in ſuch a ſituation, is provoked beyond the regards of truth, decency, religion, or ſelf-conviction. To do him juſtice, he ſeems to have nothing elſe left, but to cry out, "Halters, gibbets, faggots, inquiſition, Popery, ſlavery, and the pretender." But in the mean time, he little conſiders what a world of miſchief he doth to his cauſe. It is very convenient for the preſent deſigns of that faction, to ſpread the opinion of our immediate danger from Popery and the pretender. His directors therefore ought, in my humble opinion, to have employed his Lord-

ſhip in publiſhing a book, wherein he ſhould have affirmed, by the moſt ſolemn aſſeverations, that all things were ſafe and well: for the world hath contracted ſo ſtrong a habit of believing him backwards, that I am confident nine parts in ten of thoſe who have read or heard of his introduction, have ſlept in greater ſecurity ever ſince. It is likely the melancholy tone of a watch-man at midnight, who thumps with his pole as if ſome thief were breaking in; but you know by the noiſe that the door is faſt.

However, he thanks God there are many among us who ſtand in the breach. I believe they may: it is a breach of their own making; and they deſign to come forward, and ſtorm, and plunder, if they be not driven back. "They make themſelves "a wall for the church and country." A ſouth wall, I ſuppoſe, for all the beſt fruit of the church and country to be nailed on. Let us examine this metaphor. The "wall of our church and country" is built of thoſe who love the conſtitution in both. Our domeſtic enemies undermine ſome parts of the wall, and place themſelves in the breach, and then they cry, "We are the wall." We do not like ſuch patch-work; they build with untempered mortar; nor can they ever cement with us, till they get better materials, and better workmen. God keep us from having our breaches made up with ſuch rubbiſh! "They ſtand upon the watch-"tower!" They are indeed pragmatical enough to do ſo; but who aſſigned them that poſt, to give us falſe intelligence, to alarm us with falſe dangers, and ſend us to defend one gate, while their accomplices are breaking in at another? "They cry "to God day and night to avert the judgement of "Popery, which ſeems to haſten towards us." Then I affirm, they are "hypocrites by day, and "filthy dreamers by night: when they cry unto "him, he will not hear them;" for they cry a-

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gainſt the plaineſt dictates of their own conſcience, reaſon, and belief.

But laſtly, "they lie in the duſt mourning before "him." Hang me, if I believe that, unleſs it be figuratively ſpoken. But ſuppoſe it to be true, why do they lie in the duſt? Becauſe they love to raiſe it. For what do they mourn? Why, for power, wealth, and places. There let the enemies of the Queen, and monarchy, and the church, "lie, and "mourn, and lick the duſt like ſerpents," till they are truly ſenſible of their ingratitude, falſehood, diſobedience, ſlander, blaſphemy, ſedition, and and every evil work.

I cannot find in my heart to conclude, without offering his Lordſhip a little humble advice upon ſome certain points.

Firſt, I would adviſe him, if it be not too late in his life, to endeavour a little at mending his ſtyle, which is mighty defective in the circumſtances of grammar, propriety, politeneſs, and ſmoothneſs. I fancied at firſt it might be owing to the prevalence of his paſſion, as people ſputter out nonſenſe for haſte when they are in a rage. And indeed I believe this piece before me hath received ſome additional imperfections from that occaſion. But whoever hath heard his ſermons, or read his other tracts, will find him very unhappy in the choice and diſpoſition of his words; and for want of variety, repeating them, eſpecially the particles, in a manner very grating to an Engliſh ear. But I confine myſelf to the introduction, as his laſt work; where, endeavouring at the rhetorical flowers, he gives us only bunches of thiſtles; of which I could preſent the reader with a plentiful crop; but I refer him to every page and line of the pamplet itſelf.

Secondly, I would moſt humbly adviſe his Lordſhip to examine a little into the nature of truth, and ſometimes to hear what ſhe ſays. I ſhall produce two inſtances among an hundred. When he aſſerts,

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that we are "now in more danger of Popery than "towards the end of King Charles II.'s reign;" and gives the broadeſt hints, that the Queen, the miniſtry, the parliament, and the clergy, are juſt going to introduce it; I deſire to know, whether he really thinks truth is of his ſide, or whether he be not ſure ſhe is againſt him? If the latter, then truth and he will be found in two different ſtories; and which are we to believe? Again, when he gravely adviſes the Tories not to light the fires in Smithfield, and goes on, in twenty places already quoted, as if the bargain was made for Popery and ſlavery to enter? I aſk again, whether he hath rightly conſidered the nature of truth? I deſire to put a parallel caſe. Suppoſe his Lordſhip ſhould take it into his fancy to write and publiſh a letter to any gentleman of no infamous character for his religion or morals; and there adviſe him with great earneſtneſs not to rob or fire churches, raviſh his daughter, or murder his father: ſhew him the ſin and the danger of theſe enormities; that if he flattered himſelf he could eſcape in diſguiſe, or bribe his jury, he was grievouſly miſtaken; that he muſt in all probability forfeit his goods and chattels, die an ignominious death, and be curſed by poſterity; would not ſuch a gentleman juſtly think himſelf highly injured, although his Lordſhip did not affirm, that the ſaid gentleman had picklocks or combuſtibles ready; that he had attempted his daughter, and drawn his ſword againſt his father in order to ſtab him? whereas, in the other caſe, this writer affirms over and over, that all attempts for introducing Popery and ſlavery are already made, the whole buſineſs concerted, and that little leſs than a miracle can prevent our ruin.

Thirdly, I could heartily wiſh his Lordſhip would not undertake to charge the opinions of one or two, and thoſe probably nonjurors, upon the whole body of the nation that differs from him. Mr.

Leſlie

Leſlie writ a " propoſal for an union with the Galli-
" can church;" ſomebody elſe hath " carried the
" neceſſity of prieſthood in point of baptiſm further
" than Popery;" a third hath " aſſerted the inde-
" pendency of the church on the ſtate, and in ma-
" ny things arraigned the ſupremacy of the crown:"
then he ſpeaks in a dubious inſinuating way, as if ſome other Popiſh tenets had been already advanced; and at laſt concludes in this affected ſtrain of deſpondency, "What will all theſe things end in? and
" on what deſign are they driven? Alas, it is too
" viſible!" It is as clear as the ſun, that theſe authors are encouraged by the miniſtry, with a deſign to bring in Popery; and in Popery all theſe things will end.

I never was ſo uncharitable to believe, that the whole party of which his Lordſhip profeſſeth himſelf a member, had a real formed deſign of eſtabliſh Atheiſm among us. The reaſon why the Whigs have taken the Atheiſts or Freethinkers into their body, is, becauſe they wholly agree in their political ſchemes, and differ very little in church power and diſcipline. However, I could turn the argument againſt his Lordſhip with very great advantage, by quoting paſſages from fifty pamphlets wholly made up of Whiggiſm and Atheiſm, and then conclude, " What will all theſe things end in?
" and on what deſign are they driven? Alas, it is
" too viſible!"

Laſtly, I would beg his Lordſhip not to be ſo exceedingly outrageous upon the memory of the dead, becauſe it is highly probable, that in a very ſhort time he will be one of the number. He hath in plain words given Mr. Wharton the character of a moſt malicious, revengeful, treacherous, lying, mercenary villain. To which I ſhall only ſay, that the direct reverſe of this amiable deſcription is what appears from the works of that moſt learned divine, and from the accounts given me by thoſe

who

who knew him much better than the Bishop seems to have done. I meddle not with the moral part of this treatment. God Almighty forgive his Lordship this manner of revenging himself; and then there will be but little consequence from an accusation, which the dead cannot feel, and which none of the living will believe.

A complete COLLECTION of GENTEEL and INGENIOUS CONVERSATION, according to the moſt polite mode and method now uſed at court, and in the beſt companies of England *.

IN THREE DIALOGUES.

By SIMON WAGSTAFF, Eſq;

An INTRODUTION.

AS my life hath been chiefly ſpent in conſulting the honour and welfare of my country for more than forty years paſt, not without unanſwerable ſucceſs, if the world and my friends have not flattered me; ſo there is no point wherein I have ſo much laboured, as that of improving and poliſhing all parts of converſation between perſons of quality, whether they meet by accident or invitation, at meals, tea, or viſits, mornings, noons, or evenings.

* This treatiſe appears to have been written with the ſame view as the "critical eſſay on the faculties of the mind" [Vol 5.] but upon a more general plan. The ridicule, which is there confined to literary compoſition, is here extended to converſation: but its object is the ſame in both; the repetition of quaint phraſes picked up by rote either from the living or the dead, and applied upon every occaſion to conceal ignorance or ſtupidity or to prevent the labour of thoughts to produce native ſentiment, and combine ſuch words as will preciſely expreſs it.

I have

I have paſſed perhaps more time than any other man of my age and country in viſits and aſſemblies, where the polite perſons of both ſexes diſtinguiſh themſelves; and could not, without much grief, obſerve how frequently both gentlemen and ladies are at a loſs for queſtions, anſwers, replies, and rejoinders. However, my concern was much abated when I found, that theſe defects were not occaſioned by any want of materials, but becauſe thoſe materials were not in every hand. For inſtance, one lady can give an anſwer better than aſk a queſtion: one gentleman is happy at a reply; another excels in a rejoinder; one can revive a languiſhing converſation by a ſudden ſurpriſing ſentence; another is more dextrous in ſeconding; a third can fill the gap with laughing, or commending what has been ſaid. Thus freſh hints may be ſtarted, and the ball of the diſcourſe kept up.

But alas! this is too ſeldom the caſe, even in the moſt ſelect companies. How often do we ſee at court, at public viſiting days, at great mens levees, and other places of general meeting, that the converſation falls and drops to nothing, like a fire without ſupply of fewel? This is what we all ought to lament; and againſt this dangerous evil I take upon me to affirm, that I have in the following papers provided an infallible remedy.

It was in the year 1695, and the ſixth of his late Majeſty King William III. of ever glorious and immortal memory, who reſcued three kingdoms from Popery and ſlavery, when, being about the age of ſix and thirty, my judgement mature, of good reputation in the world, and well acquainted with the beſt families in town, I determined to ſpend five mornings, to dine four times, paſs three afternoons, and ſix evenings, every week, in the houſes of the moſt polite families, of which I would confine myſelf to fifty; only changing as the maſters or ladies died, or left the town, or grew out

of vogue, or ſunk in their fortunes, or (which to me was of the higheſt moment) became diſſaffected to the government; which practice I have followed ever ſince to this very day; except when I happened to be ſick, or in the ſpleen upon cloudy weather; and except when I entertained four of each ſex at my own lodgings once in a month, by way of retaliation.

I always kept a large table-book in my pocket; and as ſoon as I left the company, I immediately entered the choiceſt expreſſions that paſſed during the viſit; which, returning home, I tranſcribed in a fair hand, but ſomewhat enlarged: and had made the greateſt part of my collection in twelve years, but not digeſted into any method; for this I found was a work of infinite labour, and what required the niceſt judgement, and conſequently could not be brought to any degree of perfection in leſs than ſixteen years more.

Herein I reſolved to exceed the advice of Horace, a Roman Poet, which I have read in Mr. Creech's admirable tranſlation, that an author ſhould keep his works nine years in his cloſet, before he venture to publiſh them: and finding that I ſtill received ſome additional flowers of wit and language, although in a very ſmall number, I determined to defer the publication, to purſue my deſign, and exhauſt if poſſible the whole ſubject, that I might preſent a complete ſyſtem to the world. For I am convinced by long experience, that the critics will be as ſevere as their old envy againſt me can make them. I foreſee they will object, that I have inſerted many anſwers and replies which are neither witty, humorous, polite, nor authentic; and have omitted others that would have been highly uſeful, as well as entertaining. But let them come to particulars, and I will boldly engage to confute their malice.

For theſe laſt ſix or ſeven years I have not been able to add above nine valuable ſentences to enrich my collection; from whence I conclude, that what remains will amount only to a trifle. However, if, after the publication of this work, any lady or gentleman, when they have read it, ſhall find the leaſt thing of importance omitted, I deſire they will pleaſe to ſupply my defects, by communicating to me their diſcoveries; and their letters may be directed to Simon Wagſtaff, Eſq; at his lodgings next door to the Glouceſter-head in St. James's ſtreet, (paying the poſtage). In return of which favour, I ſhall make honourable mention of their names in a ſhort preface to the ſecond edition.

In the mean time, I cannot but with ſome pride, and much pleaſure, congratulate with my dear country, which hath outdone all the nations of Europe, in advancing the whole art of converſation to the greateſt height it is capable of reaching; and therefore, being entirely convinced that the collection I now offer to the public is full and complete, I may at the ſame time boldly affirm, that the whole genius, humour, politeneſs, and eloquence of England are ſummed up in it. Nor is the treaſure ſmall, wherein are to be found at leaſt a thouſand ſhining queſtions, anſwers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, fitted to adorn every kind of diſcourſe that an aſſembly of Engliſh ladies and gentlemen, met together for their mutual entertainment, can poſſibly want; eſpecially when the ſeveral flowers ſhall be ſet off and improved by the ſpeakers, with every circumſtance of preface and circumlocution, in proper terms; and attended with praiſe, laughter, or admiration.

There is a natural, involuntary diſtortion of the muſcles, which is the anatomical cauſe of laughter; but there is another cauſe of laughter which decency requires, and is the undoubted mark of a good

good taſte, as well as of a polite obliging behaviour; neither is this to be acquired without much obſervation, long practice, and a ſound judgment. I did therefore once intend, for the eaſe of the learner, to ſet down in all parts of the following dialogues, certain marks, aſteriſks, or *nota-bene's*, (in Engliſh, *markwells*), after moſt queſtions, and every reply or anſwer; directing exactly the moment when one, two, or all the company, are to laugh: but having duly conſidered, that this expedient would too much enlarge the bulk of the volume, and conſequently the price? and likewiſe that ſomething ought to be left for ingenious readers to find out; I have determined to leave that whole affair, although of great importance, to their own diſcretion.

The reader muſt learn by all means to diſtinguiſh between proverbs, and thoſe polite ſpeeches which beautify converſation; for, as to the former, I utterly reject them out of all ingenious diſcourſe. I acknowledge indeed, that there may poſſibly be found in this treatiſe a few ſayings, among ſo great a number of ſmart turns of wit and humour as I have produced, which have a proverbial air: however, I hope it will be conſidered, that theſe were not originally proverbs, but the genuine productions of ſuperior wits to embelliſh and ſupport converſation; from whence, with great impropriety, as well as plagiariſm, (if you will forgive a hard word), they have moſt injuriouſly been transferred into proverbial maxims; and therefore in juſtice ought to be reſumed out of vulgar hands, to adorn the drawing-rooms of princes, both male and female, the levees of great miniſters, as well as the toilet and tea-table of the ladies.

I can faithfully aſſure the reader, that there is not one ſingle witty phraſe in this whole collection, which hath not received the ſtamp and approbation of at leaſt one hundred years, and how much

longer, it is hard to determine: he may therefore be ſecure to find them all genuine, ſterling, and authentic.

But before this elaborate treatiſe can become of univerſal uſe and ornament to my native country, two points that will require time and much application, are abſolutely neceſſary.

For, firſt, whatever perſon would aſpire to be completely witty, ſmart, humourous, and polite, muſt, by hard labour, be able to retain in his memory every ſingle ſentence contained in this work, ſo as never to be once at a loſs in applying the right anſwers, queſtions. repartees, and the like, immediately, and without ſtudy or heſitation.

And, ſecondly, after a lady or gentleman hath ſo well overcome this difficulty, as never to be at a loſs upon any emergency, the true management of every feature, and almoſt of every limb, is equally neceſſary; without which an infinite number of abſurdities will inevitably enſue. For inſtance, there is hardly a polite ſentence in the following dialogues which doth not abſolutely require ſome peculiar graceful motion in the eyes, or noſe, or mouth, or forehead, or chin, or ſuitable toſs of the head, with certain offices aſſigned to each hand; and in ladies, the whole exerciſe of the fan, fitted to the energy of every word they deliver; by no means omitting the various turns and cadence of the voice, the twiſtings, and movements, and different poſtures of the body, the ſeveral kinds and gradations of laughter, which the ladies muſt daily practiſe by the looking-glaſs, and conſult upon them with their waiting-maids.

My readers will ſoon obſerve what a great compaſs of real and uſeful knowledge this ſcience includes; wherein, although nature, aſſiſted by a genius, may be very inſtrumental, yet a ſtrong memory and conſtant application, together with example and precept, will be highly neceſſary, For

theſe

theſe reaſons I have often wiſhed, that certain male and female inſtructors, perfectly verſed in this ſcience, would ſet up ſchools for the inſtruction of young ladies and gentlemen therein.

I remember about thirty years ago, there was a Bohemian woman, of that ſpecies commonly known by the name of *gypſies*, who came over hither from France, and gennerally attended ISAAC the dancing-maſter, when he was teaching his art to miſſes of quality; and while the young ladies were thus employed, the Bohemian, ſtanding at ſome diſtance, but full in their ſight, acted before them all proper airs, and heavings of the head, and motions of the hands, and twiſtings of the body; whereof you may ſtill obſerve the good effects in ſeveral of our elder ladies.

After the ſame manner, it were much to be deſired, that ſome expert gentlewoman gone to decay would ſet up public ſchools, wherein young girls of quality, or great fortunes, might firſt be taught to repeat this following ſyſtem of converſation, which I have been at ſo much pains to compile; and then to adapt every feature of their countenances, every turn of their hands, every ſcrewing of their bodies, every exerciſe of their fans, to the humour of the ſentences they hear or deliver in converſation: but above all to inſtruct them in every ſpecies and degree of laughing in proper ſeaſons at their own wit, or that of the company. And if the ſons of the nobility and gentry, inſtead of being ſent to common ſchools, or put into the hands of tutors at home, to learn nothing but words, were conſigned to able inſtructors in the ſame art, I cannot find what uſe there could be of books, except in the hands of thoſe who are to make learning their trade, which is be low the dignity of perſon born to titles or eſtates.

It would be another infinite advantage, that, by cultivating this ſcience, we ſhould wholly avoid the

vexations and impertinence of pedants, who affect to talk in a language not to be underſtood; and whenever a polite perſon offers accidentally to uſe any of their jargon-terms, have the preſumption to laugh at us for pronouncing thoſe words in a genteeler manner. Whereas I do here affirm, that whenever any fine gentleman or lady condeſcends to let a hard word paſs out of their mouths, every ſyllable is ſmoothed and poliſhed in the paſſage; and it is a true mark of politeneſs, both in writing and reading, to vary the orthography as well as the ſound; becauſe we are infinitely better judges of what will pleaſe a diſtinguiſhing ear, than thoſe who call themſelves *ſcholars*, can poſſibly be; who, conſequently, ought to correct their books, and manner of pronouncing, by the authority of our example, from whoſe lips they proceed with infinitely more beauty and ſignificancy.

But, in the mean time, until ſo great, ſo uſeful, and ſo neceſſary a deſign can be put in execution, (which, conſidering the good diſpoſition of our country at preſent, I ſhall not deſpair of living to ſee) let me recommend the following treatiſe, to be carried about as a pocket-companion, by all gentlemen and ladies, when they are going to viſit, or dine, or drink tea; or where they happen to paſs the evening without cards, (as I have ſometimes known it to be the caſe, upon diſappointments or accidents unforeſeen); deſiring they would read their ſeveral parts in their chair or coaches, to prepare themſelves for every kind of converſation that can poſſibly happen.

Although I have, in juſtice to my country, allowed the genius of our people to excel that of any other nation upon earth, and have confirmed this truth by an argument not to be controlled, I mean, by producing ſo great a number of witty ſentences in the enſuing dialogues, all of undoubted authority, as well as of our own production; yet I muſt confeſs

confeſs at the ſame time, that we are wholly indebted for them to our anceſtors; at leaſt, for as long as my memory reacheth, I do not recollect one new phraſe of importance to have been added; which defect in us moderns I take to have been occaſioned by the introduction of cant-words in the reign of King Charles II. And thoſe have ſo often varied, that hardly one of them, of above a year's ſtanding, is now intelligible; nor any where to be found, excepting a ſmall number ſtrewed here and there in the comedies and other fantaſtic writings of that age.

The Honourable Colonel James Graham, my old friend and companion, did likewiſe, towards the end of the ſame reign, invent a ſet of words and phraſes, which continued almoſt to the time of his death. But, as theſe terms or art were adapted only to courts and politicians, and extended little farther than among his particular acquaintance, (of whom I had the honour to be one), they are now almoſt forgotten.

Nor did the late D. of R—— and E. of E—— ſucceed much better, although they proceeded no farther than ſingle words; whereof, except *bite*, *bamboozle*, and one or two more, the whole vocabulary is antiquated.

The ſame fate hath already attended theſe other town-wits, who furniſh us with a great variety of new terms, which are annually changed, and thoſe of the laſt ſeaſon ſunk in oblivion. Of theſe I was once favoured with a complete liſt, by the Right Honourable the Lord and Lady H——, with which I made a conſiderable figure one ſummer in the country; but returning up to town in winter, and venturing to produce them again, I was partly hooted, and partly not underſtood.

The only invention of late years, which hath any way contributed towards politeneſs in diſcourſe, is that of abbreviating or reducing words of many ſyllables

ſyllables into one, by lopping off the reſt. This refinement having begun about the time of the Revolution, I had ſome ſhare in the honour of promoting it; and I obſerve, to my great ſatisfaction, that it makes daily advancements, and I hope in time will raiſe our language to the utmoſt perfection; although I muſt confeſs, to avoid obſcurity, I have been very ſparing of this ornament in the following dialogues.

But as for phraſes invented to cultivate converſation, I defy all the clubs of coffeehouſes in this town to invent a new one, equal in wit, humour, ſmartneſs, or politeneſs, to the very worſt of my ſet; which clearly ſhows, either that we are much degenerated, or that the whole ſtock of materials hath been already employed. I would willingly hope, as I do confidently believe, the latter; becauſe, having myſelf for ſeveral months racked my invention to enrich this treaſure (if poſſible) with ſome additions of my own, (which, however, ſhould have been printed in a different character, that I might not be charged with impoſing upon the public), and having ſhewn them to ſome judicious friends, they dealt very ſincerely with me, all unanimouſly agreeing, that mine were infinitely below the true old helps to diſcourſe, drawn up in my preſent collection, and confirmed their opinion with reaſons by which I was perfectly convinced, as well as aſhamed of my great preſumption.

But I lately met a ſtronger argument to confirm me in the ſame ſentiments. For as the great Biſhop Burnet of Saliſbury informs us, in the preface to his admirable Hiſtory of his own times, that he intended to employ himſelf in poliſhing it every day of his life, (and indeed, in its kind, it is almoſt equally poliſhed with this work of mine); ſo it hath been my conſtant buſineſs, for ſome years paſt, to examine with the utmoſt ſtrictneſs, whether I could poſſibly find the ſmalleſt lapſe in ſtyle or propriety, through

through my whole collection, that, in emulation with the Bishop, I might send it abroad as the most finished piece of the age.

It happened one day, as I was dining in good company of both sexes, and watching, according to my custom, for new materials wherewith to fill my pocket-book, I succeeded well enough, till after dinner, when the ladies retired to their tea, and left us over a bottle of wine. But I found we were not able to furnish any more materials that were worth the pains of transcribing: For the discourse of the company was all degenerated into smart sayings of their own invention, and not of the true old standard; so that in absolute despair, I withdrew, and went to attend the ladies at their tea: from whence I did then conclude, and still continue to believe, either that wine doth not inspire politeness, or that our sex is not able to support it without the company of women, who never fail to lead us into the right way, and there to keep us.

It much increaseth the value of these apophthegms, that unto them we owe the continuance of our language for at least an hundred years. Neither is this to be wondered at; because indeed, besides the smartness of the wit, and fineness of the raillery, such is the propriety and energy of expression in them all, that they never can be changed, but to disadvantage, except in the circumstance of using abbreviations; which, however, I do not despair in due time to see introduced, having already met them at some of the choice companies in town.

Although this work be calculated for all persons of quality and fortune of both sexes; yet the reader may perceive, that my particular view was to the officers of the army, the gentlemen of the inns of court, and of both the universities; to all courtiers, male and female, but principally to the maids of honour, of whom I have been personally acquainted with two and twenty sets, all excelling in this noble

noble endowment: till, for ſome years paſt, I know not how, they came to degenerate into ſelling of bargains, and Freethinking: not that I am againſt either of theſe entertainments at proper ſeaſons, in compliance with company, who may want a taſte for more exalted diſcourſe, whoſe memories may be ſhort, who are too young to be perfect in their leſſons, or (although it be hard to conceive) who have no inclination to read and learn my inſtructions. And beſides, there is a ſtrong temptation for court-ladies to fall into the two amuſements above mentioned, that they may avoid the cenſure of affecting ſingularity, againſt the general current and faſhion of all about them. But, however, no man will pretend to affirm, that either bargains or blaſphemy, which are the principal ornaments of Freethinking are ſo good a fund of polite diſcourſe, as what is to be met with in my collection. For as to bargains, few of them ſeem to be excellent in their kind, and have not much variety, becauſe they all terminate in one ſingle point; and to multiply them, would require more invention than people have to ſpare. And as to blaſphemy or Freethinking, I have known ſome ſcrupulous perſons of both ſexes, who, by a prejudiced education, are afraid of ſprights. I muſt, however, except the maids of honour, who have been fully convinced by a famous court-chaplain, that there is no ſuch a place as hell.

I cannot indeed controvert the lawfulneſs of Freethinking, becauſe it hath been univerſally allowed, that thought is free. But, however, altho' it may afford a large field of matter, yet, in my poor opinion, it ſeems to contain very little of wit or humour; becauſe it hath not been ancient enough among us to furniſh eſtabliſhed authentic expreſſions, I mean ſuch as muſt receive a ſanction from the polite world, before their authority can be allowed. Neither was the art of blaſphemy or

Freethinking

Freethinking invented by the court, or perſons of great quality, who, properly ſpeaking, were patrons rather than inventors of it; but firſt brought in by the fanatic faction towards the end of their power, and after the reſtoration carried to Whitehall by the converted rumpers; with very good reaſon; becauſe they knew that King Charles II. from a wrong education, occaſioned by the troubles of his father, had time enough to obſerve, that Fanatic enthuſiaſm directly led to Atheiſm, which agreed with the diſſolute inclination of his youth; and perhaps theſe principles were further cultivated in him by the French Hugonots, who have been often charged with ſpreading them among us. However, I cannot ſee where the neceſſity lies of introducing new and foreign topics for converſation, while we have ſo plentiful a ſtock of our own growth.

I have likewiſe, for ſome reaſons of equal weight, been very ſparing in double entendres; becauſe they often put ladies upon affected conſtraints, and affected ignorance. In ſhort, they break, or very much entangle the thread of diſcourſe. Neither am I maſter of any rules to ſettle the diſconcerted countenances of the females in ſuch a juncture; I can therefore only allow innuendoes of this kind to be delivered in whiſpers, and only to young ladies under twenty, who being in honour obliged to bluſh, it may produce a new ſubject for diſcourſe.

Perhaps the critics may accuſe me of a defect in my following ſyſtem of Polite converſation; that there is one great ornament of diſcourſe, whereof I have not produced a ſingle example; which indeed I purpoſely omitted, for ſome reaſons that I ſhall immediately offer: and if theſe reaſons will not ſatisfy the male part of my gentle readers, the defect may be ſupplied in ſome manner by an appendix to the ſecond edition; which appendix ſhall be printed by itſelf, and ſold for ſixpence, ſtitched,

ed, and with a marble cover, that my readers may have no occaſion to complain of being defrauded.

The defect I mean is, my not having inſerted into the body of my book, all the oaths now moſt in faſhion for imbelliſhing diſcourſe; eſpecially ſince it could give no offence to the clergy, who are ſeldom or never admitted to theſe polite aſſemblies. And it muſt be allowed, that oaths well choſen, are not only very uſeful expletives to matter, but great ornaments of ſtyle.

What I ſhall here offer in my own defence upon this important article, will, I hope, be ſome extenuation of my fault.

Firſt, I reaſoned with myſelf, that a juſt collection of oaths, repeated as often as the faſhion requires, muſt have enlarged this volume, at leaſt, to double the bulk; whereby it would not only double the charge, but likewiſe make the volume leſs commodious for pocket-carriage.

Secondly, I have been aſſured by ſome judicious friends that themſelves have known certain ladies to take offence (whether ſeriouſly or no) at too great a profuſion of curſing and ſwearing, even when that kind of ornament was not improperly introduced; which, I confeſs, did ſtartle me not a little, having never obſerved the like in the compaſs of my own female acquaintance, at leaſt, for twenty years paſt. However, I was forced to ſubmit to wiſer judgements than my own.

Thirdly, As this moſt uſeful treatiſe is calculated for all future times, I conſidered in this maturity of my age, how great a variety of oaths I have heard ſince I began to ſtudy the world, and to know men and manners. And here I found it to be true, what I have read in an ancient poet,

"For now a-days men change their oaths,
"As often as they change their cloaths."

In short, oaths are the children of fashion; they are in some sense almost annuals, like what I observed before of cant-words; and I myself can remember about forty different sets. The old stock-oaths, I am confident, do not amount to above forty-five, or fifty at most; but the way of mingling and compounding them it almost as various as that of the alphabet.

Sir John Perrot was the first man of quality, whom I find upon record to have sworn by *God's wounds*. He lived in the reign of Queen Elisabeth, and was supposed to have been a natural son of Henry VIII. who might also probably have been his instructor. This oath indeed still continues, and is a stock-oath to this day; so do several others that have kept their natural simplicity. But infinitely the greater number hath been so frequently changed and dislocated, that if the inventors were now alive, they could hardly understand them.

Upon these considerations I began to apprehend, that if I should insert all the oaths that are now current, my book would be out of vogue with the first change of fashion, and grow as useless as an old dictionary: whereas the case is quite otherwise with my collection of polite discourse; which, as I before observed, hath descended by tradition for at least an hundred years, without any change in the phraseology. I therefore determined with myself to leave out the whole system of swearing; because both the male and female oaths are all perfectly well known and distinguished: new ones are easily learned, and with a moderate share of discretion may be properly applied on every fit occasion. However, I must here, upon this article of swearing, most earnestly recommend to my male-readers, that they would please a little to study variety. For it is the opinion of our most refined swearers, that the same oath or curse cannot, consistently with

true politeneſs, be repeated above nine times in the ſame company, by the ſame perſon, and at one ſitting.

I am far from deſiring, or expecting, that all the polite and ingenious ſpeeches contained in this work ſhould, in the general converſation between ladies and gentlemen, come in ſo quick and ſo cloſe, as I have here delivered them. By no means. On the contrary, they ought to be huſbanded better, and ſpread much thinner. Nor do I make the leaſt queſtion, but that by a diſcreet and thrifty management, they may ſerve for the entertainment of a whole year to any perſon, who does not make too long or too frequent viſits in the ſame family. The flowers of wit, fancy, wiſdom, humour, and politeneſs, ſcattered in this volume, amount to one thouſand ſeventy and four. Allowing then to every gentleman and lady thirty viſiting families, (not inſiſting upon fractions), there will want but little of an hundred polite queſtions, anſwers, replies, rejoinders, repartees, and remarks, to be daily delivered freſh in every company for twelve ſolar months; and even this is a higher pitch of delicacy than the world inſiſts on, or hath reaſon to expect. But I am altogether for exalting this ſcience to its utmoſt perfection.

It may be objected, That the publication of my book may, in a long courſe of time, proſtitute this noble art to mean and vulgar people. But I anſwer, That it is not ſo eaſy an acquirement as a few ignorant pretenders may imagine. A footman can ſwear, but he cannot ſwear like a lord. He can ſwear as often; but can he ſwear with equal delicacy, propriety, and judgment? No, certainly; unleſs he be a lad of ſuperior parts, of good memory, a diligent obſerver, one who hath a ſkilful ear, ſome knowledge of muſic, and an exact taſte: which hardly fall to the ſhare of one in a thouſand among that fraternity, in as high favour

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as they now ſtand with their ladies. Neither hath one footman in ſix ſo fine a genius as to reliſh and apply thoſe exalted ſentences compriſed in this volume, which I offer to the world. It is true, I cannot ſee that the ſame ill conſequences would follow from the waiting-woman; who, if ſhe had been bred to read romances, may have ſome ſmall ſubaltern, or ſecond hand politeneſs; and if ſhe conſtantly attends the tea, and be a good liſtener, may in ſome years make a tolerable figure, which will ſerve perhaps to draw in the young chaplain, or the old ſteward. But, alas! after all, how can ſhe acquire thoſe hundred graces, and motions, and airs, the whole military management of the fan, the contortions of every muſcular motion in the face, the riſings and fallings, the quickneſs and flowneſs of the voice, with the ſeveral turns and cadences; the proper junctures of ſmiling and frowning; how often and how loud to laugh, when to gibe and when to flout, with all the other branches of doctrine and diſcipline above recited?

I am therefore not under the leaſt apprehenſion, that this art will ever be in danger of falling into common hands, which requires ſo much time, ſtudy, practice, and genius, before it arrives to perfection; and therefore I muſt repeat my propoſal for erecting public ſchools, provided with the beſt and ableſt maſters and miſtreſſes, at the charge of the nation.

I have drawn this work into the form of a dialogue, after the pattern of other famous writers in hiſtory, law, politics, and moſt other arts and ſciences; and I hope it will have the ſame ſucceſs: for who can conteſt it to be of greater conſequence to the happineſs of theſe kingdoms, than all human knowledge put together? Dialogue is held the beſt method of inculcating any part of knowledge, and I am confident, that public

ſchools will ſoon be founded for teaching wit and politeneſs, after my ſcheme, to young people of quality and fortune. I have determined next ſeſſions to deliver a petition to the houſe of Lords for an act of parliament, to eſtabliſh my book as the ſtandard grammar in all the principal cities of the kingdom, where this art is to be taught by able maſters, who are to be approved and recommended by me; which is no more than Lilly obtained only for teaching words in a language wholly uſeleſs. Neither ſhall I be ſo far wanting to myſelf, as not to deſire a patent, granted of courſe to all uſeful projectors; I mean, that I may have the ſole profit of giving a licence to every ſchool to read my grammar for fourteen years.

The reader cannot but obſerve what pains I have been at in poliſhing the ſtyle of my book to the greateſt exactneſs. Nor have I been leſs diligent in refining the orthography, by ſpelling the words in the very ſame manner as they are pronounced by the chief patterns of politeneſs at court, at levees, at aſſemblies, at playhouſes, at the prime viſiting-places, by young templars, and by gentlemen commoners of both univerſities, who have lived at leaſt a twelvemonth in town, and kept the beſt company. Of theſe ſpellings the public will meet with many examples in the following book. For inſtance, *can't*, *han't*, *ſhan't*, *didn't*, *coudn't*, *woudn't*, *isn't*, *en't*, with many more; beſides ſeveral words which ſcholars pretend are derived from Greek and Latin, but now pared into a polite ſound, by ladies, officers of the army, courtiers, and templars, ſuch as *jommetry* for *geometry*, *verdy* for *verdict*, *lard* for *lord*, *learnen* for *learning*, together with ſome abbreviations exquiſitely refined; as *pozz* for *poſitive*; *mobb* for *mobile*; *phizz* for *phyſiognomy*; *rep* for *reputation*; *plenipo* for *plenipotentiary*; *incog* for *incognito*; *hypps*, or *hyppo*, for *hypochondriacs*; *bam* for *bamboozle*; and *bamboozle* for *God knows what*;

what; whereby much time is saved, and the high road to conversation cut short by many a mile.

I have, as it will be apparent, laboured very much, and, I hope, with felicity enough, to make every character in the dialogue agreeable with itself, to a degree, that whenever any judicious person shall read my book aloud, for the entertainment and instruction of a select company, he need not so much as name the particular speakers; because all the persons, throughout the several subjects of conversation, strictly observe a different manner peculiar to their characters, which are of different kinds. But this I leave entirely to the prudent and impartial reader's discernment.

Perhaps the very manner of introducing the several points of wit and humour, may not be less entertaining and instructing than the matter itself. In the latter I can pretend to little merit; because it entirely depends upon memory, and the happiness of having kept polite company: but the art of contriving that those speeches should be introduced naturally, as the most proper sentiments to be delivered upon so great a variety of subjects, I take to be a talent somewhat uncommon, and a labour that few people could hope to succeed in, unless they had a genius particularly turned that way, added to a sincere disinterested love of the public.

Although every curious question, smart answer, and witty reply, be little known to many people; yet there is not one single sentence in the whole collection, for which I cannot bring most authentic vouchers, whenever I shall be called; and even for some expressions which, to a few nice ears, may perhaps appear somewhat gross, I can produce the stamp of authority from courts, chocolatehouses, theatres, assemblies, drawing-rooms, levees, card-meetings, balls, and masquerades, from persons of both sexes, and of the highest titles next to royal.

However, to say the truth, I have been very sparing in my quotations of such sentiments that seem to be over free; because, when I began my collection, such kind of converse was almost in its infancy, till it was taken into the protection of my honoured patronesses at court, by whose countenance and sanction it hath become a choice flower in the nosegay of wit and politeness.

Some will perhaps object, That when I bring my company to dinner, I mention too great a variety of dishes, not always consistent with the art of cookery, or proper for the season of the year, and part of the first course mingled with the second; besides a failure in politeness, by introducing a black pudding to a lord's table, and at a great entertainment. But if I had omitted the black pudding, I desire to know what would have become of that exquisite reason given by Miss Notable for not eating it? The world perhaps might have lost it for ever, and I should have been justly answerable for having left it out of my collection. I therefore cannot but hope, that such hypercritical readers will please to consider, my business was to make so full and complete a body of refined sayings as compact as I could, only taking care to produce them in the most natural and probable manner, in order to allure my readers into the very substance and marrow of this most admirable and necessary art.

I am heartily sorry, and was much disappointed, to find, that so universal and polite an entertainment as cards, hath hitherto contributed very little to the enlargement of my work. I have sat by may hundred times with the utmost vigilance, and my table-book ready, without being able, in eight hours, to gather matter for one single phrase in my book. But this, I think, may be easily accounted for, by the turbulence and justling of passions, upon the various and surprising turns, incidents, revolutions, and events, of good and evil fortune, that

that arrive in the courſe of a long evening at play; the mind being wholly taken up, and the conſequences of non attention ſo fatal.

Play is ſupported upon the two great pillars of deliberation and action. The terms of art are few, preſcribed by law and cuſtom; no time allowed for digreſſions, or trials of wit. Quadrille, in particular, bears ſome reſemblance to a ſtate of nature, which we are told is a ſtate of war, wherein every woman is againſt every woman; the unions ſhort, inconſtant, and ſoon broke; the league made this minute, without knowing the ally, and diſſolved in the next. Thus, at the game of quadrille, female brains are always employed in ſtratagem, or their hands in action.

Neither can I find, that our art hath gained much by the happy revival of maſquerading among us; the whole dialogue in thoſe meetings being ſummed up in one (ſprightly, I confeſs, but) ſingle queſtion, and as ſprightly an anſwer: "Do you "know me? Yes, I do;" and, "Do you know "me? Yes, I do." For this reaſon, I did not think it proper to give my readers the trouble of introducing a maſquerade, merely for the ſake of a ſingle queſtion, and a ſingle anſwer; eſpecially when, to perform this in a proper manner, I muſt have brought in a hundred perſons together, of both ſexes, dreſſed in fantaſtic habits, for one minute, and diſmiſſed them the next.

Neither is it reaſonable to conceive, that our ſcience can be much improved by maſquerades, where the wit of both ſexes is altogether taken up in contriving ſingular and humourſome diſguiſes; and their thoughts entirely employed in bringing intrigues and aſſignations of gallantry to an happy concluſion.

The judicious reader will readily diſcover, that I make Miſs Notable my heroine, and Mr. Thomas Neverout my hero. I have laboured both their characters

characters with my utmoſt ability. It is into their mouths that I have put the livelieſt queſtions, anſwers, repartees, and rejoinders; becauſe my deſign was, to propoſe them both as patterns for all young batchelors, and ſingle ladies, to copy after. By which I hope very ſoon to ſee polite converſation flouriſh between both ſexes, in a more conſummate degree of perfection, than theſe kingdoms have yet ever known.

I have drawn ſome lines of Sir John Linger's character, the Derbyſhire knight, on purpoſe to place it in counterview or contraſt with that of the other company; wherein I can aſſure the reader, that I intended not the leaſt reflection upon Derbyſhire, the place of my nativity; but my intention was only to ſhew the misfortune of thoſe perſons who have the diſadvantage to be bred out of the circle of politeneſs; whereof I take the preſent limits to extend no further than London, and ten miles round, although others are pleaſed to confine it within the bills of mortality. If you compare the diſcourſes of my gentlemen and ladies with thoſe of Sir John, you will hardly conceive him to have been bred in the ſame climate, or under the ſame laws, language, religion, or government: and accordingly I have introduced him ſpeaking in his own rude dialect, for no other reaſon than to teach my ſcholars how to avoid it.

The curious reader will obſerve, that when converſation appears in danger to flag, which in ſome places I have artfully contrived, I took care to invent ſome ſudden queſtion, or turn of wit, to revive it; ſuch as theſe that follow. "What? I "think here's a ſilent meeting! Come, Madam, a "penny for your thought;" with ſeveral other of the like ſort. I have rejected all provincial or country turns of wit and fancy, becauſe I am acquainted with very few; but, indeed, chiefly becauſe I found them ſo much inferior to thoſe at court;

court; especially among the gentlemen-ushers, the ladies of the bed-chamber, and the maids of honour; I must also add the hither end of our noble metropolis.

When this happy art of polite conversing shall be thoroughly improved, good company will be no longer pestered with dull, dry, tedious story-tellers, nor brangling disputers: for a right scholar, of either sex, in our science, will perpetually interrupt them with some sudden surprising piece of wit, that shall engage all the company in a loud laugh, and if, after a pause, the grave companion resumes his thread, in the following manner, "Well, but to "go on with my story," new interruptions come from the left and the right, till he is forced to give over.

I have likewise made some few essays towards "selling of bargains," as well for instructing those who delight in that accomplishment, as in compliance with my female friends at court. However, I have trangressed a little in this point, by doing it in a manner somewhat more reserved than it is now practised at St. James's. At the same time, I can hardly allow this accomplishment to pass properly for a branch of that perfect polite conversation, which makes the constituent subject of my treatise; and for this I have already given my reasons. I have likewise, for further caution, left a blank in the critical point of each bargain, which the sagacious reader may fill up in his own mind.

As to myself, I am proud to own, that, except some smattering in the French, I am what the pedants and scholars call, a man wholly illiterate, that is to say, unlearned. But as to my own language, I shall not readily yield to many persons. I have read most of the plays, and all the miscellany poems that have been published for twenty years past. I have read Mr. Thomas Brown's works entire, and

and had the honour to be his intimate friend, who was univerſally allowed to be the greateſt genius of his age.

Upon what foot I ſtand with the preſent chief reigning wits, their verſes recommendatory, which they have commanded me to prefix before my book, will be more than a thouſand witneſſes. I am, and have been likewiſe particularly acquainted with Mr. Charles Gildon, Mr. Ward, Mr. Dennis, that admirable critic and poet, and ſeveral others. Each of theſe eminent perſons (I mean thoſe who are ſtill alive) have done me the honour to read this production five times over, with the ſtricteſt eye of friendly ſeverity, and propoſed ſome, although very few amendments; which I gratefully accepted, and do here publicly return my acknowledgement for ſo ſingular a favour.

And I cannot conceal without ingratitude, the great aſſiſtance I have received from theſe two illuſtrious writers, Mr. Ozell, and Captain Stevens. Theſe, and ſome others of diſtinguiſhed eminence, in whoſe company I have paſſed ſo many agreeable hours, as they have been the great refiners of our language, ſo it hath been my chief ambition to imitate them. Let the Popes, the Gays, the Arbuthnots, the Youngs, and the reſt of that ſnarling brood, burſt with envy at the praiſes we receive from the court and kingdom.

But to return from this digreſſion.

The reader will find, that the following collection of polite expreſſions will eaſily incorporate with all ſubjects of genteel and faſhionable life. Thoſe which are proper for morning-tea will be equally uſeful at the ſame entertainment in the afternoon, even in the ſame company, only by ſhifting the ſeveral queſtions, anſwers, and replies, into different hands; and ſuch as are adapted to meals, will indifferently ſerve for dinners or ſuppers, only diſtinguiſhing between day-light and candle-light. By this

this method no diligent perſon, of a tolerable memory, can ever be at a loſs.

It hath been my conſtant opinion, that every man who is intruſted by nature with any uſeful talent of the mind, is bound by all the ties of honour, and that juſtice which we all owe our country, to propoſe to himſelf ſome one illuſtrious action, to be performed in his life for the public emolument: and I freely confeſs, that ſo grand, ſo important an enterpriſe, as I have undertaken, and executed to the beſt of my power, well deſerved a much abler hand, as well as a liberal encouragement from the crown. However, I am bound ſo far to acquit myſelf, as to declare, that I have often and moſt earneſtly intreated ſeveral of my above-named friends, univerſally allowed to be of the firſt rank in wit and politeneſs, that they would undertake a work ſo honourable to themſelves, and ſo beneficial to the kingdom: but ſo great was their modeſty, that they all thought fit to excuſe themſelves, and impoſe the taſk on me; yet in ſo obliging a manner, and attended with ſuch compliments on my poor qualifications, that I dare not repeat. And, at laſt, their intreatiss, or rather their commands, added to that inviolable love I bear to the land of my nativity, prevailed upon me to engage in ſo bold an attempt.

I may venture to affirm, without the leaſt violation of modeſty, that there is no man now alive, who hath by many degrees ſo juſt pretenſions as myſelf to the higheſt encouragement from the crown, the parliament, and the miniſtry, towards bringing this work to its due perfection I have been aſſured, that ſeveral great heroes of antiquity were worſhipped as gods upon the merit of having civilized a fierce and barbarous people. It is manifeſt I could have no other intentions; and I dare appeal to my very enemies, if ſuch a treatiſe as mine had been publiſhed ſome years ago, and with

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as much ſucceſs as I am confident this will meet, I mean, by turning the thoughts of the whole nobility and gentry to the ſtudy and practice of polite converſation; whether ſuch mean, ſtupid writers, as the Craftſman and his abettors, could have been able to corrupt the principles of ſo many hundred thouſand ſubjects, as, to the ſhame and grief of every Whiggiſh, loyal, and true Proteſtant heart, it is too manifeſt they have. For I deſire the honeſt judicious reader to make one remark, that, after having exhauſted the whole *in ſickly pay-day* * (if I may ſo call it) of politeneſs and refinement, and faithfully digeſted it into the following dialogues, there cannot be found one expreſſion relating to politics; that the miniſtry is never mentioned, nor the word *King* above twice or thrice, and then only to the honour of his Majeſty; ſo very cautious were our wiſer anceſtors in forming rules for converſation, as never to give offence to crowned heads, nor interfere with party-diſputes in the ſtate. And indeed, although there ſeems to be a cloſe reſemblance between the two words, *politeneſs* and *politics*, yet no ideas are more inconſiſtent in their natures. However, to avoid all appearance of diſaffection, I have taken care to enforce loyalty by an invincible argument, drawn from the very fountain of this noble ſcience, in the following ſhort terms, that ought to be writ in gold, "Muſt is for the "King:" which uncontrollable maxim I took particular care of introducing in the firſt page of my book, thereby to inſtil early the beſt Proteſtant loyal notions into the minds of my readers. Neither is it merely my own private opinion, that politeneſs is the firmeſt foundation upon which loyalty can be ſupported; for thus happily ſings the ne-

* This word is ſpelt by Latiniſts, *Encyclopædia*; but the judicious author wiſely prefers the polite reading before the pedantic.

ver-to-be-too-much-admired Lord H———, in his truly ſublime poem, called, *Loyalty defined.*

" Who's not polite, for the pretender is;
" A Jacobite, I know him by his phiz."

In the like manner, the divine Mr. Tibbalds, or Theobalds, in one of his birth-day poems;

" I am no ſchollard, but I am polite;
" Therefore be ſure I am no Jacobite."

Hear likewiſe to the ſame purpoſe that great maſter of the whole poetic choir, our moſt illuſtrious laureat, Mr. Colley Cibber:

" Who in his talk can't ſpeak a polite thing,
" Will never loyal be to *George* our King."

I could produce many more ſhining paſſages out of our principal poets of both ſexes to confirm this momentous truth. From whence I think it may be fairly concluded, that whoever can moſt contribute towards propagating the ſcience contained in the following ſheets through the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, may juſtly demand all the favour that the wiſeſt court and moſt judicious ſenate are able to confer on the moſt deſerving ſubject. I leave the application to my readers.

This is the work which I have been ſo hardy to attempt, and without the leaſt mercenary view. Neither do I doubt of ſucceeding to my full wiſh, except among the Tories and their abetters, who being all Jacobites, and conſequently Papiſts in their hearts, from a want of true taſte, or by ſtrong affectation, may perhaps reſolve not to read my book; chuſing rather to deny themſelves the pleaſure and honour of ſhining in polite company among the principal geniuſes of both ſexes through-

out the kingdom, than adorn their minds with this noble art; and probably apprehending, (as I confeſs, nothing is more likely to happen) that a true ſpirit of loyalty to the Proteſtant ſucceſſion ſhould ſteal in along with it.

If my favourable and gentle reader could poſſibly conceive the perpetual watchings, the numberleſs toils, the frequent riſings in the night to ſet down ſeveral ingenious ſentences, that I ſuddenly or accidentally recollected; and which, without my utmoſt vigilance, had been irrecoverable loſt for ever: if they would conſider with what incredible diligence I daily and nightly attended at thoſe houſes where perſons of both ſexes, and of the moſt diſtinguiſhed merit, uſed to meet and diſplay their talents; with what attention I liſtened to all their diſcourſes, the better to retain them in my memory; and then at proper ſeaſons withdrew unobſerved to enter them in my table-book, while the company little ſuſpected what a noble work I had then in embryo: I ſay, if all theſe were known to the world, I think it would be no great preſumption in me to expect, at a proper juncture, the public thanks of both houſes of parliament, for the ſervice and honour I have done to the whole nation by my ſingle pen.

Although I have never been once charged with the leaſt tincture of vanity, the reader will, I hope, give me leave to put an eaſy queſtion, What is become of all the King of Sweden's victories: where are the fruits of them at this day; or of what benefit will they be to poſterity? Were not many of his greateſt actions owing, at leaſt in part, to fortune? Were not all of them owing to the valour of his troops, as much as to his own conduct? Could he have conquered the Poliſh king, or the Czar of Muſcovy, with his ſingle arm? Far be it from me to envy or leſſen the fame he hath acquired; but, at the ſame time, I will venture to ſay, without breach

breach of modeſty, that I, who have alone with this right hand ſubdued barbariſm, rudeneſs, and ruſticity; who have eſtabliſhed and fixed for ever the whole ſyſtem of all true politeneſs and refinement in converſation, ſhould think myſelf moſt inhumanly treated by my countrymen, and would accordingly reſent it as the higheſt indignity, to be put on a level, in point of fame, in after ages, with Charles XII. late King of Sweden.

And yet ſo incurable is the love of detraction, perhaps beyond what the charitable reader will eaſily believe, that I have been aſſured by more than one credible perſon, how ſome of my enemies have induſtriouſly whiſpered about, that one Iſaac Newton, an inſtrument-maker, formerly living near Lieceſter-fields, and afterwards a workman in the mint at the Tower, might poſſibly pretend to vie with me for fame in future times. The man, it ſeems, was knighted, for making ſun-dials better than others of his trade; and was thought to be a conjurer, becauſe he knew how to draw lines and circles upon a ſlate, which no body could underſtand. But adieu to all noble attempts for endleſs renown, if the ghoſt of an obſcure mechanic ſhall be raiſed up to enter into competition with me, only for his ſkill in making pot-hooks and hangers with a pencil, which many thouſand accompliſhed gentlemen and ladies can perform as well with pen and ink upon a piece of paper, and in a manner as little intelligible as thoſe of Sir Iſaac.

My moſt ingenious friend already mentioned, Mr. Colley Cibber, who does ſo much honour to the laural crown he deſervedly wears, (as he hath often done to many imperial diadems placed on his head) was pleas'd to tell me, that if my treatiſe were ſhaped into a comedy, the repreſentation performed to advantage on our theatre, might very much contribute to the ſpreading of polite converſation

ſation among all perſons of diſtinction through the whole kingdom.

I own the thought was ingenious, and my friend's intention good: but I cannot agree to this propoſal; for Mr. Cibber himſelf allowed, that the ſubjects handled in my work being ſo numerous and extenſive, it would be abſolutely impoſſible for one, two, or even ſix comedies to contain them. From whence it will follow, that many admirable and eſſential rules for polite converſation muſt be omitted.

And here let me do juſtice to my friend Mr. Tibbalds, who plainly confeſſed before Mr. Cibber himſelf, that ſuch a project, as it would be a great diminution to my honour, ſo it would intolerably mangle my ſcheme, and thereby deſtroy the principal end at which I aimed, to form a complete body or ſyſtem of this moſt uſeful ſcience in all its parts. And therefore Mr. Tibbalds, whoſe judgement was never diſputed, choſe rather to fall in with my propoſal, mentioned before, of erecting public ſchools and ſeminaries all over the kingdom, to inſtruct the young people of both ſexes in this art, according to my rules, and in the method that I have laid down.

I ſhall conclude this long, but neceſſary introduction, with a requeſt, or indeed rather a juſt and reaſonable demand, from all lords, ladies, and gentlemen, that while they are entertaining and improving each other with thoſe polite queſtions, anſwers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, which I have with infinite labour and cloſe application, during the ſpace of thirty-ſix years, been collecting for their ſervice and improvement, they ſhall, as an inſtance of gratitude, on every proper occaſion, quote my name, after this, or the like manner: "Madam, as our Maſter Wagſtaff ſays; My Lord, "as our friend Wagſtaff has it." I do likewiſe expect,

pect, that all my pupils ſhall drink my health every day at dinner and ſupper during my life; and that they, or their poſterity, ſhall continue the ſame ceremony to my "not inglorious memory," after my deceaſe, for ever.

POLITE CONVERSATION *.

The MEN.	The LADIES.
Lord SPARKISH.	Lady SMART.
Lord SMART.	Miſs NOTABLE.
Sir JOHN LINGER.	Lady ANSWERALL.
Mr. NEVEROUT.	
Col. ATWITT.	

The ARGUMENT.

Lord Sparkiſh and Colonel Atwitt meet in the morning upon the Mall: Mr. Neverout joins them; they all go to breakfaſt at Lady Smart's. Their converſation over their tea: after which they part; but my Lord and the two gentlemen are invited to dinner. Sir John Linger invited likewiſe, and comes a little too late. The whole converſation at dinner: after which the ladies retire to their tea. The converſation of the ladies without the men, who are ſuppoſed to ſtay and drink a bottle; but in ſome time go to the ladies, and drink tea with them. The converſation there. After which a party at quadrille until three in the morning; but no converſation ſet down. They all take leave and go home.

* "I retired hither for the public good, having two great works "in hand; one to reduce the whole politeneſs, wit, humour, and "ſtyle of England into a ſhort ſyſtem, for the uſe of all perſons of "quality, and particularly the maids of honour." &c.

"I have a thing in proſe, begun above twenty-eight years ago, and "almoſt finiſhed. It will make a four-ſhilling volume; and is ſuch "a perfection of folly, that you ſhall never hear of it till it is printed, "and then you ſhall be left to gueſs."

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE I.

St. JAMES's PARK.

Lord Sparkiſh *meeting Col.* Atwitt.

Col. WELL met, my Lord.

Lord Sparkiſh. Thank ye Colonel. A parſon would have ſaid, I hope we ſhall meet in heaven. When did you ſee Tom Neverout?

Col. He's juſt coming towards us. Talk of the devil——

Neverout *comes up.*

Col. How do you do, Tom?

Neverout. Never the better for you.

Col. I hope you're never the worſe: but pray where's your manners? don't you ſee my Lord Sparkiſh?

Neverout. My Lord, I beg your Lordſhip's pardon.

Ld Sparkiſh, Tom, how is it, that you can't ſee the wood for trees? what wind blew you hither?

Neverout. Why, my Lord, it is an ill wind blows no body good; for it gives me the honour of ſeeing your Lordſhip.

Col. Tom, you muſt go with us to Lady Smart's to breakfaſt.

Neverout. Muſt! why, Colonel, muſt's for the King.

[*Col. offering in jeſt to draw his ſword.*

Col. Have you ſpoke with all your friends?

Neverout. Colonel, as you're ſtout, be merciful.

Ld Sparkiſh. Come, agree, agree; the law's coſtly.

[*Col. taking his hand from his hilt.*

Col.

Col. Well, Tom, you are never the worſe man to be afraid of me. Come along.

Neverout. What do you think I was born in a wood to be afraid of an owl?

I'll wait on you. I hope Miſs Notable will be there: egad ſhe's very handſome, and has wit at will.

Col. Why, every one as they like, as the good woman ſaid when ſhe kiſs'd her cow.

Lord Smart's *houſe; they knock at the door; the Porter comes out.*

Ld Sparkiſh. Pray are you the porter?

Porter. Yes, for want of a better.

Ld Sparkiſh. Is your lady at home?

Porter. She was at home juſt now; but ſhe's not not gone out yet.

Neverout, I warrant this rogue's tongue is well hung.

Lady Smart's *antechamber.*

Lady Smart, Lady Anſwerall, *and Miſs* Notable *at the tea-table.*

Lady Smart. My Lord, your Lordſhip's moſt humble ſervant.

Ld Sparkiſh. Madam. you ſpoke too late: I was your Ladyſhip's before.

Lady Smart. O! Colonel, are you here?

Col. As ſure as you're there, Madam.

Lady Smart. Oh, Mr. Neverout; What! ſuch a man alive!

Neverout. Ay, Madam, alive, and alive like to be, at your Ladyſhip's ſervice.

Lady Smart. Well, I'll get a knife, and nick it down that Mr. Neverout came to our houſe. And pray what news, Mr. Neverout?

Neverout,

Neverout. Why, Madam, Q. Eliſabeth's dead.

Lady Smart. Well: Mr. Neverout, I ſee you are no changeling.

Miſs Notable *comes in.*

Neverout. Miſs, your ſlave: I hope your early riſing will do you no harm. I find you are but juſt come out of the cloth-market.

Miſs. I always riſe at eleven, whether it be day or no.

Col. Miſs, I hope you are up for all day.

Miſs. Yes, if I don't get a fall before night.

Col. Miſs, I heard you were out of order; pray how are you now:

Miſs. Pretty well, Colonel, I thank you.

Col Pretty and well, Miſs, that's two very good things.

Miſs. I mean I am better than I was.

Neverout. Why then, 'tis well you were ſick.

Miſs. What Mr. Neverout, you take me up before I'm down.

Lady Smart. Come let us leave off childrens play, and go to puſh-pin.

Miſs. [to Lady Smart.] Pray, Madam, give me ſome more ſugar to my tea.

Col. Oh! Miſs you muſt needs be very good-humour'd, you love ſweet things ſo well.

Neverout, Stir it up with the ſpoon, Miſs; for the deeper the ſweeter.

Lady Smart. I aſſure you Miſs, the Colonel has made you a great compliment.

Miſs. I am ſorry for it; for I have heard ſay, complimenting is lying.

Lady Smart. [to Lord Sparkiſh.] My Lord, methinks the ſight of you is good for ſore eyes; if we had known of your coming, we would have ſtrown ruſhes for you. How has your Lordſhip done this long time?

Col.

Col. Faith, Madam, he's better in health than in good conditi ns.

Ld Sparkiſh. Well; I ſee there's no worſe friend than one brings from home with one; and I am not the firſt man has carried a rod to whip himſelf.

Neverout. Here's poor Miſs has not a word to throw at a dog. Come, a penny for your thought.

Miſs. It is not worth a farthing; for I was thinking of you.

Colonel riſing up.

Lady Smart. Colonel, where are you going ſo ſoon? I hope you did not come to fetch fire.

Col. Madam, I muſt needs go home for half an hour.

Miſs. Why, Colonel, they ſay the devil's at home.

Lady Anſw. Well, but ſit while you ſtay, 'tis as cheap ſitting as ſtanding.

Col. No. Madam, while I'm ſtanding I'm going.

Miſs. Nay, let him go; I promiſe him we won't tear his cloaths to hold him.

Lady Smart. I ſuppoſe Colonel, we keep you from better company, I mean only as to myſelf.

Col. Madam, I am all obedience.

Colonel ſits down.

Lady Smart. Lord, Miſs, how can you drink your tea ſo hot? ſure your mouth's pav'd.

How do you like this tea, Colonel?

Col. Well enough, Madam; but methinks it is a little more-iſh.

Lady Smart. Oh Colonel! I underſtand you. Betty, bring the caniſter: I have but very little of this tea left; but I don't love to make two wants of one; want when I have it, and want when I have it not He, he, he, he. [*Laughs.*

Lady Anſw. [*to the maid.*] Why, ſure, Betty, you are bewitched, the cream is burnt too.

Betty.

Betty. Why, Madam, the biſhop has ſet his foot in it.

Lady Smart. Go, run girl, and warm ſome freſh cream.

Betty. Indeed Madam, there's none left; for the cat has eaten it all.

Lady Smart. I doubt it was a cat with two legs.

Miſs. Colonel, don't you love bread and butter with your tea?

Col. Yes, in a morning, Miſs: for they ſay, butter is gold in a morning, ſilver at noon, but it is lead at night.

Neverout. Miſs, the weather is ſo hot, that my butter melts on my bread.

Lady Anſw. Why, butter, I have heard 'em ſay, is mad twice a-year.

Ld Sparkiſh. [to the maid] Mrs. Betty, how does your body politic?

Col. Fie, my Lord, you'll make Mrs. Betty bluſh.

Lady Smart. Bluſh! ay, bluſh like a blue dog.

Neverout. Pray, Mrs. Betty, are you not Tom Johnſon's daughter?

Betty. So my mother tells me, Sir.

Ld Sparkiſh. But, Mrs Betty, I hear you are in love.

Betty. My Lord, I thank God, I hate no body: I am in charity with all the world.

Lady Smart. Why, wench, I think thy tongue runs upon wheels this morning. How came you by that ſcratch upon your noſe? have you been fighting with the cats?

Col. [to Miſs.] Miſs, when will you be married?

Miſs. One of theſe odd-come-ſhortly's, Colonel.

Neverout Yes; they ſay the match is half made, the ſpark is willing, but Miſs is not.

Miſs. I ſuppoſe the gentleman has got his own conſent for it.

Lady Anſw. Pray, my Lord, did you walk thro' the park in the rain.

Ld

Ld Sparkiſh. Yes, Madam, we were neither ſugar nor ſalt, we were not afraid the rain would melt us. He, he, he. [*Laugh.*

Col. It rained, and the ſun ſhone at the ſame time.

Neverout. Why, then the devil was beating his wife behind the door with a ſhoulder of mutton. [*Laugh.*

Col. A blind man would be glad to ſee that.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, methinks you ſtand in your own light.

Neverout. Ah! Madam, I have done ſo all my life.

Ld Sparkiſh. I'm ſure he ſits in mine. Pr'ythee, Tom, ſit a little farther: I believe your father was no glaſier.

Lady Smart. Miſs, dear girl fill me out a diſh of tea, for I'm very lazy.

Miſs fills out a diſh of tea, ſweetens it, and then taſtes it.

Lady Smart. What, Miſs, will you be my taſter?

Miſs. No, Madam; but they ſay 'tis an ill cook that can't lick her own fingers.

Neverout. Pray, Miſs, fill me another.

Miſs. Will you have it now, or ſtay till you get it?

Lady Anſw. But, Colonel, they ſay you went to court laſt night very drunk: nay, I'm told for certain, you had been among the Philiſtines: no wonder the cat wink'd, when both her eyes were out.

Col. Indeed, Madam, that's a lie.

Lady Anſw. 'Tis better I ſhould lie than you ſhould loſe your good manners: beſides, I don't lie, I ſit.

Neverout. O faith, Colonel, you muſt own you had a drop in your eye: when I left you, you were half ſeas over.

Ld Sparkiſh. Well, I fear Lady Anſwerall can't live long, ſhe has ſo much wit.

Neverout. No; ſhe can't live that's certain; but ſhe may linger thirty or forty years.

Miſs. Live long! ay, longer than a cat or a dog, or a better thing.

Lady Anſw. Oh! Miſs, you muſt give your vardi too!

Ld Sparkiſh. Miſs, ſhall I fill you another diſh of tea?

Miſs. Indeed, my Lord, I have drank enough.

Ld Sparkiſh. Come, it will do you more good than a month's faſting; here, take it.

Miſs. No, I thank your Lordſhip; enough's as good as a feaſt.

Ld Sparkiſh. Well; but if you always ſay no, you'll never be married.

Lady Anſw. Do, my Lord, give her a diſh; for they ſay, maids will ſay no, and take it.

Ld Sparkiſh. Well; and I dare ſay Miſs is a maid in thought, word, and deed.

Neverout. I would not take my oath of that.

Miſs. Pray, Sir, ſpeak for yourſelf.

Lady Smart. Fie, Miſs, they ſay maids ſhould be ſeen, and not heard.

Lady Anſw. Good Miſs, ſtir the fire, that the tea-kettle may boil.——You have done it very well; now it burns purely. Well, Miſs, you'll have a cheerful huſband.

Miſs. Indeed your Ladyſhip could have ſtirred it much better.

Lady Anſw. I know that very well, huſſy; but I won't keep a dog and bark myſelf.

Neverout. What! you are ſick, Miſs.

Miſs. Not at all; for her Ladyſhip meant you.

Neverout. Oh! faith, Miſs, you are in lob's-pound; get out as you can.

Miſs. I won't quarrel with my bread and butter for all that; I know when I'm well.

Lady Anſw. Well; but Miſs——

Neverout. Ah! dear Madam, let the matter fall; take pity on poor Miſs; don't throw water on a drowned rat.

Miſs. Indeed, Mr. Neverout, you ſhould be cut for the ſimples this morning: ſay a word more, and you had as good eat your nails.

Ld Sparkiſh. Pray, Miſs, will you be ſo good as to favour us with a ſong?

Miſs. Indeed, My Lord, I can't; for I have a great cold.

Col. Oh! Miſs, they ſay all good ſingers have colds.

Ld Sparkiſh. Pray, Madam, does not Miſs ſing very well?

Lady Anſw. She ſings, as one may *ſay*, my Lord.

Miſs. I hear Mr. Neverout has a very good voice.

Col. Yes, Tom ſings well, but his luck's naught.

Neverout. Faith, Colonel, you hit yourſelf a deviliſh box on the ear.

Col. Miſs, will you take a pinch of ſnuff?

Miſs. No, Colonel, you muſt know that I never take ſnuff but when I'm angry.

Lady Anſw. Yes, yes, ſhe can take ſnuff, but ſhe has never a box to put it in.

Miſs. Pray, Colonel, let me ſee that box.

Col. Madam, there's never a C upon it.

Miſs. May be there is, Colonel.

Col. Ay, but May-bees don't fly now, Miſs.

Neverout. Colonel, why ſo hard upon poor Miſs? Don't ſet your wit againſt a child. Miſs, give me a blow, and I'll beat him.

Miſs. So ſhe pray'd me to tell you.

Ld Sparkiſh. Pray, my Lady Smart, what kin are you to Lord Pozz?

Lady Smart. Why, his grandmother and mine had four elbows.

Lady Anſw. Well, methinks here's a ſilent meeting.

ing. Come, Miſs, hold up your head, girl; there's money hid for you. [*Miſs ſtarts.*

Miſs. Lord, Madam, you frighten me out of my ſeven ſenſes!

Ld Sparkiſh. Well, I muſt be going.

Lady Anſw. I have ſeen haſtier people than you ſtay all night.

Col. [*to Lady Smart.*] Tom Neverout and I are to leap to-morrow for a guinea.

Miſs. I believe, Colonel, Mr. Neverout can leap at a cruſt better than you.

Neverout. Miſs, your tongue runs before your wit; nothing can tame you but a huſband.

Miſs. Peace! I think I hear the church-clock.

Neverout. Why, you know, as the fool thinks—

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, your handkerchief's fallen.

Miſs. Let him ſet his foot on it, that it mayn't fly in his face.

Neverout. Well, Miſs——

Miſs. Ay, ay! many a one ſays well that thinks ill.

Neverout. Well, Miſs, I'll think on this.

Miſs. That's rhyme, if you take it in time.

Neverout. What! I ſee you are a poet.

Miſs. Yes; if I had but the wit to ſhew it.

Neverout. Miſs, will you be ſo kind as to fill me a diſh of tea?

Miſs. Pray, let your betters be ſerved before you; I'm juſt going to fill one for myſelf; and you know, the parſon always chriſtens his own child firſt.

Neverout. But I ſaw you fill one juſt now for the Colonel: well, I find kiſſing goes by favour.

Miſs. But pray, Mr. Neverout, what lady was that you were talking with in the ſide-box laſt Tueſday?

Neverout. Miſs, can you keep a ſecret?

Miſs. Yes, I can.

Neverout. Well, Miſs, and ſo can I.

Col. Odd ſo! I have cut my thumb with this curſed knife.

Lady Anſw. Ay; that was your mother's fault, becauſe ſhe only warn'd you not to cut your fingers.

Lady Smart. No, no; 'tis only fools cut their fingers, but wiſe folks cut their thumbs——

Miſs. I'am ſorry for it, but I can't cry.

Col. Don't you think Miſs is grown?

Lady Anſw. Ay, ay, ill weeds grow apace.

Miſs. No, Madam, with ſubmiſſion, 'tis weeds of grace that grow apace.

A puff of ſmoke comes down the chimney.

Lady Anſw. Lord, Madam, does your Ladyſhip's chimney ſmoke?

Col. No Madam; but they ſay ſmoke always purſues the fair, and your Ladyſhip ſat neareſt.

Lady Smart. Madam, do you love Bohea tea?

Lady Anſw. Why, Madam, I muſt confeſs I do love it, but it does not love me.

Miſs. [*to Lady Smart.*] Indeed, Madam, your Ladyſhip is very ſparing of your tea: I proteſt, the laſt diſh I took was no more than water bewitch'd.

Col. Pray Miſs, if I may be ſo bold, what lover gave you that fine etuy?

Miſs. Don't you know? then keep counſel.

Lady Anſw. I'll tell you, Colonel, who gave it her; it was the beſt lover ſhe will ever have while ſhe lives, her own dear pappa.

Neverout. Methinks, Miſs, I don't much like the colour of that riband.

Miſs. Why then, Mr. Neverout, do you ſee, if you don't much like it, you may look off of it.

Ld Sparkiſh. I don't doubt, Madam, but your Ladyſhip has heard that Sir John Briſk has got an employment at court.

Lady

Lady Smart. Yes, yes; and I warrant he thinks himſelf no ſmall fool now.

Neverout. Yet, Madam, I have heard ſome people take him for a wiſe man.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay; ſome are wiſe, and ſome are otherwiſe.

Lady Anſw. Do you know him, Mr. Neverout?

Neverout. Know him! ay, as well as the beggar knows his diſh.

Col. Well; I can only ſay that he has better luck than honeſter folks: but pray, how came he to get this employment?

Ld Sparkiſh. Why, by chance, as the man kill'd the devil.

Neverout. Why, Miſs, you are in a brown ſtudy; what's the matter? Methinks you look like Mum-chance, that was hang'd for ſaying nothing.

Miſs. I'd have you to know, I ſcorn your words.

Neverout. Well; but ſcornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Miſs. Well; my comfort is, your tongue is no ſlander. What! you would not have one be always on the high grin?

Neverout. Cry map-ſticks, Madam; no offence, I hope. [*Lady Smart breaks a tea-cup.*

Lady Anſw. Lord, Madam, how came you to break your cup?

Lady Smart. I can't help it, if I would cry my eyes out.

Miſs. Why, ſell it, Madam, and buy a new one with ſome of the money.

Col. 'Tis a folly to cry for ſpilt milk.

Lady Smart Why, if things did not break or wear out, how would tradeſmen live?

Miſs. Well; I am very ſick, if any body car'd for it. [*She ſpits.*] I believe I ſhall die, for I can't ſpit from me.

Neverout. Come then, Miſs, e'en make a die of it and then we ſhall have a burying of our own.

Miſs. The devil take you, Neverout, beſides all ſmall curſes.

Lady Anſw. Marry come up: what, plain Neverout! methinks you might have an M. under your girdle, Miſs.

Lady Smart. Well, well, naught's never in danger; I warrant, Miſs will ſpit in her hand, and hold faſt. Colonel, do you like this biſket?

Col. I'm like all fools; I love every thing that's good.

Lady Smart. Well, and isn't it pure good?

Col. 'Tis better than a worſe.

Footman brings the Colonel a letter.

Lady Anſw. I ſuppoſe, Colonel, that's a billet-doux from your miſtreſs.

Col. Egad, I don't know whence it comes; but whoever writ it, writes a hand like a foot.

Miſs. Well, you may make a ſecret of it, but we can ſpell and put together.

Neverout. Miſs, what ſpells b double uzzard?

Miſs Buzzard in your teeth, Mr. Neverout.

Lady Smart. Now you are up, Mr. Neverout, will you do me the favour, to do me the kindneſs, to take off the tea-kettle?

Ld Sparkiſh. I wonder what makes theſe bells ring.

Lady Anſw. Why, my Lord, I ſuppoſe, becauſe they pull the ropes. [*Here all laugh.*

Neverout plays with a tea-cup.

Miſs. Now a child would have cried half an hour before it would have found out ſuch a pretty plaything.

Lady Smart. Well ſaid, Miſs: I vow, Mr. Neverout, the girl is too hard for you.

Neverout Ay, Miſs will ſay any thing but her prayers, and thoſe ſhe whiſtles.

Miſs.

Miſs. Pray, Colonel, make me a preſent of that pretty pen-knife.

Ld Sparkiſh. Ay, Miſs, catch him at that and hang him.

Col. Not for the world, dear Miſs; it will cut love.

Ld Sparkiſh. Colonel, you ſhall be married firſt, I was juſt going to ſay that.

Lady Smart. Well, but for all that, I can tell you who is a great admirer of Miſs. Pray, Miſs, how do you like Mr. Spruce? I ſwear I have often ſeen him caſt a ſheep's eye out of a calf's head at you: deny it if you can.

Miſs. Oh! Madam; all the world knows that Mr. Spruce is a general lover.

Col. Come, Miſs, 'tis too true to make a jeſt on. [*Miſs bluſhes.*

Lady Anſw. Well, however, bluſhing is ſome ſign of grace.

Neverout. Miſs ſays nothing; but I warrant ſhe pays it off with thinking.

Miſs. Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, you are pleas'd to divert yourſelves: but, as I hope to be ſav'd, there's nothing in it.

Lady Smart. Touch a gall'd horſe, and he'll wince: love will creep where it dare not go: I'd hold a hundred pound Mr. Neverout was the inventor of that ſtory; and, Colonel, I doubt you had a finger in the pye.

Lady Anſw. But, Colonel, you forgot to ſalute Miſs when you came in; ſhe ſaid you had not been here a long time.

Miſs. Fie, Madam! I vow, Colonel, I ſaid no ſuch thing; I wonder at your Ladyſhip.

Col. Miſs, I beg your pardon.——

Goes to ſalute her, ſhe ſtruggles a little.

Miſs. Well, I'd rather give a knave a kiſs for once

once than be troubled with him; but, upon my word, you are more bold than welcome.

Lady Smart. Fie, fie, Miſs! for ſhame of the world, and ſpeech of good people.

Neverout to Miſs, who is cooking her tea, and bread and butter.

Neverout. Come, come, Miſs, make much of naught; good folks are ſcarce.

Miſs. What! and you muſt come in with your two eggs a penny, and three of them rotten.

Col. [*to Ld Sparkiſh.*] But, my Lord, I had forgot to aſk you, how like you my new cloaths?

Ld Sparkiſh. Why, very well, Colonel; only, to deal plainly with you, methinks the worſt piece is in the middle. [*Here a loud laugh, often repeated.*

Col. My Lord, you are too ſevere on your friends.

Miſs. Mr. Neverout, I'm hot, are you a ſot?

Neverout. I'm cold, are you a ſcold? take you that.

Lady Smart. I confeſs that was home. I find, Mr. Neverout, you won't give your head for the waſhing, as they ſay.

Miſs. Oh! he's a ſore man where the ſkin's off I ſee Mr. Neverout has a mind to ſharpen the edge of his wit on the whetſtone of my ignorance.

Ld Sparkiſh. Faith, Tom, you are ſtruck! I never heard a better thing.

Neverout. Pray, Miſs, give me leave to ſcratch you for that fine ſpeech.

Miſs. Pox on your picture, it coſt me a groat the drawing.

Neverout. [*to Lady Smart.*] 'Sbuds, Madam, I have burnt my hand with your plaguy tea-kettle.

Lady Smart. Why, then, Mr. Neverout, you muſt ſay, God ſave the King.

Neverout. Did you ever ſee the like?

Miſs. Never but once, at a wedding.

Col.

Col. Pray, Miſs, how old are you?

Miſs. Why, I'm as old as my tongue, and a little older than my teeth.

Ld. Sparkiſh. [*to Lady Anſw.*] Pray, Madam, is Miſs Buxom married? I hear 'tis all over the town.

Lady Anſ. My Lord, ſhe's either married, or worſe.

Col. If ſhe ben't married, at leaſt ſhe's luſtily promis'd. But is it certain that Sir John Blunderbuſs is dead at laſt?

Ld Sparkiſh. Yes, or elſe he's ſadly wrong'd; for they have buried him.

Miſs. Why, if he be dead, he'll eat no more bread.

Col. But is he really dead?

Lady Anſw. Yes, Colonel, as ſure as you're alive——

Col. They ſay he was an honeſt man.

Lady Anſw. Yes, with good looking to.

Miſs feels a pimple on her face.

Miſs. Lord! I think my goodneſs is coming out. Madam, will your Ladyſhip pleaſe to lend me a patch.

Neverout. Miſs, If you are a maid, put your hand upon your ſpot.

Miſs. ——There——

Covering her face with both her hands.

Lady Smart. Well, thou art a mad girl.

[*Gives her a tap.*

Miſs. Lord, Madam, is that a blow to give a child?

Lady Smart *let fall her handkerchief, and the Colonel ſtoops for it.*

Lady Smart. Colonel, you ſhall have a better office.

Col.

Col, Oh, Madam, I can't have a better than to ſerve your Ladyſhip.

[*To Lady Anſwerall.*] Madam, has your Ladyſhip read the new play written by a Lord? It is called, *Love in a hollow tree.*

Lady Anſw. No, Colonel.

Col. Why, then your Ladyſhip has one pleaſure to come.

Miſs ſighs.

Neverout. Pray. Miſs, why do you ſigh?

Miſs. To make a fool aſk, and you are the firſt.

Neverout. Why, Miſs, I find there is nothing but a bit and a blow with you.

Lady Anſ. Why, you muſt know that Miſs is in love.

Miſs. I wiſh my head may never ake till that day.

Ld Sparkiſh. Come, Miſs, never ſigh, but ſend for him.

Lady Smart *and Lady* Anſwerall *ſpeaking together.* If he be hanged, he'll come hopping; and if he be drown'd, he'll come dropping.

Miſs. Well, I ſwear you'll make one die with laughing.

Miſs plays with a tea-cup, and Neverout with another.

Neverout. Well; I ſee one fool makes many.

Miſs. And you are the greateſt fool of any.

Neverout. Pray, Miſs, will you be ſo kind to tie this ſtring for me with your fair hands; it will go all in your day's work.

Miſs. Marry, come up, indeed; tie it yourſelf, you have as many hands as I; your man's man will have a fine office truly; come, pray, ſtand out of my ſpitting place.

Neverout. Well; but, Miſs, don't be angry.

Miſs. No: I was never angry in my life but once,

once, and then no body car'd for it; ſo I reſolv'd never to be angry again.

Neverout. Well; but if you'll tie it, you ſhall never know what I'll do for you.

Miſs. So I ſuppoſe, truly.

Neverout. Well; but I'll make you a fine preſent one of theſe days.

Miſs. Ay; when the devil's blind, and his eyes are not ſore yet.

Neverout. No, Miſs, I'll ſend it you to-morrow.

Miſs. Well, well: to-morrow's a new day; but I ſuppoſe, you mean to-morrow come never.

Neverout. Oh! 'tis the prettieſt thing: I aſſure you there came but two of them over in three ſhips.

Miſs. Would I could ſee it, quoth blind Hugh. But why did you not bring me a preſent of ſnuff this morning?

Neverout. Becauſe, Miſs, you never aſk'd me; and 'tis an ill dog that's not worth whiſtling for.

Ld Sparkiſh. [*to Lady Anſw.*] Pray, Madam, how came your Ladyſhip laſt Thurſday to go to that odious puppet-ſhow?

Col. Why, to be ſure, here Ladyſhip went to ſee, and to be ſeen.

Lady Anſw. You have made a fine ſpeech, Colonel; pray, what will you take for your mouth-piece?

Ld Sparkiſh. Take that, Colonel. But, pray, Madam, was my Lady Snuff there? They ſay ſhe's extremely handſome.

Lady Smart. They muſt not ſee with my eyes, that think ſo.

Neverout. She may paſs muſter well enough.

Lady Anſw. Pray, how old do you take her to be?

Col. Why, about five or ſix and twenty.

Miſs. I ſwear ſhe's no chicken; ſhe's on the wrong ſide of thirty, if ſhe be a day.

Lady

Lady Anſw. Depend upon it, ſhe'll never ſee five and thirty, and a bit to ſpare.

Col. Why, they ſay, ſhe's one of the chief toaſts in town.

Lady Smart. Ay, when all the reſt are out of it.

Miſs. Well; I would not be as ſick as ſhe's proud, for all the world.

Lady Anſw. She looks, as if butter wou'd'n't melt in her mouth, but I warrant cheeſe won't choke her.

Neverout. I hear my Lord What-d'ye-call-him is courting her.

Ld Sparkiſh. What Lord d'ye mean, Tom?

Miſs. Why, my Lord, I ſuppoſe Mr. Neverout means the Lord of the Lord knows what.

Col. They ſay ſhe dances very fine.

Lady Anſw. She did; but I doubt her dancing days are over.

Col. I can't pardon her for her rudeneſs to me.

Lady Smart. Well; but you muſt forget and forgive.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Did you call Betty?

Footman. She's coming, Madam.

Lady Smart. Coming! ay, ſo is Chriſtmas.

Betty *comes in.*

Lady Smart. Come, get ready my things. Where has the wench been theſe three hours?

Betty. Madam, I can't go faſter than my legs will carry me.

Lady Smart. Ay, thou haſt a head, and ſo has a pin. But, my Lord, all the town has it, that Miſs Caper is to be married to Sir Peter Giball. One thing is certain, that ſhe hath promiſed to have him.

Ld Sparkiſh. Why, Madam, you know, promiſes are either broken or kept

Lady Anſw. I beg your pardon, my Lord; promiſes and pye-cruſt are made to be broken.

Lady Smart. Nay, I had it from my Lady Carrylie's own mouth. I tell you my tale, and my tale's author; if it be a lie, you have it as cheap as I.

Lady Anſw. She and I had ſome words laſt Sunday at church; but, I think, I gave her her own.

Lady Smart. Her tongue runs like the clapper of a mill; ſhe talks enough for herſelf and all the company.

Neverout. And yet ſhe ſimpers like a firmity-kettle.

Miſs looking in a glaſs.

Miſs Lord, how my head is dreſs'd to-day!

Col Oh, Madam! a good face needs no band.

Miſs. No; and a bad one deſerves none.

Col. Pray, Miſs, where is your old acquaintance Mrs. Wayward?

Miſs. Why, where ſhould ſhe be? If you muſt needs know, ſhe's in her ſkin.

Col. I can anſwer that: what if you were as far out as ſhe's in?———

Miſs. Well, I promiſed to go this evening to Hyde-park on the water *; but I proteſt I am half afraid.

Neverout. Never fear, Miſs; you have the old proverb on your ſide, Naught's ne'er in danger.

Col. Why, Miſs, let Tom Neverout wait on you; and then I warrant you'll be as ſafe as a thief in a mill; for you know, He that's born to be hanged, will never be drowned.

Never ut. Thank you, Colonel, for your good word; but faith, if ever I hang, it ſhall be about a fair lady's neck.

* A cant phraſe for taking pleaſure on the river Thames in a boat.

Lady Smart. Who's there? bid the children be quiet, and not laugh ſo loud.

Lady Anſw. Oh, Madam, let 'em laugh, they'll ne'er laugh younger.

Neverout Miſs, I'll tell you a ſecret, if you'll promiſe never to tell it again.

Miſs. No, to be ſure; I'll tell it to no body but friends and ſtrangers.

Neverout. Why, then, there's ſome dirt in my tea-cup.

Miſs. Come, come, the more there's in't, the more there's on't.

Lady Anſw. Poh! you muſt eat a peck of dirt before you die.

Col. Ay, ay; it goes all one way.

Neverout. Pray, Miſs, what's a clock?

Miſs. Why, you muſt know, 'tis a thing like a bell, and you are a fool that can't tell.

Neverout. [*to Lady Anſw.*] Pray, Madam, do you tell me; for I have let my watch run down.

Lady Anſw. Why, 'tis half an hour paſt hanging-time.

Col. Well; I am like the butcher that was looking for his knife, and had it in his mouth: I have been ſearching my pockets for my ſnuff-box, and, egad, here it is in my hand.

Miſs. If it had been a bear, it would have bit you, Colonel. Well, I wiſh I had ſuch a ſnuff-box.

Neverout You'll be long enough before you wiſh your ſkin full of eyelet-holes.

Col Wiſh in one hand——

* *Miſs.* Out upon you: Lord, what can he mean?

Lad Sparkiſh. This tea's very hot.

* This ſentence is remarkably characteriſtic and beautiful. By the firſt it appears, that Miſs knew the reſt; and by the latter, that in the ſame breath ſhe laboured to conceal her knowledge.

Lady

Lady Anſw. Why, it came from a hot place, my Lord.

Colonel ſpills his tea.

Lady Smart. That's as well done as if I had done it myſelf.

Col. Madam, I find you live by ill neighbours, when you are forced to praiſe yourſelf.

Lady Smart. So they pray'd me to tell you.

Neverout. Well, I won't drink a drop more; if I do, 'twill go down like chopt hay.

Miſs. Pray don't ſay no, till you are aſk'd.

Neverout. Well, what you pleaſe, and the reſt again.

Miſs ſtooping for a pin.

Miſs. I have heard 'em ſay, that a pin a day is a groat a-year. Well, as I hope to be married, forgive me for ſwearing, I vow 'tis a needle.

Col. Oh! the wonderful works of nature, that a black hen ſhould lay a white egg!

Neverout. What! you have found a mare's neſt, and laugh at the eggs.

Miſs. Pray, keep your breath to cool your porridge.

Neverout. Miſs, there was a very pleaſant accident laſt night at St. James's Park.

Miſs. [*to Lady Smart.*] What was [redacted] Ladyſhip was going to ſay juſt now?

Neverout. Well, Miſs; tell a mare a tale——.

Miſs. I find you love to hear yourſelf talk.

Neverout. Why, if you won't hear my tale, kiſs [redacted] hand

Miſs. Out upon you for a filthy creature!

Neverout. What, Miſs! muſt I tell you a ſtory, and find you ears?

Ld Sparkiſh. [*to Lady Smart.*] Pray, Madam, don't you think Mrs. Spendall very genteel?

Lady Smart. Why, my Lord, I think ſhe was cut

out for a gentlewoman, but ſhe was ſpoil'd in the making: ſhe wears her cloaths as if they were thrown on her with a pitchfork; and for the faſhion, I believe they were made in the reign of Queen Beſs.

Neverout. Well, that's neither here nor there; for, you know, the more careleſs the more modiſh.

Col. Well, I'd hold a wager there will be a match between her and Dick Dolt: and I believe I can ſee as far into a millſtone as another man.

Miſs. Colonel, I muſt beg your pardon a thouſand times; but they ſay an old ape has an old eye.

Neverout. Miſs, what do you mean! you'll ſpoil the Colonel's marriage, if you call him old.

Col. Not ſo old, nor yet ſo cold — You know the reſt, Miſs.

Miſs. Manners is a fine thing, truly.

Col. Faith, Miſs, depend upon it, I'll give you as good as a you bring. What! if you give a jeſt, you muſt take a jeſt.

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. Neverout, you'll ne'er have done till you break that knife, and then the man won't take it again.

Miſs. Why, Madam, fools will be meddling: I wiſh he may cut his fingers I hope you can ſee your own blood without fainting.

Neverout. Why, Miſs, you ſhine this morning like a [redacted] barn-door; you'll never hold out at this rate; pray ſave a little wit for to-morrow.

Miſs. Well, you have ſaid your ſay; if people will be rude, I have done; my comfort is, 'twill be all one a thouſand years hence.

Neverout. Miſs, you have ſhot your bolt; I find you muſt have the laſt word.——Well, I go to the opera to night. — No, I can't neither, for I have ſome buſineſs——and yet I think I muſt; for I promis'd to ſquire the Counteſs to her box.

Miſs. The Counteſs of Puddledock, I ſuppoſe.

Neverout. Peace or war, Miſs?

Lady

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. Neverout, you'll never be mad, you are of so many minds.

As Miss rises, the chair falls behind her.

Miss. Well; I shan't be Lady Mayoress this year.

Neverout. No, Miss, 'tis worse than that; you won't be married this year.

Miss. Lord! you make me laugh, tho' I an't well.

Neverout, as Miss is standing, pulls her suddenly on his lap.

Neverout. Now, Colonel, come, sit down on my lap; more sacks upon the mill

Miss. Let me go: ar'n't you sorry for my heaviness?

Neverout. No, Miss; you are very light: but I don't say you are a light huswy. Pray take up the chair for your pains.

Miss. 'Tis but one body's labour; you may do it yourself: I wish you would be quiet; you have more tricks than a dancing bear.

Neverout rises to take the chair, and Miss sits in his.

Neverout. You wou'dn't be so soon in my grave, Madam.

Miss. Lord! I have torn my petticoat with your odious romping: my rents are coming in; I'm afraid I shall fall into the ragman's hands.

Neverout. I'll mend it, Miss.

Miss. You mend it! go, teach your grannam to suck eggs.

Neverout. Why, Miss, you are so cross, I could find in my heart to hate you.

Miss. With all my heart: there will be no love lost between us.

Neverout. But pray, my Lady Smart, does not Miſs look as if ſhe could eat me without ſalt?

Miſs. I'll make you one day ſup ſorrow for this.

Neverout. Well, follow your own way, you'll live the longer.

Miſs. See, Madam, how well I have mended it.

Lady Smart. 'Tis indifferent, as Doll dance'd.

Neverout. 'Twill laſt as many nights as days.

Miſs. Well, I knew I ſhould never have your good word.

Lady Smart. My Lord, my Lady Anſwerall and I was walking in the park laſt night till near eleven; 'twas a very fine night.

Neverout. Egad, ſo was I; and I'll tell you a comical accident; egad, I loſt my underſtanding.

Miſs. I'm glad you had any to loſe.

Lady Smart. Well, but what do you mean?

Neverout Egad, I kick'd my foot againſt a ſtone, and tore off the heel of my ſhoe, and was force'd to limp to a cobler in the Pall Mall to have it put on. He, he, he, he. [*All laugh.*

Col. Oh! 'twas a delicate night to run away with another man's wife.

Neverout ſneezes.

Miſs. God bleſs you, if you han't taken ſnuff.

Neverout. Why, what if I have, Miſs?

Miſs. Why then, the deuce take you.

Neverout. Miſs, I want that diamond ring of yours.

Miſs. Why then, want's like to be your maſter.

Neverout looking at the ring.

Neverout. Ay, Marry, this is not only, but alſo; pray where did you get it?

Miſs. Why, where 'twas to be had; where the devil got the friar.

Neverout. Well, if I had ſuch a fine diamond ring, I wou'dn't ſtay a day in England: but, you know, far-fetch'd and dear-bought is fit for ladies. I warrant, this coſt your father twopence halfpenny.

Miſs.

Miſs ſitting between Neverout and the Colonel.

Miſs. Well; here's a roſe between two nettles.

Neverout. No, Madam, with ſubmiſſion, here's a nettle between two roſes.

Colonel ſtretching himſelf.

Lady Smart. Why, Colonel, you break the King's laws; you ſtretch without a halter.

Lady Anſw. Colonel, ſome ladies of your acquaintance have promis'd to breakfaſt with you, and I am to wait on them; what will you give us?

Col. Why, faith, Madam, batchelors fare; bread and cheeſe, and kiſſes.

Lady Anſw. Poh! what have you bachelors to do with your money, but to treat the ladies? you have nothing to keep but your own four quarters.

Lady Smart. My Lord, has Capt. Brag the honour to be related to your Lordſhip?

Ld Sparkiſh. Very nearly, Madam, he's my couſin german quite remov'd.

Lady Anſw. Pray, is he not rich?

Ld Sparkiſh. Ay, a rich rogue, two ſhirts and a rag.

Col. Well, however, they ſay he has a great eſtate, but only the right owner keeps him out of it.

Lady Smart. What religion is he of?

Ld Sparkiſh. Why, he is an Anythingarian.

Lady Anſw. I believe he has his religion to chuſe, my Lord.

Neverout ſcratches his neck.

Miſs. Fie, Mr Neverout, ar'n't you aſham'd! I beg pardon for the expreſſion; but I'm afraid your boſom-friends are become your back-biters.

Neverout. Well, Miſs, I ſaw a flea once on your pinner; and a louſe is a man's companion, but a flea is a dog's companion. However, I wiſh you would

would ſcratch my neck with your pretty white hand.

Miſs. And who would be fool then? I wou'dn't touch a man's fleſh for the univerſe. You have the wrong ſow by the ear, I aſſure you; that's meat for your maſter.

Neverout. Miſs Notable, all quarrels laid aſide, pray ſtep hither for a moment.

Miſs. I'll waſh my hands, and wait on you, Sir; but pray come hither, and try to open this lock.

Neverout. We'll try what we can do.

Miſs. We! —— what, have you pigs in your belly?

Neverout. Miſs, I aſſure you, I am very handy at all things.

Miſs. Marry, hang them that cant't give themſelves a good word: I believe you may have an even hand to throw a louſe in the fire.

Col. Well, I muſt be plain, here's a very bad ſmell.

Miſs. Perhaps, Colonel, the fox is the finder.

Neverout. No, Colonel; 'tis only your teeth againſt rain: but——

Miſs. Colonel, I find you would make a very bad poor man's ſow.

Colonel coughing.

Col I have got a ſad cold.

Lady Anſw. Ay; 'tis well if one can get any thing theſe hard times.

Miſs. [*to Col.*] Choke, chicken, there's more a-hatching.

Lady Smart. Pray, Colonel, how did you get that cold?

Ld Sparkiſh. Why, Madam, I ſuppoſe the Colonel got it by lying abed barefoot.

Lady Anſw. Why then, Colonel, you muſt take it for better for worſe, as a man takes his wife.

Col.

Col. Well, ladies, I apprehend you without a conſtable.

Miſs. Mr. Neverout! Mr. Neverout! come hither this moment.

Lady Smart. [*imitating her.*] Mr. Neverout! Mr. Neverout! I wiſh he were tied to your girdle.

Neverout. What's the matter? whoſe mare's dead now?

Miſs. Take your labour for your pains; you may go back again, like a fool as you came.

Neverout. Well, Miſs, if you deceive me a ſecond time, 'tis my fault.

Lady Smart. Colonel, methinks your coat is too ſhort.

Col. It will be long enough before I get another, Madam.

Miſs Come, come; the coat's a good coat, and come of good friends.

Neverout. Ladies, you are miſtaken in the ſtuff; 'tis half ſilk.

Col. Tom Neverout, you are a fool, and that's your fault.

A great noiſe below.

Lady Smart. Hey! what a clattering is here! one would think hell was broke looſe.

Miſs. Indeed, Madam, I muſt take my leave, for I a'n't well.

Lady Smart. What! you are ſick of the mulligrubs with eating chopt hay?

Miſs. No, indeed, Madam; I'm ſick and hungry, more need of a cook than a doctor.

Lady Anſw. Poor Miſs! ſhe's ſick as a cuſhion, ſhe wants nothing but ſtuffing.

Col. If you are ſick, you ſhall have a candle of calf's eggs.

Neverout. I can't find my gloves.

Miſs. I ſaw the dog running away with ſome dirty thing a while ago.

Col.

Col. Miſs, you have got my handkerchief; pray, let me have it.

Lady Smart. No; keep it, Miſs; for they ſay poſſeſſion is eleven points of the law.

Miſs. Madam, he ſhall never have it again; 'tis in hucſters hands.

Lady Anſw. What! I ſee 'tis raining again.

Ld Sparkiſh. Why then, Madam, we muſt do as they do in Spain.

Lady Smart, Pray, my Lord, how is that?

Ld Sparkiſh. Why, Madam, we muſt let it rain.

Miſs whiſpers Lady Smart.

Neverout. There's no whiſpering, but there's lying

Miſs. Lord! Mr. Neverout, you are as pert as a pear-monger this morning.

Neverout. Indeed, Miſs, you are very handſome.

Miſs. Poh! I know that already; tell me news

Somebody knocks at the door.

Footman comes in.

Footman. [*to Col.*] An pleaſe your honour, there's a man below wants to ſpeak to you.

Col. Ladies, your pardon for a minute.

[*Col. goes out.*

Lady Smart. Miſs, I ſent yeſterday to know how you did, but you were gone abroad early.

Miſs. Why, indeed, Madam, I was hunched up in a hackney-coach with three country acquaintances, who call'd upon me to take the air as far as Highgate.

Lady Smart. And had you a pleaſing airing?

Miſs. No, Madam; it rained all the time; I was jolted to death, and the road was ſo bad, that I ſcream'd

ſcream'd every moment, and call'd to the coachmen, Pray, friend, don't ſpill us.

Neverout. So, Miſs, you were afraid that pride would have a fall.

Miſs. Mr. Neverout, when I want a fool I'll ſend for you.

Ld Sparkiſh. Miſs, didn't your left ear burn laſt night?

Miſs. Pray why, my Lord?

Ld Sparkiſh. Becauſe I was then in ſome company where you were extolled to the ſkies, I aſſure you.

Miſs. My lord, that was more their goodneſs than my deſert.

Ld Sparkiſh. They ſaid, that you were a complete beauty.

Miſs. My Lord, I am as God made me.

Lady Smart. The girl's well enough, if ſhe had but another noſe.

Miſs. Oh! Madam, I know I ſhall always have your good word; you love to help a lame dog over the ſtile.

One knocks.

Lady Smart. Who's there? you're on the wrong ſide of the door: come in if you be fat.

Colonel comes in again.

Ld Sparkiſh. Why, Colonel, you are a man of great buſineſs.

Col. Ay, ay, my Lord, I'm like my Lord Mayor's fool, full of buſineſs and nothing to do.

Lady Smart. My Lord, don't you think the Colonel's mightily fallen away of late?

Ld Sparkiſh. Ay, fall'n from a horſe-load to a cart-load.

Col. Why, my Lord, egad I'm like a rabbit, fat and lean in four and twenty hours.

Lady

Lady Smart. I aſſure you the Colonel walks as ſtrait as a pin.

Miſs. Yes; he's a handſome body'd man in the face.

Neverout. A handſome foot and leg: God-a-mercy ſhoe and ſtocking!

Col. What! three upon one! that's foul play: this would make a parſon ſwear.

Neverout. Why, Miſs, what's the matter? you look as if you had neither won nor loſt.

Col. Why, you muſt know, Miſs lives upon love.

Miſs. Yes, upon love and lumps of the cupboard.

Lady Anſw. Ay; they ſay love and peaſe porridge are two dangerous things; one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

Miſs. [*imitating Lady Anſwerall's tone.*] Very pretty! one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

Lady Anſw. Have a care; they ſay mocking is catching.

Miſs, I never heard that.

Neverout. Why then, Miſs, you have a wrinkle ——more than ever you had before.

Miſs. Well; live and learn.

Neverout. Ay; and be hang'd, and forget all.

Miſs. Well, Mr. Neverout, take it as you pleaſe, but I ſwear you are a ſaucy jack, to uſe ſuch expreſſions.

Neverout. Why then, Miſs, if you go to that, I muſt tell you there's ne'er a jack but there's a jill.

Miſs. Oh! Mr. Neverout, every body knows that you are the pink of courteſy.

Neverout. And, Miſs, all the world allows, that you are the flower of civility.

Lady Smart. Miſs, I hear there was a great deal of company where you viſited laſt night: pray, who were they?

Miſs. Why, there was old Lady Forward, Miſs To-and-again, Sir John Ogle, my Lady Clapper, and I, quoth the dog.

Col. Was your viſit long, Miſs?

Miſs. Why, truly, they went all to the opera; and ſo poor Pilgarlic came home alone.

Neverout. Alack-a-day, poor Miſs! methinks it grieves me to pity you

Miſs. What! you think you ſaid a fine thing now; well, if I had a dog with no more wit, I would hang him.

Ld Sparkiſh. Miſs, if it is manners, may I aſk which is oldeſt, you or Lady Scuttle?

Miſs. Why, my Lord, when I die for age, ſhe may quake for fear.

Lady Smart. She's a very great gadder abroad.

Lady Anſw. Lord! ſhe made me follow her laſt week through all the ſhops like a Tantiny pig *.

Lady Smart. I remember you told me, you had been with her from Dan to Berſheba.

Colonel ſpits.

Col. Lord! I ſhall die; I cannot ſpit from me.

Miſs. Oh! Mr. Neverout, my little Counteſs has juſt litter'd; ſpeak me fair, and I'll ſet you down for a puppy.

Neverout. Why, Miſs, if I ſpeak you fair, perhaps I may'nt tell truth.

Ld Sparkiſh, Ay, but Tom, ſmoke that, ſhe calls you puppy by craft.

Neverout. Well, Miſs, you ride the fore-horſe to-day.

* St. Anthony's pig. It being fabled of St. Anthony the hermit, that he wrought a miraculous cure on an hog, it became a cuſtom in ſeveral places to tie a bell about the neck of a pig, and maintain it at the common charge in honour to his memory. Hence the proverb, To follow like a Tantiny-pig.

Miſs. Ay, many one ſays well, that thinks ill.

Neverout. Fie, Miſs; you ſaid that once before; and you know, too much of one thing is good for nothing.

Miſs. Why, ſure, we can't ſay a good thing too often.

Ld Sparkiſh. Well, ſo much for that, and butter for fiſh; let us call another cauſe. Pray, Madam, does your Ladyſhip know Mrs. Nice?

Lady Smart. Perfectly well, my Lord; ſhe's nice by name, and nice by nature.

Ld Sparkiſh. Is it poſſible ſhe could take that booby Tom Blunder for love?

Miſs. She had good ſkill in horſe-fleſh, that could chuſe a gooſe to ride on.

Lady Anſw. Why, my Lord, 'twas her fate; they ſay marriage and hanging go by deſtiny.

Col. I believe ſhe'll never be burnt for a witch.

Ld Sparkiſh. They ſay, marriages are made in heaven; but I doubt, when ſhe was married, ſhe had no friend there.

Neverout. Well, ſhe's got out of God's bleſſing into the warm ſun.

Col. The fellow's well enough, if he had any guts in his brains.

Lady Smart. They ſay, thereby hangs a tale.

Ld Sparkiſh. Why, he's a mere hobbledehoy, neither a man nor a boy.

Miſs. Well, if I were to chuſe a huſband, I would never be married to a little man.

Neverout. Pray, why ſo, Miſs? for they ſay, of all the evils we ought to chuſe the leaſt.

Miſs. Becauſe folks would ſay, when they ſaw us together, there goes the woman and her huſband.

Col. [to Lady Smart] Will your Ladyſhip be on the Mall to-morrow night?

Lady Smart. No, that won't be proper; you know to-morrow's Sunday.

Ld

Ld Sparkish. What then, Madam? they say the better day the better deed.

Lady Answ. Pray, Mr. Neverout, how do you like Lady Fruzz?

Neverout. Pox on her! she's as old as Poles *.

Miss. So will you be, if you don't hang'd when you're young.

Neverout. Come, Miss, let us be friends: will you go to the park this evening?

Miss. With all my heart, and a piece of my liver; but not with you.

Lady Smart. I'll tell you one thing, and that's not two: I'm afraid I shall get a fit of the head-ach to-day

Col. Oh! Madam, don't be afraid; it comes with a fright.

Miss. [*to Lady Answ.*] Madam, one of your Ladyship's lappets is longer than t'other.

Lady Answ. Well, no matter; they that ride on a trotting horse will ne'er perceive it.

Neverout. Indeed, Miss, your lappets hang worse.

Miss. Well I love a liar in my heart, and you fit me to a hair.

Miss rises up.

Neverout. Duce take you, Miss; you trode on my foot: I hope you don't intend to come to my bed-side.

Miss. In troth, you are afraid of your friends, and none of them near you.

Ld Sparkish. Well said, girl! [*giving her a chuck.*] Take that; they say, a chuck under the chin is worth two kisses.

Lady Answ. But, Mr. Neverout, I wonder why such a handsome, strait, young gentleman as you don't get some rich widow.

* For St, Paul's church.

Ld Sparkiſh. Strait! ay, ſtrait as my leg, and that's crooked at knee.

Neverout. Faith, Madam, if it rain'd rich widows, none of them would fall upon me. Egad I was born under a threepenny planet, never to be worth a groat.

Lady Anſw. No, Mr. Neverout; I believe you were born with a caul on your head; you are ſuch a favourite among the ladies. But what think you of widow Prim? ſhe's immenſely rich.

Neverout. Hang her! they ſay her father was a baker.

Lady Smart. Ay; but it is not, What is ſhe? but, what has ſhe? now-a-days.

Col. Tom, faith, put on a bold face for once, and have at the widow. I'll ſpeak a good word for you to her.

Lady Anſw. Ay; I warrant you'll ſpeak one word for him, and two for yourſelf.

Miſs. Well, I had that at my tongue's end.

Lady Anſw. Why, Miſs, they ſay, good wits jump

Neverout. Faith, Madam, I had rather marry a woman I lov'd, in her ſmock, than widow Prim, if ſhe had her weight in gold.

Lady Smart. Come, come, Mr. Neverout, marriage is honourable, but houſe-keeping is a ſhrew.

Lady Anſw. Conſider, Mr. Neverout, four bare legs in a bed; and you are a younger brother.

Col. Well, Madam; the younger brother is the better gentleman. However, Tom, I would adviſe you to look before you leap.

Ld Sparkiſh. The Colonel ſays true; beſides, you cannot expect to wive and thrive in the ſame year.

Miſs. [*ſhuddering.*] Lord! there's ſomebody walking over my grave.

Col. Pray, Lady Anſwerall, where was you laſt Wedneſday, when I did myſelf the honour to wait

on

on you! I think your Ladyſhip is one of the tribe of Gad.

Lady Anſw. Why, Colonel I was at church.

Col. Nay, then will I be hang'd, and my horſe too.

Neverout. I believe her Ladſhip was at a church and a chimney in it.

Miſs. Lord, my petticoat! how it hangs by jommetry!

Neverout. Perhaps the fault may be in your ſhape.

Miſs [*looking gravely.*] Come, Mr. Neverout, there's no jeſt like the true jeſt; but I ſuppoſe you think my back's broad enough to bear every thing.

Neverout. Madam, I humbly beg your pardon.

Miſs. Well, Sir, your pardon's granted.

Neverout. Well, all things have an end, and a pudden has two, up-up-on me-my-my word. [*Stutters.*

Miſs. What! Mr. Neverout, can't you ſpeak without a ſpoon?

Ld Sparkiſh. [*to Lady Smart.*] Has your Ladyſhip ſeen the Dutcheſs ſince your falling out?

Lady Smart Never, my Lord, but once at a viſit and ſhe look'd at me as the devil look'd over Lincoln.

Neverout. Pray, Miſs, take a pinch of my ſnuff.

Miſs. What! you break my head, and give me a plaiſter; well, with all my heart; once, and not uſe it.

Neverout, Well, Miſs: if you wanted me and your victual, you'd want your two beſt friends.

Col. [*to Neverout.*] Tom, Miſs and you muſt kiſs and be friends.

Neverout ſalutes Miſs.

Miſs. Any thing for a quiet life: my noſe itch'd, and I knew I ſhould drink wine, or kiſs a fool.

Col. Well, Tom, if that ben't fair, hang fair.

Neverout. I never ſaid a rude thing to a lady in my life.

Miſs. Here's a pin for that lie; I'm ſure liars had need have good memories. Pray, Colonel, was not he very uncivil to me but juſt now?

Lady Anſw. Mr. Neverout, if Miſs will be angry for nothing, take my counſel, and bid her turn the buckle of her girdle behind her.

Neverout. Come, Lady Anſwerall, I know better things; Miſs and I are good friends; don't put tricks upon travellers.

Col. Tom, not a word of the pudden, I beg you.

Lady Smart. Ah, Colonel! you'll never be good nor then neither.

Ld Sparkiſh. Which of the goods d'ye mean? good for ſomething, or good for nothing.

Miſs. I have a bliſter on my tongue; yet I don't remember I told a lie.

Lady Anſw. I thought you did but juſt now.

Ld Sparkiſh. Pray, Madam, what did thought do

Lady Anſw. Well, for my life, I cannot conceive what your Lordſhip means.

Ld Sparkiſh. Indeed, Madam, I mean no harm.

Lady Smart. No, to be ſure, my Lord, you are as innocent as a devil of two years old.

Neverout. Madam, they ſay, ill doers are ill deemers; but I don't apply it to your Ladyſhip.

Miſs mending a hole in her lace.

Miſs. Well, you ſee, I'm mending; I hope I ſhall be good in time; look, Lady Anſwerall, is it not well mended?

Lady Anſw. Ay, this is ſomething like a tanſy.

Neverout. Faith, Miſs, you have mended it as a tinker mends a kettle; ſtop one hole, and make two.

Lady Smart. Pray, Colonel, are you not very much tann'd!

Col. Yes. Madam; but a cup of Chriſtmas ale will ſoon waſh it off.

Ld

Ld Sparkish. Lady Smart, does not your Ladyship think Mrs Fade is mightily alter'd since her marriage?

Lady Answ. Why, my Lord, she was handsome in her time; but she can't eat her cake and have her cake: I hear she is grown a mere otomy.

Lady Smart. Poor creature! the black ox has set his foot upon her already.

Miss. Ay; she has quite lost the blue on the plum.

Lady Smart. And yet, they say, her husband is very fond of her still.

Lady Answ. Oh! Madam; if she would eat gold, he would give it her.

* *Neverout.* [*to Lady Smart.*] Madam, have you heard, that Lady Queasy was lately at the playhouse *incog?*

Lady Smart. What! Lady Queasy of all women in the world! Do you say it upon rep?

Neverout. Poz. I saw her with my own eyes; she sat among the mob in the gallery: her own ugly size: and she saw me look at her.

Col. Her Ladyship was plaguily bamb'd; I warrant it put her into the hipps.

Neverout. I smocked her huge nose, and, egad, she put me in mind of the woodcock, that strives to hide his long bill, and then thinks no body sees him.

Col. Tom, I advise you, hold your tongue; for you'll never say so good a thing again.

Lady Smart. Miss, what are you looking for?

Miss. Oh! Madam; I have lost the finest needle——

Lady Answ. Why, seek till you find it, and then you won't lose your labour.

* Here the author, for variety, runs into some cant words.

Neverout,

Neverout. The loop of my hat is broke; how ſhall I mend it! [*He faſtens it with a pin.*] Well, hang him, ſay I, that has no ſhift.

Miſs. Ay, and hang him that has one too many.

Lady Anſw. Well, but I don't like ſuch jeſting.

Neverout. Oh, Miſs; I have heard a ſad ſtory of you.

Miſs. I defy you, Mr. Neverout; no body can ſay, black's my eye.

Neverout. I believe you wiſh they could.

Miſs. Well; but who was your author? Come, tell truth, and ſhame the devil.

Neverout. Come, then, Miſs, gueſs who it was that told me; come, put on your conſidering cap.

Miſs. Well, who was it?

Neverout. Why, one that lives within a mile of an oak.

Miſs. Well, go hang yourſelf in your own garters; for I'm ſure the gallows groans for you.

Neverout. Pretty Miſs! I was but in jeſt.

Miſs. But, don't let that ſtick in your gizzard.

Col. My Lord, does your Lordſhip know Mrs. Talkall?

Ld Sparkiſh. Only by ſight; but I hear ſhe has a great deal of wit; and egad, as the ſaying is, mettle to the back.

Lady Smart. So I hear.

Col. Why, Dick Lubber ſaid to her t'other day, Madam, you can't cry bo to a gooſe: Yes, but I can, ſaid ſhe: and, egad, cry'd bo full in his face. We all thought we ſhould break our heart with laughing.

Ld Sparkiſh. That was cutting with a vengeance: and pr'ythee how did the fool look?

Col Look! egad, he look'd for all the world like an owl in an ivy-buſh.

A child comes in screaming

Miss. Well, if that child was mine, I'd whip it till the blood came; peace, you little vixen! if were near you, I would not be far from you.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay; batchelors wives and maids children are finely tutor'd.

Lady Answ. Come to me, master; and I'll give you a sugar plum. Why, Miss, you forget that ever you was a child yourself [*she gives the child a lump of sugar*] I have heard 'em say, boys will long.

Col. My Lord, I suppose you know that Mr. Buzzard has married again?

Lady Smart. This is his fourth wife) then he has been shod round.

Col. Why, you must know, she had a month's mind to Dick Frontless, and thought to run away with him; but her parents force'd her to take the old fellow for a good settlement.

Ld Sparkish. So the man got his mare again.

Lady Smart. I'm told he said a very good thing to Dick; said he, You think us old fellows are fools; but we old fellows know young fellows are fools.

Col. I know nothing of that; but I know he's devilish old, and she's very young.

Lady Answ. Why, they call that a match of the world's making.

Miss. What if he had been young, and she old?

Neverout. Why, Miss, that would have been a match of the devil's making; but when both are young, that's a match of God's making.

Miss searching her pockets for a thimble, brings out a nutmeg

Neverout. Oh! Miss, have a care; for if you carry a nutmeg in your pocket, you'll certainly be married to an old man.

Miss.

Miſs. Well, and if I ever be married, it ſhall be to an old man; they always make the beſt huſbands; and it is better to be an old man's darling, than a young man's warling.

Neverout. Faith, Miſs, if you ſpeak as you think, I'll give you my mother for a maid.

Lady Smart *rings the bell.*

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Harkee, you fellow; run to my Lady Match, and deſire ſhe will remember to be here at ſix, to play at quadrille: d'ye hear? if you fall by the way, don't ſtay to get up again.

Footman. Madam. I don't know the houſe.

Lady Smart. That's not for want of ignorance; follow your noſe; go, inquire among the ſervants.

Footman goes out, and leaves the door open.

Lady Smart. Here, come back, you fellow; why did you leave the door open? Remember that a good ſervant muſt always come when he's call'd, do what he's bid, and ſhoot the door after him.

The Footman goes out again, and falls down ſtairs.

Lady Anſw. Neck or nothing; come down, or I'll fetch you down: well, but I hope the poor fellow has not ſav'd the hangman a labour.

Neverout. Pray, Madam, ſmoke Miſs yonder biting her lips, and playing with her fan.

Miſs. Who's that takes my name in vain?

She runs up to them, and falls down.

Lady Smart. What, more falling! do you intend the frolic ſhould go round?

Lady

Lady Anſw. Why, Miſs, I wiſh you may not have broke her Ladyſhip's floor.

Neverout. Miſs, come to me, and I'll take you up.

Ld Sparkiſh. Well, but without jeſt, I hope, Miſs, you are not hurt.

Col. Nay, ſhe muſt be hurt for certain; for you ſee her head is all of a lump.

Miſs. Well, remember this, colonel, when I have money, and you have none.

Lady Smart. But, Colonel, when do you deſign to get a houſe, and a wife, and a fire to put her in.

Miſs. Lord! who would be married to a ſoldier, and carry his knapſack?

Neverout. Oh, Madam: Mars and Venus, you know.

Col. Egad, Madam, I'd marry to-morrow, if I thought I could bury my wife juſt when the honeymoon is over; but they ſay, a woman has as many lives as a cat.

Lady Anſw. I find, the Colonel thinks a dead wife under the table is the beſt goods in a man's houſe.

Lady Smart. O but, Colonel, if you had a good wife, it would break your heart to part with her.

Col. Yes, Madam; for they ſay, he that has loſt his wife and ſixpence, has loſt a teſter.

Lady Smart. But, Colonel, they ſay, that every married man ſhould believe there's but one good wife in the world, and that's his own.

Col. For all that, I doubt, a good wife muſt be beſpoke; for there's none ready made.

Miſs. I ſuppoſe, the gentleman's a woman hater; but, Sir, I think you ought to remember, that you had a mother; and pray, if it had not been for a woman, where would you have been?

Col. Nay, Miſs, you cry'd whore firſt, when you talk'd of the knapſack.

Lady

Lady Anſw. But I hope you won't blame the whole ſex, becauſe ſome are bad.

Neverout. And they ſay, he that hates woman, ſuck'd a ſow.

Col. Oh! Madam: there's no general rule without an exception.

Lady Smart. Then, why don't you marry and ſettle?

Col. Egad, Madam, there's nothing will ſettle me but a bullet.

Ld Sparkiſh. Well, Colonel, there's one comfort, that you need not fear a cannon-bullet.

Col. Why ſo, my Lord?

Ld Sparkiſh. Becauſe they ſay, he was curs'd in his mother's belly, that was kill'd by a cannon bullet.

Miſs. I ſuppoſe, the Colonel was croſs'd in his firſt love, which makes him ſo ſevere on all the ſex.

Lady Anſw. Yes; and I'll hold a hundred to one, that the Colonel has been over head and ears in love with ſome lady that has made his heart ake.

Col. Oh! Madam, we ſoldiers are admirers of all the fair ſex.

Miſs. I wiſh I could ſee the Colonel in love till he was ready to die.

Lady Smart. Ay; but I doubt, few people die for love in theſe days,

Neverout. Well, I confeſs, I differ from the Colonel; for I hope to have a rich and a handſome wife yet before I die.

Col. Ay, Tom; live horſe, and thou ſhalt have graſs.

Miſs. Well, Colonel; but whatever you ſay againſt women, they are better creatures than men; for men were made of clay, but woman was made of man.

Col. Miſs, you may ſay what you pleaſe, but, faith, you'll never lead apes in hell.

Neverout. No, no; I'll be ſworn Miſs has not an inch of nun's fleſh about her.

Miſs. I underſtumble you, gentlemen.

Neverout. Madam, your humble-cum-dumble.

Ld Sparkiſh. Pray, Miſs, when did you ſee your old acquaintance Mrs. Cloudy? you and ſhe are two, I hear.

Miſs. See her! marry, I don't care whether I ever ſee her again; God bleſs my eye-ſight.

Lady Anſw. Lord! why, ſhe and you were as great as two inkle-weavers. I have ſeen her hug you as the devil hugg'd the witch.

Miſs. That's true; but I'm told for certain, ſhe's no better than ſhe ſhould be.

Lady Smart. Well, God mend us all; but you muſt allow, the world is very cenſorious; I never heard that ſhe was a naughty pack.

Col. [*to Neverout.*] Come, Sir Thomas, when the King pleaſes, when do you intend to march?

Ld Sparkiſh. Have patience. Tom, is your friend Ned Rattle married?

Neverout. Yes, faith, my Lord; he has tied a knot with his tongue, that he can never untie with his teeth.

Lady Smart. Ay, marry in haſte, and repent at leiſure.

Lady Anſw. Has he got a good fortune with his lady? For, they ſay, ſomething has ſome ſavour, but nothing has no flavour.

Noverout. Faith, Madam, all he gets by her, he may put into his eye, and ſee never the worſe.

Miſs. Then, I believe, he heartily wiſhes her in Abraham's boſom.

Col. Pray, my Lord, how does Charles Limber and his fine wife agree?

Ld Sparkiſh. Why, they ſay, he's the greateſt cuckold in the town.

Neverout. Oh! but, my Lord, you ſhould always except my Lord Mayor.

Miſs. Mr. Neverout!

Neverout. Hay, Madam, did you call me?

Miſs. Hay; why, hay is for horſes.

Neverout. Why, Miſs, then you may kiſs———

Col. Pray, my Lord, what's a clock by your oracle?

Ld Sparkiſh. Faith, I can't tell, I think my watch runs upon wheels.

Neverout. Miſs, pray, be ſo kind to call a ſervant to bring me a glaſs of ſmall beer, I know you are at home here.

Miſs. Every fool can do as they're bid. Make a page of your own age, and do it yourſelf.

Neverout. Chuſe, proud fool; I did but aſk you.

Miſs puts her hand upon her knee.

Neverout. What! Miſs, are you thinking of your ſweetheart? Is your garter ſlipping down?

Miſs. Pray, Mr. Neverout, keep your breath to cool your porridge; you meaſure my corn by your buſhel.

Neverout. Indeed, Miſs you lie——

Miſs. Did you ever hear any thing ſo rude?

Neverout. I mean, you lie—under a miſtake.

Miſs. If a thouſand lies could choke you, you would have been choked many a day ago.

Miſs *ſtrives to ſnatch* Neverout's *ſnuff-box.*

Neverout. Madam, you miſſed that, as you miſſed your mother's bleſſing.

She tries again, and miſſes.

Neverout. Snap ſhort, makes you look ſo lean, Miſs.

Miſs. Poh! you are ſo robuſtious, you had like to put out my eye; I aſſure you, if you blind me, you muſt lead me.

Lady

Lady Smart. Dear Miſs, be quiet; and bring me a pincuſhion out of that cloſet.

Miſs opens the cloſet door, and ſqualls.

Lady Smart. Lord bleſs the girl! what's the matter now?

Miſs. I vow, Madam, I ſaw ſomething in black: I thought it was a ſpirit.

Col. Why, Miſs, did you ever ſee a ſpirit?

Miſs. No, Sir, I thank God, I never ſaw any thing worſe than myſelf.

Neverout. Well, I did a very fooliſh thing yeſterday, and was a great puppy for my pains.

Miſs. Very likely; for they ſay, many a true word's ſpoke in jeſt.

Footman returns.

Lady Smart. Well, did you deliver your meſſage; you are fit to be ſent for ſorrow, you ſtay ſo long by the way.

Footman. Madam, my Lady was not at home, ſo I did not leave the meſſage.

Lady Smart. This is to ſend a fool of an errand.

Ld Sparkiſh. [*looking at his watch.*] 'Tis paſt twelve o'clock.

Lady Smart. Well, what is that among all us?

Ld Sparkiſh. Madam, I muſt take my leave: come, Gentlemen, are you for a march?

Lady Smart. Well, but your Lordſhip and the Colonel will dine with us to-day; and Mr. Neverout, I hope we ſhall have your good company: there will be no ſoul elſe, beſides my own Lord and theſe ladies; for every body knows I hate a croud; I would rather want vittles than elbow-room: we dine punctually at three.

Ld Sparkiſh. Madam, we'll be ſure to attend your Ladyſhip.

Col. Madam; my ſtomach ſerves me inſtead of a clock.

Another footman comes back.

Lady Smart. Oh! you are the t'other fellow I ſent: well, have you been with my Lady Club? you are good to ſend of a dead man's errand.

Footman. Madam, my Lady Club begs your Ladyſhip's pardon: but ſhe is engaged to night.

Miſs. Well, Mr. Neverout, here's the back of my hand to you.

Neverout. Miſs, I find, you will have the laſt word. Ladies, I am more yours than my own.

DIALOGUE II.

Lord Smart, *and the former company at three o'clock coming to dine.*

After ſalutations.

Ld Smart. I'M ſorry I was not at home this morning, when you all did us the honour to call here: but I went to the levee to-day.

Ld Sparkiſh. Oh! my Lord; I'm ſure the loſs was ours.

Lady Smart. Gentlemen and Ladies, you are come to a ſad dirty houſe; I am ſorry for it, but we have had our hands in mortar.

Lord Sparkiſh. Oh! Madam; your Ladyſhip is pleas'd to ſay ſo; but I never ſaw any thing ſo clean and ſo fine; I profeſs it is a perfect paradiſe.

Lady Smart. My Lord, your Lordſhip is always very obliging.

Ld

Ld Sparkish. Pray, Madam, whose picture is that?

Lady Smart. Why, my Lord, it was drawn for me.

Ld Sparkish. I'll swear the painter did not flatter your Ladyship.

Col. My Lord, the day is finely clear'd up.

Ld Smart. Ay, Colonel! 'tis a pity that fair weather should ever do any harm. [*To Neverout.*] Why, Tom, you are high in the mode.

Neverout. My Lord, it is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion.

Ld Smart. But, Tom, I hear you and Miss are always quarrelling. I fear it is your fault; for I can assure you, she is very good-humour'd.

Neverout. Ay, my Lord; so is the devil when he's pleas'd.

Ld Smart. Miss, what do you think of my friend Tom?

Miss. My Lord, I think he's not the wisest man in the world; and truly he's sometimes very rude.

Ld Sparkish. That may be true; but yet he that hangs Tom for a fool, may find a knave in the halter.

Miss. Well, however, I wish he were hang'd, if it were only to try.

Neverout. Well, Miss, if I must be hang'd, I won't go far to chuse my gallows; it shall be about your fair neck.

Miss. I'll see your nose cheese first, and the dogs eating it. But, my Lord, Mr. Neverout's wit begins to run low; for, I vow, he said this before. Pray, Colonel, give him a pinch, and I'll do as much for you.

Ld Sparkish. My Lady Smart, your Ladyship has a very fine scarf.

Lady Smart. Yes, my Lord; it will make a flaming figure in a country-church.

Footman comes in

Footman. Madam, dinner's upon the table.

Col Faith, I am glad of it; my belly began to cry cup-board.

Neverout. I wish I may never hear worse news.

Miss. What! Mr. Neverout, you are in great haste; I believe your belly thinks your throat is cut.

Neverout. No, faith, Miss; three meals a-day, and a good supper at night, will serve my turn.

Miss. To say the truth, I'm hungry.

Neverout. And I'm angry; so let us both go fight.

They go in to dinner, and after the usual compliments, take their seats.

Lady Smart. Ladies and gentlemen, will you eat any oysters before dinner?

Col. With all my heart. [*Takes an oyster.*] He was a bold man that first eat an oyster.

Lady Smart. They say oysters are a cruel meat, because we eat them alive; then they are an uncharitable meat, for we leave nothing to the poor; and they are an ungodly meat, because we never say grace,

Neverout. Faith, that's as well said, as if I had said it myself.

Lady Smart. Well, we are well set, if we be but as well serv'd. Come, Colonel, handle your arms: shall I help you to some beef?

Col. If your Ladyship please: and, pray, don't cut like a mother-in-law, but send me a large slice: for I love to lay a good foundation. I vow, 'tis a noble sirloin.

Neverout. Ay; here's cut and come again.

Miss. But, pray, why is it call'd a sir-loin?

Ld

Ld Smart. Why, you muſt know, that our King James I. who lov'd good eating, being invited to dinner by one of his nobles, and ſeeing a large loin of beef at his table, he drew out his ſword, and in a frolick he knighted it. Few people know the ſecret of this.

Ld Sparkiſh. Beef is man's meat, my Lord.

Ld Smart. But, my Lord, I ſay, beef is the King of meat.

Miſs. Pray, what have I done, that I muſt not have a plate?

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Anſwerall*] What will your Ladyſhip pleaſe to eat?

Lady Anſw. Pray, Madam, help yourſelf.

Col. They ſay, eating and ſcratching wants but a beginning: if you'll give me leave, I'll help myſelf to a ſlice of this ſhoulder of veal.

Lady Smart. Colonel, you can't do a kinder thing; well, you are all heartily welcome, as I may ſay.

Col. They ſay, there are thirty and two good bits in a ſhoulder of veal.

Lady Smart. Ay, Colonel; thirty bad bits, and two good ones: you ſee I underſtand you; but I hope you have got one of the two good ones.

Neverout Colonel, I'll be of your meſs.

Col. Then pray, Tom, carve for yourſelf: they ſay, two hands in a diſh, and one in a purſe. Hah! ſaid I well, Tom?

Neverout. Colonel, you ſpoke like an oracle.

Miſs. [*to Lady Anſwerall.*] Madam, will your Ladyſhip help me to ſome fiſh?

Ld Smart. [*to Neverout.*] Tom, they ſay fiſh ſhould ſwim thrice.

Neverout How is that, my Lord?

Ld Smart. Why, Tom, firſt it ſhould ſwim in the ſea, (do you mind me?); then it ſhould ſwim in butter; and, at laſt, ſirrah, it ſhould ſwim in good claret. I think I have made it out.

Footman.

Footman. [*to Lord Smart.*] My Lord, Sir John Linger is coming up.

Ld Smart. God ſo! I invited him to dine with me to-day, and forgot it; well, deſire him to walk in.

Sir John Linger *comes in.*

Sir John. What! you are at it? why then, I'll be gone.

Lady Smart. Sir John, I beg you will ſit down; come the more the merrier.

Sir John. Ay; but the fewer the better cheer.

Lady Smart. Well, I'm the worſt in the world at making apologies; it was my Lord's fault. I doubt you muſt kiſs the hare's foot.

Sir *John.* I ſee you are faſt by the teeth.

Col. Faith, Sir John, we are killing that that would kill us.

Ld Sparkiſh. You ſee, Sir John, we are upon a buſineſs of life and death: come, will you do as we do? you are come in pudding-time.

Sir John. Ay; this would be doing if I were dead. What! you keep court-hours I ſee; I'll be going, and get a bit of meat at my inn.

Lady Smart. Why, we won't eat you, Sir John.

Sir John. It is my own fault; but I was kept by a fellow, who bought ſome Derbyſhire oxen of me.

Neverout. You ſee, Sir John, we ſtaid for you as one horſe does for another.

Lady Smart. My Lord, will you help Sir John to ſome beef? Lady Anſwerall, pray eat, you ſee your dinner I am ſure, if we had known we ſhould have ſuch good company, we ſhould have been better provided; but you muſt take the will for the deed. I am afraid you are invited to your loſs.

Col. And pray, Sir John, how do you like the town! you have been abſent a long time?

Sir

Sir John. Why, I find little London ſtands juſt where it did when I left it laſt.

Neverout. What do you think of Hanover-ſquare? Why, Sir John, London is gone out of town ſince you ſaw it.

Lady Smart. Sir John, I can only ſay, you are heartily welcome: and I wiſh I had ſomething better for you.

Col. Here's no ſalt; cuckolds will run away with the meat.

Ld Smart. Pray edge a little, to make more room for Sir John. Sir John, fall to; you know, half an hour is ſoon loſt at dinner.

Sir John. I proteſt I can't eat a bit; for I took ſhare of a beef-ſtake and two mugs of ale with my chapman, beſides a tankard of March-beer, as ſoon as I got out of my bed.

Lady Anſw. Not freſh and faſting, I hope?

Sir John. Yes, faith, Madam; I always waſh my kettle, before I put the meat in it.

Lady Smart. Poh! Sir John, you have ſeen nine houſes ſince you eat laſt; come, you have kept a corner of your ſtomach for a piece of veniſon-paſty.

Sir John. Well, I'll try what I can do when it comes up.

Lady Anſw. Come, Sir John, you may go farther, and fare worſe.

Miſs. [*to Neverout.*] Pray, Mr. Neverout, will will you pleaſe ſend me a piece of tongue?

Neverout. By no means, Madam; one tongue is enough for a woman.

Col. Miſs, here's a tongue that never told a lie.

Miſs. That was, becauſe it could not ſpeak. Why, Colonel, I never told a lie in my life.

Neverout. I appeal to all the company, whether that be not the greateſt lie that ever was told.

Col. [*to Neverout.*] Pry'thee, Tom, ſend me the two

two legs, and rump, and liver of that pigeon; for, you muſt know, I love what no body elſe loves.

Neverout. But what if any of the ladies ſhould long? Well, here take it, and the d——l do you good with it.

Lady Anſw. Well, this eating and drinking takes away a body's ſtomach.

Neverout. I am ſure I have loſt mine.

Miſs. What! the bottom of it, I ſuppoſe.

Neverout. No, really Miſs; I have quite loſt it.

Miſs. I ſhould be very ſorry a poor body had found it.

Lady Smart. But, Sir John, we hear you are married ſince we ſaw you laſt: what! you have ſtolen a wedding, it ſeems.

Sir John. Well; one can't do a fooliſh thing once in one's life, but one muſt hear of it a hundred times.

Col. And pray, Sir John, how does your Lady unknown?

Sir John. My wife's well, Colonel, and at your ſervice in a civil way. Ha, ha. [*He laughs.*

Miſs. Pray, Sir John, is your Lady tall or ſhort?

Sir John. Why, Miſs, I thank God, ſhe is a little evil.

Ld Sparkiſh. Come, give me a glaſs of claret.

Footman fills him a bumper.

Ld Sparkiſh. Why do you fill ſo much?

Neverout. My Lord, he fills as he loves you.

Lady Smart. Miſs, ſhall I ſend you ſome cowcomber?

Miſs. Madam, I dare not touch it; for they ſay, cowcumbers are cold in the third degree.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, do you love pudden?

Neverout. Madam, I'm like all fools, I love every thing that is good; but the proof of the pudden is in the eating.

Col.

Col. Sir John, I hear you are a great walker, when you are at home.

Sir John. No, faith, Colonel; I always love to walk with a horſe in my hand; but I have had deviliſh bad luck in horſe fleſh of late.

Ld Smart. Why then, Sir John, you muſt kiſs a parſon's wife.

Lady Smart. They ſay, Sir John, that your Lady has a great deal of wit.

Sir John. Madam, ſhe can make a pudden; and has juſt wit enough to know her huſband's breeches from another man's.

Ld Smart. My Lord Sparkiſh, I have ſome excellent cyder; will you pleaſe to taſte it.

Ld Sparkiſh. My Lord, I ſhould like it well enough, if it were not ſo treacherous.

Ld Smart. Pray, my Lord, how is it treacherous?

Ld Sparkiſh. Becauſe it ſmiles in my face, and cuts my throat. [*Here a loud laugh.*

Miſs. Odd-ſo, Madam; your knives are very ſharp, for I have cut my finger.

Lady Smart. I am ſorry for it; pray, which finger? (God bleſs the mark).

Miſs. Why, this finger; no, 'tis this: I vow, I can't find which it is.

Neverout. Ay; the fox had a wound, and he could not tell where, *&c.* Bring ſome water to throw in her face.

Miſs. Pray, Mr. Neverout, did you ever draw a ſword in anger? I warrant you would faint at the ſight of your own blood.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, ſhall I ſend you ſome veal?

Neverout. No, Madam; I don't love it.

Miſs. Then pray for them that do. I deſire your Ladyſhip will ſend me a bit.

Ld Smart. Tom, my ſervice to you.

Neverout. My Lord, this moment I did myſelf the honour to drink to your Lordſhip.

Ld Smart.

Ld Smart. Why then, that's Hertfordſhire kindneſs.

Neverout. Faith, my Lord, I pledged myſelf; for I drunk twice together without thinking.

Ld Sparkiſh. Why then, Colonel, my humble ſervice to you,

Neverout. Pray, my Lord, don't make a bridge of my noſe.

Ld Sparkiſh. Well, a glaſs of this wine is as comfortable as matrimony to an old woman.

Col. Sir John, I deſign, one of theſe days, to come and beat up your quarters at Derbyſhire.

Sir John. Faith, Colonel, come, and welcome; and ſtay away, and heartily welcome; but you were born within the ſound of Bow-bell, and don't care to ſtir ſo far from London.

Miſs. Pray, Colonel, ſend me ſome fritters.

Colonel takes them out with his hand.

Col. Here, Miſs; they ſay, fingers were made before forks, and hands before knives.

Lady Smart. Methinks this pudden is too much boil'd.

Lady Anſw. Oh! Madam, they ſay, a pudden is poiſon, when it is too much boil'd.

Neverout. Miſs, ſhall I help you to a pigeon? here's a pigeon ſo finely roaſted, it cries, Come eat me.

Miſs. No, Sir; I thank you.

Neverout. Why then, you may chuſe.

Miſs. I have choſen already.

Neverout. Well, you may be worſe offer'd before you are twice married.

The Colonel fills a large plate of ſoupe.

Ld Smart. Why, Colonel, you don't mean to eat all that ſoupe.

Col. O, my Lord, this is my ſick diſh; when I'm well, I'll have a bigger.

Miſs. [*to Col.*] Sup, Simon; very good broth.

Neverout. This ſeems to be a good pullet.

Miſs. I warrant, Mr. Neverout knows what's good for himſelf.

Ld Sparkiſh. Tom, I ſhan't take your word for it; help me to a wing.

Neverout tries to cut off a wing.

Neverout. Egad, I can't hit the joint.

Ld Sparkiſh. Why then, think of a cuckold.

Neverout. Oh! now I have nick'd it.

[*Gives it to Ld Sparkiſh.*

Ld Sparkiſh. Why, a man may eat this though his wife lay a-dying.

Col. Pray, friend, give me a glaſs of ſmall beer, if it be good.

Ld Smart. Why, Colonel, they ſay there is no ſuch thing as good ſmall beer, good brown bread, or a good old woman.

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Anſw.*] Madam, I beg your Ladyſhip's pardon; I did not ſee you when I was cutting that bit.

Lady Anſw. Oh! Madam; after you is good manners.

Lady Smart. Lord! here's a hair in the ſauce.

Ld Sparkiſh. Then ſet the hounds after it.

Neverout. Pray, Colonel, help me however to ſome of that ſame ſauce.

Col. Come; I think you are more ſauce than pig.

Ld Smart. Sir John, cheer up; my ſervice to you Well, what do you think of the world to come?

Sir John. Truly my Lord, I think of it as little as I can.

Lady Smart. [*putting a ſkewer on a plate.*] Here,

take this ſkewer, and carry it down to the cook to dreſs it for her own dinner.

Neverout. I beg your Ladyſhip's pardon; but this ſmall beer is dead.

Lady Smart. Why then, let it be bury'd.

Col. This is admirable black pudden: Miſs, ſhall I carve you ſome? I can juſt carve pudden, and that's all: I am the worſt carver in the world; I ſhould never make a good chaplain.

Miſs No, thank ye, Colonel; for they ſay, thoſe that eat black pudden will dream of the devil.

Ld Smart. O, here comes the veniſon-paſty: here, take the ſoupe away.

[*He cuts it up, and taſtes the veniſon.*]

'Sbuds, this veniſon is muſty.

Neverout eats a piece, and it burns his mouth.

Ld Smart. What's the matter, Tom? you have tears in your eyes, I think: what doſt cry for, man?

Neverout. My Lord, I was juſt thinking of my poor grandmother; ſhe died juſt this very day ſeven years.

Miſs takes a bit, and burns her mouth.

Neverout. And pray, Miſs, why do you cry too?

Miſs. Becauſe you were not hang'd the day your grandmother died.

Ld Smart. I'd have given forty pounds, Miſs, to have ſaid that.

Col. Egad, I think the more I eat the hungrier I am.

Ld Sparkiſh. Why, Colonel, they ſay one ſhoulder of mutton drives down another.

Neverout. Egad, if I were to faſt for my life, I would take a good breakfaſt in the morning, a good dinner at noon, and a good ſupper at night.

Ld

Ld Sparkiſh. My Lord, this veniſon is plaguily pepper'd; your cook has a heavy hand.

Ld Smart. My Lord, I hope you are pepper-proof: come, here's a health to the founders.

Lady Smart. Ay; and to the confounders too.

Ld Smart. Lady Anſwerall, does not your Lady-ſhip love veniſon?

Lady Anſw. No, my Lord, I can't endure it in my ſight; therefore pleaſe to ſend me a good piece of meat and cruſt

Ld Sparkiſh. [*drinks to Neverout.*] Come, Tom; not always to my friends, but once to you.

Neverout. [*drinks to Lady Smart.*] Come, Madam; here's a health to our friends, and hang the reſt of our kin.

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Anſw.*] Madam, will your Ladyſhip have any of this hare?

Lady Anſw. No, Madam; they ſay 'tis melancholy meat.

Lady Smart. Then, Madam, ſhall I ſend you the brains? I beg your Ladyſhip's pardon; for they ſay 'tis not good manners to offer brains.

Lady Anſw. No, Madam; for perhaps it will make me hair-brain'd.

Neverout. Miſs, I muſt tell you one thing.

Miſs. [*with a glaſs in her hand.*] Hold your tongue, Mr. Neverout; don't ſpeak in my tip.

Col. Well, he was an ingenious man that firſt found out eating and drinking.

Ld Sparkiſh. Of all vittles drink digeſts the quickeſt: give me a glaſs of wine.

Neverout. My Lord, your wine is too ſtrong.

Lady Smart. Ay, Tom; as much as you are too good.

Miſs. This almond pudden was pure good; but it is grown quite cold.

Neverout. So much the better, Miſs; cold pudden will ſettle your love.

Miſs. Pray, Mr. Neverout, are you going to take a voyage?

Neverout. Why do you aſk, Miſs?

Miſs. Becauſe you have laid in ſo much beef.

Sir John. You two have eat up the whole pudden betwixt you.

Miſs. Sir John, here's a little bit left; will you pleaſe to have it?

Sir John. No, thankee; I don't love to make a fool of my mouth.

Col. [*calling to the butler.*] John, is your ſmall beer good?

Butler. An pleaſe your honour, my Lord and Lady like it; I think it is good.

Col. Why then, John, d'ye ſee? if you are ſure your ſmall beer is good, d'ye mark; then give me a glaſs of wine [*All laugh.*

Colonel taſting the wine.

Ld Smart. Sir John, how does your neighbour Gatherall of the Peak? I hear he has lately made a purchaſe.

Sir John. Oh, Dick Gatherall knows how to butter his bread as well as any man in Derbyſhire.

Ld Smart. Why, he us'd to go very fine when he was here in town.

Sir John Ay; and it became him, as a ſaddle becomes a ſow.

Col. I know his lady, and I think ſhe is a very good woman.

Sir John. Faith, ſhe has more goodneſs in her little finger than he has in his whole body.

Ld Smart. Well, Colonel, how do you like that wine?

Col. This wine ſhould be eaten; it is too good to be drunk.

Ld Smart. I'm very glad you like it; and pray don't ſpare it.

Col. No, my Lord; I'll never ſtarve in a cook's ſhop.

Ld

Ld Smart. And pray, Sir John, what do you say to my wine?

Sir John. I'll take another glass first: second thoughts are best.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, Lady Smart, you sit near that ham; will you please to send me a bit?

Lady Smart. With all my heart. [*She sends him a piece.*] Pray, my Lord, how do you like it?

Ld Sparkish. I think it is a limb of Lot's wife. [*He eats it with mustard*] Egad, my Lord, your mustard is very uncivil.

Lady Smart. Why uncivil, my Lord?

Ld Sparkish. Because it takes me by the nose, egad.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, I find you are a very good carver.

Col. O Madam, that is no wonder; for you must know Tom Neverout carves o' Sundays.

Neverout overturns the salt-cellar.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, you have overturn'd the salt, and that's a sign of anger: I'm afraid Miss and you will fall out.

Lady Answ. No, no; throw a little of it into the fire, and all will be well.

Neverout. Oh, Madam, the falling out of lovers, you know.

Miss. Lovers! very fine! fall out with him! I wonder when we were in.

Sir John. For my part, I believe the young gentlewoman is his sweetheart, there's so much fooling and fidling betwixt them. I'm sure they say in our country, that fhiddle come-fh—'s the beginning of love.

Miss. I own I love Mr. Neverout as the devil loves holy water: I love him like pye, I'd rather the devil had him than I.

Neverout. Miss, I'll tell you one thing.

Miſs. Come, here', t'ye to ſtop your mouth.

Neverout. I'd rather you would ſtop it with a kiſs.

Miſs. A kiſs! marry come up, my dirty couſin; are you no ſicker? Lord! I wonder what fool it was that firſt invented kiſſing!

Neverout. Well, I'm very dry.

Miſs. Then you're the better to burn, and the worſe to fry.

Lady Anſw. God bleſs you, Colonel; you have a good ſtroke with you.

Col. O Madam, formerly I could eat all, but now I leave nothing: I eat but one meal a-day.

Miſs. What! I ſuppoſe, Colonel, that is from morning till night.

Neverout. Faith, Miſs; and well was his wont.

Ld Smart. Pray, Lady Anſwerall, taſte this bit of veniſon

Lady Anſw. I hope your Lordſhip will ſet me a good example.

Ld Smart. Here's a glaſs of cyder fill'd: Miſs, you muſt drink it.

Miſs. Indeed, my Lord, I can't.

Neverout. Come, Miſs; better belly burſt, than good liquor be loſt.

Miſs. Piſh! well, in life there was never any thing ſo teaſing; I had rather ſhed it in my ſhoes. I wiſh it were in your guts for my ſhare.

Ld Smart. Mr. Neverout, you ha'n't taſted my cyder yet.

Neverout. No, my Lord; I have been juſt eating ſoupe; and they ſay, if one drink with one's porridge, one will cough in one's grave.

Ld Smart. Come, take Miſs's glaſs, ſhe wiſh'd it was in your guts; let her have her wiſh for once: ladies can't abide to have their inclinations croſs'd.

Lady Smart. [*to Sir John.*] I think, Sir John, you have not taſted the veniſon yet.

Sir

Sir John. I ſeldom eat it, Madam; however, pleaſe to ſend me a little of the cruſt.

Ld Sparkiſh. Why, Sir John, you had as good eat the devil, as the broth he is boil'd in.

Col. Well, this eating and drinking takes away a body's ſtomach, as Lady Anſwerall ſays.

Neverout. I have dined as well as my Lord Mayor.

Miſs. I thought I could have eaten this wing of a chicken; but my eye's bigger than my belly.

Ld Smart. Indeed, Lady Anſwerall, you have eaten nothing.

Lady Anſw. Pray, my Lord, ſee all the bones on my plate: they ſay, a carpenter's known by his chips.

Neverout. Miſs, will you reach me that glaſs of jelly?

Miſs. [*giving it to him.*] You ſee, 'tis but aſk and have.

Neverout. Miſs, I would have a bigger glaſs.

Miſs. What? you don't know your own mind; you are neither well, full, nor faſting; I think that is enough.

Neverout. Ay, one of the enoughs; I am ſure it is little enough.

Miſs. Yes; but you know ſweet things are bad for the teeth.

Neverout. [*to Lady Anſw.*] Madam, I don't like that part of the veal you ſent me.

Lady Anſw. Well, Mr. Neverout, I find you are a true Engliſhman; you never know when you are well.

Col. Well, I have made my whole dinner of beef.

Lady Anſw. Why, Colonel, a bellyfull's a bellyfull, if it be but of wheat ſtraw.

Col. Well, after all, kitchen-phyſic is the beſt phyſic.

Lady Smart. And the beſt doctors in the world are

are Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet, and Doctor Merryman.

Ld Sparkish. What do you think of a little house well fill'd.

Sir John. And a little land well till'd?

Col. Ay; and a little wife well will'd.

Neverout. My Lady Smart, pray help me to some of the breast of that goose.

Ld Smart. Tom, I have heard that goose upon goose is false heraldry.

Miss. What! will you never have done stuffing?

Ld Smart. This goose is quite raw: well, God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks.

Neverout. Miss, can you tell which is the gander, the white goose or the grey goose?

Miss. They say, a fool will ask more questions than the wisest body can answer.

Col. Indeed, Miss, Tom Neverout has posed you.

Miss. Why, Colonel, every dog has his day; but I believe I shall never see a goose again without thinking on Mr. Neverout.

Ld Smart. Well said, Miss; faith, girl, thou hast brought thyself off cleverly. Tom, what say you to that?

Col. Faith, Tom is nonplus'd; he looks plaguily down in the mouth.

Miss. Why, my Lord, you see he is the provokingest creature in life; I believe there is not such another in the varsal word.

Lady Answ. Oh, Miss! the world's a wide place.

Neverout. Well, Miss, I'll give you leave to call me any thing, if you don't call me spade.

Ld Smart. Well, but after all, Tom, can you tell me what's Latin for a goose?

Neverout. O my Lord, I know that; why, *brandy* is Latin for a goose, and *tace* is Latin for a candle.

Miss. Is that manners, to shew your learning before ladies? Methinks you are grown very brisk of a sudden; I think the man's glad he's alive.

Sir

Sir John. The devil take your wit, if this be wit; for it ſpoils company. Pray, Mr. Butler, bring me a dram after my gooſe; 'tis very good for the wholeſomes.

Ld Smart. Come, bring me the loaf; I ſometimes love to cut my own bread.

Miſs. I ſuppoſe, my Lord, you lay longeſt a-bed to-day.

Ld Smart. Miſs, if I had ſaid ſo, I ſhould have told a fib; I warrant you lay a-bed till the cows came home; but, Miſs, ſhall I cut you a little cruſt now my hand is in?

Miſs. If you pleaſe, my Lord, a bit of under-cruſt.

Neverout. [*whiſpering Miſs.*] I find you love to lie under.

Miſs. [*aloud, puſhing him from her.*] What does the man mean! Sir, I don't underſtand you at all*.

Neverout. Come, all quarrels laid aſide: here, Miſs, may you live a thouſand years.

[*He drinks to her.*

Miſs. Pray, Sir, don't ſtint me.

Ld Smart. Sir John, will you taſte my October? I think it is very good; but I believe not equal to yours in Derbyſhire.

Sir John. My Lord, I beg your pardon; but they ſay, the devil made aſkers.

Lord Smart. [*to the Butler.*] Here bring up the great tankard full of October for Sir John.

Col. [*drinking to Miſs.*] Miſs, your health; may you live all the days of your life.

Lady Anſw. Well, Miſs, you'll certainly be ſoon married; here's two batchelors drinking to you at once.

Lady Smart. Indeed, Miſs, I believe you were wrapt in your mother's ſmock, you are ſo well belov'd.

* Miſs diſcovers her underſtanding by the manner in which ſhe denies it; an inconſiſtancy ſo common, that it deſerves a note.

Miſs.

Miſs. Where's my knife? ſure I han't eaten it: Oh, here it is.

Sir John. No, Miſs; but your maidenhead hangs in your light.

Miſs. Pray, Sir John, is that a Derbyſhire compliment? Here, Mr. Neverout, will you take this piece of rabbit that you bid me carve for you?

Neverout. I don't know.

Miſs. Why take it, or let it alone.

Neverout. I will

Miſs. What will you?

Neverout. Why, I'll take it, or let it alone.

Miſs. You are a provoking creature.

Sir John. [*talking with a glaſs of wine in his hand.*] I remember a farmer in our country ——

Ld Smart. [*interrupting him.*] Pray, Sir John, did you ever hear of parſon Palmer?

Sir John. No, my Lord; what of him?

Ld Smart. Why he uſed to preach over his liquor.

Sir John. I beg your Lordſhip's pardon; here's your Lordſhip's health: I'll drink it up if it were a mile to the bottom.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, have you been at the new play?

Neverout. Yes, Madam, I went the firſt night.

Lady Smart. Well, and how did it take?

Neverout. Why, Madam, the poet is damn'd.

Sir John. God forgive you! that's very uncharitable: you ought not to judge ſo raſhly of any Chriſtian.

Neverout. [*whiſpers Lady Smart.*] Was ever ſuch a dunce? How well he knows the town! See how he ſtares like a ſtuck-pig! Well, but, Sir John, are you acquainted with any of our fine ladies yet? any of our famous toaſts!

Sir John. No; damn your fireſhips, I have a wife of my own.

Lady

Lady Smart. Pray, my Lady Anſwerall, how do you like theſe preſerv'd oranges?

Lady Anſw. Indeed, Madam, the only fault I find is, that they are too good.

Lady Smart. O Madam; I have heard 'em ſay, that too good is ſtark naught.

Miſs drinking part of a glaſs of wine.

Neverout. Pray, let me drink your ſnuff.

Miſs. No, indeed, you ſhan't drink after me; for you'll know my thoughts.

Neverout. I know them already; you are thinking of a good huſband. Beſides, I can tell your meaning by your mumping.

Lady Smart. Pray, my Lord, did not you order the butler to brink up a tankard of our October to Sir John? I believe they ſtay to brew it.

The Butler brings up the tankard to Sir John.

Sir John. Won't your Lordſhip pleaſe to drink firſt?

Ld Smart. No, Sir John, 'tis in a very good hand; I'll pledge you.

Col. [*to Lord Smart.*] My Lord, I love October as well as Sir John; and hope you won't make fiſh of one, and fleſh of another.

Ld Smart. Colonel, you're heartily welcome. Come, Sir John, take it by word of mouth, and then give it the Colonel.

Sir John *drinks.*

Ld Smart. Well, Sir John, how do you like it:

Sir John. Not as well as my own Derbyſhire; 'tis plaguy ſmall.

Lady Smart. I never taſte malt-liquor; but they ſay 'tis well hopt.

Sir John. Hopt! why, if it had hopt a little further, it would have hopp'd into the river. O, my Lord,

Lord, my ale is meat, drink, and cloth; it will make a cat ſpeak, and a wiſe man dumb.

Lady Smart. I was told, ours was very ſtrong.

Sir John. Ay, Madam, ſtrong of the water; I believe the brewer forgot the malt, or the river was too near him. Faith, it is mere whip belly vengeance; he that drinks moſt has the worſt ſhare.

Col. I believe, Sir John, ale is as plenty as water at your houſe.

Sir John. Why, faith, at Chriſtmas we have many comers and goers; and they muſt not be ſent away without a cup of Chriſtmas ale, for fear they ſhould p—s behind the door.

Lady Smart. I hear Sir John has the niceſt garden in England; they ſay, 'tis kept ſo clean, that you can't find a place where to ſpit.

Sir John. O Madam; you are pleas'd to ſay ſo.

Lady Smart. But, Sir John, your ale is terrible ſtrong and heady in Derbyſhire, and will ſoon make one drunk and ſick; what do you then?

Sir John. Why, indeed, it is apt to fox one; but our way is, to take a hare of the ſame dog next morning. I take a new-laid egg for breakfaſt; and faith, one ſhould drink as much after an egg as after an ox.

Ld Smart. Tom Neverout, will you taſte a glaſs of October?

Neverout. No, faith, my Lord; I like your wine, and I won't put a churl upon a gentleman; your honour's claret is good enough for me.

Lady Smart. What! is this pigeon left for manners? Colonel, ſhall I ſend you the legs and rump?

Col. Madam, I could not eat a bit more, if the houſe was full.

Ld Smart. [*carving a partridge.*] Well; one may ride to Rumford upon this knife, it is ſo blunt.

Lady Anſw. My Lord, I beg your pardon; but they ſay, an ill workman never had good tools.

Ld Smart. Will your Lordſhip have a wing of it?

Ld Sparkiſh. No, my Lord; I love the wing of an ox a great deal better.

Ld Smart. I'm always cold after eating.

Col. My Lord, they ſay, that's a ſign of long life.

Ld Smart. Ay; I believe I ſhall live till all my friends are weary of me.

Col. Pray, does any body here hate cheeſe? I would be glad of a bit.

Ld Smart. An odd kind of fellow dined with me t'other day; and when the cheeſe came upon the table, he pretended to faint; ſo ſomebody ſaid, Pray take away the cheeſe: No, ſaid I, pray, take away the fool: ſaid I well?

Here a loud and large laugh.

Col. Faith, my Lord, you ſerv'd the coxcomb right enough; and therefore I wiſh we had a bit of your Lordſhip's Oxfordſhire cheeſe.

Ld Smart. Come, hang ſaving; bring us up a half-p'orth of cheeſe.

Lady Anſw. They ſay, cheeſe digeſts every thing but itſelf.

A footman brings a great whole cheeſe.

Ld Sparkiſh. Ay; this would look handſome, if any body ſhould come in.

Sir John. Well; I'm weily broſten, as they ſayn in Lancaſhire.

Lady Smart. O! Sir John; I wou'd I had ſomething to broſt you withal.

Ld Smart. Come, they ſay, 'tis merry in the hall when beards wag all.

Lady Smart. Miſs, ſhall I help you to ſome cheeſe, or will you carve for yourſelf?

Neverout. I'll hold fifty pounds, Miſs won't cut the cheeſe.

Miſs. Pray, why ſo, Mr. Neverout?

Neverout. Oh, there is a reaſon, and you know it well enough.

Miſs. I can't for my life underſtand what the gentleman means.

Ld Smart. Pray, Tom, change the diſcourſe: in troth you are too bad.

Col. [*whiſpers Neverout*] Smoke Miſs; faith, you have made her fret like gum taffety.

Lady Smart. Well, but, Miſs, (hold your tongue, Mr. Neverout), ſhall I cut you a piece of cheeſe?

Miſs. No really, Madam: I have dined this half hour.

Lady Smart. What! quick at meat, quick at work, they ſay.

Sir John nods.

Ld Smart. What! are you ſleepy, Sir John? do you ſleep after dinner?

Sir John, Yes, faith; I ſometimes take a nap after my pipe *; for when the belly is full, the bones would be at reſt.

Lady Smart. Come, Colonel; help yourſelf, and your friends will love you the better. [*to Lady Anſw.*] Madam, your Ladyſhip eats nothing.

Lady Anſw. Lord, Madam, I have fed like a farmer; I ſhall grow as fat as a porpoiſe; I ſwear my jaws are weary of chewing.

Col. I have a mind to eat a piece of that ſturgeon, but fear it will make me ſick.

* It may be obſerved in this paſſage, and many others, that the author gave himſelf no trouble to render the drama of this piece perfect. Sir John is here ſuppoſed to have ſmoked, and the Lady is immediately afterwards preſſed to eat. His principal view was to ſtring all the phraſes that are uttered by rote one upon another, without the aſſiſtance of any other language to introduce or correct them. The drama therefore muſt be regarded merely as a vehicle: and whoever conſiders the difficulty of that which is effected, will ſcarce be ſo unreaſonable as to cenſure the writer for not effecting more.

Neverout

Neverout. A rare ſoldier indeed! let it alone, and I warrant it won't hurt you.

Col. Well; it wou'd vex a dog to ſee a pudden creep.

Sir John riſes.

Ld Smart. Sir John, what are you doing?

Sir John. Swoiks, I muſt be going, by'r Lady; I have earneſt buſineſs; I muſt do as the beggars do, go away when I have got enough.

Ld Smart. Well; but ſtay till this bottle's out; you know, the man was hang'd that left his liquor behind him; and beſides, a cup in the pate is a mile in the gate; and a ſpur in the head is worth two in the heel.

Sir John. Come then; one brimmer to all your healths. [*The footman gives him a glaſs half full.*] Pray, friend, what was the reſt of this glaſs made for? an inch of the top, friend, is worth two at the bottom. [*He gets a brimmer and drinks it off.*] Well, there's no deceit in a brimmer, and there's no falſe Latin in this; your wine is excellent good; ſo I thank you for the next, for I am ſure of this. Madam, has your Ladyſhip any commands in Derbyſhire? I muſt go fifteen miles to-night.

Lady Smart. None, Sir John, but to take care of yourſelf; and my moſt humble ſervice to your lady unknown.

Sir John. Well, Madam, I can but love and thank you.

Lady Smart. Here, bring water to waſh; though really, you have all eaten ſo little, that you have not need to waſh your mouths

Ld Smart. But, pr'ythee, Sir John ſtay a while longer.

Sir John. No, my Lord; I am to ſmoke a pipe with a friend before I leave the town.

Col. Why, Sir John, had not you better ſet out to-morrow?

Sir John. Colonel, you forgot to-morrow is Sunday.

Col. Now, I always love to begin a journey on Sundays, becauſe I ſhall have the prayers of the church, to preſerve all that travel by land, or by water.

Sir John. Well, Colonel; thou art a mad fellow to make a prieſt of.

Neverout. Fie, Sir John, do you take tobacco? How can you make a chimney of your mouth?

Sir John [*to Neverout.*] What! you don't ſmoke; I warrant you, but you ſmock. (Ladies, I beg your pardon). Colonel, do you never ſmoke?

Col. No, Sir John; but I take a pipe ſometimes.

Sir John. I faith, one of your finical London blades dined with me laſt year in Derbyſhire: ſo, after dinner, I took a pipe; ſo, my gentleman turn'd away his head: ſo, ſaid I, What, Sir, do you never ſmoke? So he anſwered as you do, Colonel, No, but I ſometimes take a pipe: ſo he took a pipe in his hand, and fiddled with it till he broke it: ſo, ſaid I, Pray, Sir, can you make a pipe? So, he ſaid, No: ſo, ſaid I, Why then, Sir, if you can't make a pipe, you ſhould not break a pipe: ſo we all laugh'd.

Ld Smart Well: but, Sir John, they ſay, that the corruption of pipes is the generation of ſtoppers.

Sir John. Colonel, I hear you go ſometimes to Derbyſhire; I wiſh you would come and foul a plate with me.

Col. I hope you will give me a ſoldier's bottle.

Sir John. Come, and try. Mr. Neverout, you are a town-wit; you can tell me what kind of herb is tobacco?

Neverout. Why, an Indian herb, Sir John.

Sir John. No, 'tis a pot-herb; and ſo here's t'ye in a pot of my Lord's October.

Lady

Lady Smart. I hear, Sir John, ſince you are married, you have foreſwore the town

Sir John. No, Madam; I never foreſwore any thing but the building of churches.

Lady Smart. Well; but, Sir John, when may we hope to ſee you again in London?

Sir John. Why, Madam, not till the ducks have eat up the dirt, as the children ſay.

Nevercut. Come, Sir John: I foreſee it will rain terribly.

Ld Smart. Come, Sir John, do nothing raſhly; let us drink firſt.

Ld Sparkiſh. I know Sir John will go, though he was ſure it would rain cats and dogs: but, pray, ſtay, Sir John; you'll be time enough to go to bed by candle-light.

Lady Smart. Why, Sir John, if you muſt needs go; while you ſtay, make uſe of your time: here's my ſervice to you, a health to our friends in Derbyſhire: come, ſit down; let us put off the evil hour as long as we can.

Sir John. Faith, I could not drink a drop more, if the houſe was full.

Col. Why, Sir John, you uſed to love a glaſs of good wine in former times.

Sir John. Why, ſo I do ſtill, Colonel; but a man may love his houſe very well, without riding on the ridge; beſides, I muſt be with my wife on Tueſday, or there will be the devil and all to pay.

Col. Well, if you go to-day, I wiſh you may be wet to the ſkin.

Sir John. Ay, but they ſay the prayers of the wicked won't prevail.

Sir John takes leave and goes away.

Ld Smart. Well, Miſs, how do you like Sir John!

Miſs. Why, I think, he's a little upon the ſilly,

or ſo: I believe he has not all the wit in the world: but I don't pretend to be judge.

Neverout Faith, I believe, he was bred at Hog's Norton, where the pigs play upon the organs.

Ld Sparkiſh. Why, Tom, I thought you and he were hand and glove.

Neverout Faith, he ſhall have a clean threſhold for me; I never darkened his door in my life, neither in town or country; but he's a queer old duke, by my conſcience; and yet, after all, I take him to be no more knave than fool.

Lady Smart. Well, come a man's a man, if he has but a noſe on his face.

Col. I was once with him and ſome other company over a bottle; and, egad, he fell aſleep, and ſnor'd ſo hard, that we thought he was driving his hogs to market.

Neverout. Why, what, you can have no more of a cat than her ſkin; you can't make a ſilk purſe out of a ſow's ear.

Ld Sparkiſh. Well; ſince he's gone, the devil go with him and ſixpence; and there's money and company too.

Neverout. Faith, he's a true country-put. Pray, Miſs, let me aſk you a queſtion.

Miſs. Well; but don't aſk queſtions with a dirty face. I warrant what you have to ſay will keep cold.

Col. Come, my Lord, againſt you are diſpoſed; here's to all that love and honour you.

Ld Sparkiſh. Ay, that was always Dick Nimble's health. I'm ſure you know he's dead.

Col. Dead! well, my Lord, you love to be a meſſenger of ill news: I'm heartily ſorry: but, my Lord, we muſt all die.

Neverout. I knew him very well; but pray, how came he to die?

Miſs. There's a queſtion! you talk like a poticary: why, becauſe he could live no longer.

Neverout

Neverout. Well; reſt his ſoul; we muſt live by the living, and not by the dead.

Ld Sparkiſh. You know, his houſe was burnt down to the ground.

Col. Yes; it was in the news. Why, fire and water are good ſervants, but they are very bad maſters.

Lady Smart. Here, take away, and ſet down a bottle of Burgundy. Ladies, you'll ſtay and drink a glaſs of wine before you go to your tea.

All taken away, and the wine ſet down.

Miſs gives Neverout a ſmart pinch.

Neverout. Lord, Miſs, what d'ye mean? D'ye think I have no feeling?

Miſs. I'm forc'd to pinch; for the times are hard.

Neverout. [*giving Miſs a pinch.*] Take that, Miſs; what's ſauce for a gooſe, is ſauce for a gander.

Miſs. [*ſcreaming*] Well, Mr. Neverout, if I live, that ſhall neither go to heaven nor hell with you.

Neverout. [*takes Miſs by the hand.*] Come, Miſs, let us lay all quarrels aſide, and be friends.

Miſs. Don't be ſo teaſing: you plague a body ſo! can't you keep your filthy hands to yourſelf?

Neverout. Pray, Miſs, where did you get that pick-tooth caſe?

Miſs. I came honeſtly by't.

Neverout. I'm ſure it was mine, for I loſt juſt ſuch a one; nay, I don't tell you a lie.

Miſs. No; if you lie, it is much.

Neverout. Well; I'm ſure 'tis mine.

Miſs. What! you think every thing is yours, but a little the King has.

Neverout.

Neverout. Colonel, you have ſeen my fine pick-tooth caſe; don't you think this is the very ſame?

Col. Indeed, Miſs, it is very like it.

Miſs. Ay; what he ſays, you'll ſwear.

Neverout. Well; but I'll prove it to be mine.

Miſs. Ay; do if you can.

Neverout. Why, what's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own.

Miſs. Well, run on till you're weary; no body holds you.

Neverout gapes.

Col. What, Mr. Neverout, do you gape for preferment?

Neverout. Faith, I may gape long enough before it falls into my mouth.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, my Lord and I intend to beat up your quarters one of theſe days; I hear you live high.

Neverout, Yes, faith, Madam; I live high, and lodge in a garret.

Col. But, Miſs, I forgot to tell you, that Mr. Neverout got the deviliſheſt fall in the park to-day.

Miſs. I hope he did not hurt the ground: but how was it, Mr. Neverout? I wiſh I had been there to laugh.

Neverout. Why, Madam, it was a place where a cuckold had been buried, and one of his horns ſticking out, I happened to ſtumble againſt it; that was all.

Lady Smart. Ladies, let us leave the gentlemen to themſelves; I think it is time to go to our tea.

Lady Anſw. and Miſs. My Lords and gentlemen, your moſt humble ſervant.

Ld Smart. Well, Ladies, we'll wait on you an hour hence.

The gentlemen alone.

Ld Smart. Come, John, bring us a freſh bottle.

Col. Ay, my Lord; and pray, let him carry off the dead men, as we ſay in the army.

[*Meaning the empty bottles.*

Ld Sparkiſh. Mr. Neverout, pray is not that bottle full?

Neverout. Yes, my Lord, full of emptineſs.

Ld Smart. And d'ye hear, John, bring clean glaſſes.

Col. I'll keep mine; for I think, the wine is the beſt liquor to waſh glaſſes in.

DIALOGUE III.

The Ladies at their tea.

Lady Smart WELL, Ladies; now let us have a cup of diſcourſe to ourſelves.

Lady Anſw. What do you think of your friend Sir John Spendall?

Lady Smart. Why, Madam. 'tis happy for him that his father was born before him.

Miſs. They ſay, he makes a very ill huſband to my Lady.

Lady Anſw. But he muſt be allowed to be the fondeſt father in the world.

Lady Smart. Ay, Madam. that's true; for they ſay, the devil is kind to his own.

Miſs. I am told. my Lady manages him to admiration.

Lady Smart. That I believe; for ſhe's as cunning as a dead pig, but not half ſo honeſt.

Lady.

Lady Anſw. They ſay, ſhe's quite a ſtranger to all his gallantries.

Lady Smart. Not at all; but you know, there's none ſo blind as they that won't ſee.

Miſs. O Madam, I am told ſhe watches him as a cat would watch a mouſe

Lady Anſw. Well, if ſhe be'nt foully belied, ſhe pays him in his own coin.

Lady Smart. Madam, I fancy I know your thoughts as well as if I were within you.

Lady Anſw. Madam, I was t'other day in company with Mrs. Clatter; I find ſhe gives herſelf airs of being acquainted with your Ladyſhip.

Miſs Oh, the hideous creature! did you obſerve her nails? they were long enough to ſcratch her grannum out of her grave.

Lady Smart. Well, ſhe and Tom Goſling were banging compliments backwards and forwards; it look'd like two aſſes ſcrubbing one another.

Miſs. Ay, claw me, and I'll claw you; but, pray, Madam, who were the company?

Lady Smart. Why, there was all the world, and his wife; there was Mrs. Clatter. Lady Singular, the Counteſs of Talkham, (I ſhould have named her firſt), Tom Goſling, and ſome others, whom I have forgot.

Lady Anſw I think the Counteſs is very ſickly.

Lady Smart. Yes, Madam, ſhe'll never ſcratch a grey head, I promiſe her.

Miſs. And, pray, what was your converſation?

Lady Smart. Why. Mrs. Clatter had all the talk to herſelf, and was perpetually complaining of her misfortunes.

Lady Anſw. She brought her huſband ten thouſand pounds; ſhe has a town-houſe and a country-houſe: would the woman have her a—— hung with points?

Lady Smart. She would fain be at the top of the houſe before the ſtairs are built,

Miſs.

Miſs. Well, compariſons are odious; but ſhe's as like her huſband as if ſhe were ſpit out of his mouth; as like as one egg is to another: pray, how was ſhe dreſt?

Lady Smart. Why, ſhe was as fine as fi'pence; but, truly, I thought there was more coſt than worſhip.

Lady Anſw. I don't know her huſband; pray, what is he?

Lady Smart. Why, he's a counſellor of the law; you muſt know he came to us as drunk as David's ſow.

Miſs. What kind of creature is he?

Lady Smart. You muſt know, the man and his wife are coupled like rabits, a fat and a lean; he's as fat as a porpus, and ſhe's one of Pharaoh's lean kine. The ladies and Tom Goſling were propoſing a party at quadrille; but he refus'd to make one. Damn your cards, ſaid he, they are the devil's books.

Lady Anſw. A dull, unmannerly brute! Well, God ſend him more wit, and me more money.

Miſs. Lord! Madam, I would not keep ſuch company for the world.

Lady Smart. O Miſs, 'tis nothing when you are uſed to it; beſides, you know, for want of company, welcome trumpery.

Miſs. Did your Ladyſhip play?

Lady Smart. Yes, and won; ſo I came off with fidler's fare, meat, drink, and money.

Lady Anſw. Ay; what ſays Pluck?

Miſs. Well, my elbow itches; I ſhall change bedfellows.

Lady Smart. And my right hand itches; I ſhall receive money.

Lady Anſw. And my right eye itches; I ſhall cry.

Lady Smart. Miſs, I hear your friend, Miſtreſs Giddy

Giddy, has discarded Dick Shuttle: pray, has she got another lover?

Miss. I hear of none.

Lady Smart. Why, the fellow's rich; and I think she was a fool to throw out her dirty water before she got clean.

Lady Answ. Miss, that's a very handsome gown of yours, and finely made; very genteel.

Miss. I am glad your Ladyship likes it.

Lady Answ. Your lover will be in raptures; it becomes you admirably.

Miss. Ay; I assure you I won't take it as I have done; if this won't fetch him, the devil fetch him, say I.

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Answ.*] Pray, Madam, when did you see Sir Peter Muckworm?

Lady Answ. Not this fortnight; I hear he's laid up with the gout.

Lady Smart. What does he do for it?

Lady Answ. I hear he's weary of doctoring it, and now makes use of nothing but patience and flannel.

Miss. Pray how does he and my Lady agree?

Lady Answ. You know he loves her as the devil loves holy water.

Miss. They say she plays deep with sharpers, that cheat her of her money.

Lady Answ. Upon my word they must rise early that would cheat her of her money; Sharp's the word with her; diamonds cut diamonds.

Miss. Well, but I was assur'd from a good hand that she lost at one sitting to the tune of a hundred guineas: make money of that.

Lady Smart. Well, but do you hear that Mrs. Plump is brought to bed at last?

Miss. And pray, what has God sent her?

Lady Smart. Why, guess if you can.

Miss. A boy, I suppose.

Lady Smart. No, you are out; guess again.

Miſs. A girl, then.

Lady Smart. You have hit it; I believe you are a witch.

Miſs. O Madam, the gentlemen ſay all fine ladies are witches; but I pretend to no ſuch thing.

Lady Anſw. Well, ſhe had good luck to draw Tom Plump into wedlock; ſhe ris' with her a—— upwards.

Miſs. Fie, Madam, what do you mean?

Lady Smart O Miſs, 'tis nothing what we ſay among ourſelves.

Miſs. Ay, Madam; but they ſay hedges have eyes, and walls have ears.

Lady Anſw. Well, Miſs, I can't help it; you know I'm old tell-truth; I love to call a ſpade a ſpade.

Lady Smart. [*miſtakes the tea-tongs for the ſpoon.*] What! I think my wits are a wool-gathering today.

Miſs. Why, Madam, there was but a right and a wrong.

Lady Smart. Miſs, I hear that you and Lady Coupler are as great as cup and can.

Lady Anſw. Ay, Miſs, as great as the devil and the Earl of Kent.

Lady Smart. Nay, I am told you meet together with as much love as there is between the old cow and the hay-ſtack.

Miſs. I own I love her very well; but there's difference betwixt ſtaring and ſtark mad.

Lady Smart. They ſay ſhe begins to grow fat.

Miſs. Fat! ay, fat as a hen in the forehead.

Lady Smart. Indeed, Lady Anſwerall, (pray forgive me), I think your Ladyſhip looks thinner than when I ſaw you laſt.

Miſs. Indeed, Madam, I think not; but your Ladyſhip is one of Job's comforters.

Lady Anſw. Well, no matter how I look; I am bought and ſold; but really, Miſs, you are ſo very

obliging, that I wiſh I were a handſome young lord for your ſake.

Miſs. O Madam, your love's a million.

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Anſw.*] Madam, will your Ladyſhip let me wait on you to the play to-morrow.

Lady Anſw. Madam, it becomes me to wait on your Ladyſhip.

Miſs. What, then, I'm turn'd out for a wrangler.

The gentlemen come in to the ladies to drink tea.

Miſs. Mr. Neverout, we wanted you ſadly; you are always out of the way when you ſhou'd be hang'd.

Neverout. You wanted me! pray, Miſs, how do you look when you lie.

Miſs. Better than you when you cry Manners indeed! I find you look like ſour ale in ſummer.

Neverout. I beg your pardon, Miſs; I only meant when you lie alone.

Miſs. That's well turn'd; one turn more would have turn'd you down ſtairs.

Neverout. Come, Miſs, be kind for once, and order me a diſh of coffee.

Miſs. Pray, go yourſelf; let us wear out the oldeſt: beſides, I can't go, for I have a bone in my leg.

Col. They ſay, a woman need but look on her apron-ſtring to find an excuſe.

Neverout. Why, Miſs, you are grown ſo peeviſh, a dog would not live with you.

Miſs. Mr. Neverout, I beg your diverſion; no offence, I hope: but truly in a little time you intend to make the Colonel as bad as yourſelf; and that's as bad as bad can be.

Neverout. My Lord, don't you think Miſs improves wonderfully of late! Why, Miſs, if I ſpoil the

the Colonel, I hope you will uſe him as you do me for you know, love me, love my dog.

Col. How's that, Tom? ſay that again: why, if I am a dog, ſhake hands, brother. [*Here a great, loud, long laugh.*

Ld Smart. But pray, gentlemen, why always ſo ſevere upon poor Miſs? On my conſcience, Colonel and Tom Neverout, one of you two are both knaves.

Col. My Lady Anſwerall, I intend to do myſelf the honour of dining with your Ladyſhip to-morrow.

Lady Anſw. Ay, Colonel, do if you can.

Miſs. I'm ſure you'll be glad to be welcome.

Col. Miſs, I thank you; and, to reward you, I'll come and drink tea with you in the morning.

Miſs. Colonel, there's two words to that bargain.

Col. [*to Lady Smart.*] Your Ladyſhip has a very fine watch; well may you wear it.

Lady Smart. It is none of mine, Colonel.

Col. Pray, whoſe is it then.

Lady Smart. Why, 'tis my Lord's; for they ſay, a marry'd woman has nothing of her own, but her wedding-ring and her hair-lace; but if women had been the law-makers, it would have been better.

Col. This watch ſeems to be quite new.

Lady Smart. No, Sir; it has been twenty years in my Lord's family; but Quare put a new caſe and dial-plate to it

Neverout. Why, that's for all the world like the man who ſwore he kept the ſame knife forty years, only he ſometimes changed the haft, and ſometimes the blade.

Ld Smart. Well, Tom, to give the devil his due, thou art a right woman's man.

Col. Odd-ſo! I have broke the hinge of my ſnuff-box: I'm undone beſides the loſs.

Miſs. Alack-a-day, Colonel! I vow I had rather have found forty ſhillings.

Neverout. Why, Colonel! all that I can ſay to comfort you is, that you muſt mend it with a new one.

Miſs laughs.

Col. What, Miſs! you can't laugh but you muſt ſhew your teeth.

Miſs. I'm ſure you ſhew your teeth when you can't bite; well, thus it muſt be, if we ſell ale.

Neverout. Miſs, you ſmell very ſweet; I hope you don't carry perfumes.

Miſs. Perfumes! No, Sir; I'd have you to know it is nothing but the grain of my ſkin.

Col. Tom, you have a good noſe to make a poor man's ſow.

Ld Sparkiſh. So, Ladies and Gentlemen, methinks you are very witty upon one another: come, box it about; 'twill come to my father at laſt.

Col. Why, my Lord, you ſee Miſs has no mercy; I wiſh ſhe were marry'd; but I doubt the grey mare would prove the better horſe.

Miſs. Well, God forgive you for that wiſh.

Ld Sparkiſh. Never fear him, Miſs.

Miſs. What, my Lord, do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl?

Ld Smart. What have you to ſay to that, Colonel.

Neverout. O my Lord, my friend the Colonel ſcorns to ſet his wit againſt a child.

Miſs. Scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Col. Well, Miſs; they ſay, a woman's tongue is the laſt thing about her that dies; therefore, let's kiſs and be friends.

Miſs. Hands off! that's meat for your maſter.

Ld Sparkiſh. Faith, Colonel, you are in for ale and cakes: but, after all, Miſs, you are too ſevere; you would not meddle with your match.

Miſs.

Miſs. All they can ſay goes in at one ear, and out at t'other for me, I can aſſure you; only I wiſh they would be quiet, and let me drink my tea.

Neverout. What! I warrant you think all is loſt that goes beſide your own mouth.

Miſs. Pray, Mr. Neverout, hold your tongue for once, if it be poſſible; one would think you were a woman in man's cloaths by your prating.

Neverout. No, Miſs; it is not handſome to ſee one hold one's tongue; beſides, I ſhould ſlobber my fingers.

Col. Miſs, did you never hear, that three women and a gooſe are enough to make a market.

Miſs. I'm ſure, if Mr. Neverout or you were among them it would make a fair.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Here, take away the tea-table, and bring up candles.

Lady Anſw. O Madam, no candles yet, I beſeech you; don't let us burn day-light.

Neverout. I dare ſwear, Miſs, for her part, will never burn day-light, if ſhe can help it.

Miſs. Lord! Mr. Neverout, one can't hear one's own ears for you.

Lady Smart. Indeed, Madam, it is blind-man's holiday; we ſhall ſoon be all of a colour.

Neverout. Why then, Miſs, we may kiſs where we like beſt.

Miſs. Fogh! theſe men talk of nothing but kiſſing. [*She ſpits.*

Neverout. What, Miſs, does it make your mouth water.

Lady Smart. It is as good be in the dark as without light; therefore, pray bring in candles; they ſay, women and linen ſhew beſt by candle-light. Come, Gentlemen, are you for a party at quadrille?

Col. I'll make one with you three ladies.

Lady Anſw. I'll ſit down, and be a ſtander-by.

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Anſw.*] Madam, does your Ladyſhip never play?

Col. Yes; I ſuppoſe her Ladyſhip plays ſometimes for an Egg at Eſther.

Neverout. Ay; and a kiſs at Chriſtmas.

Lady Anſw. Come, Mr. Neverout, hold your tongue, and mind your kniting.

Neverout. With all my heart; kiſs my wife, and welcome.

The Colonel, Mr. Neverout, Lady Smart, and Miſs, go to quadrille, and ſit till three in the morning.

They riſe from cards.

Lady Smart. Well, Miſs, you'll have a ſad huſband, you have ſuch good luck at cards.

Neverout. Indeed, Miſs, you dealt me ſad cards; if you deal ſo ill by your friends, what will you do with your enemies?

Lady Anſw. I'm ſure 'tis time for honeſt folks to be a-bed.

Miſs. Indeed my eyes draw ſtraws.

She's almoſt aſleep.

Neverout. Why, Miſs, if you fall aſleep, ſomebody may get a pair of gloves.

Col. I'm going to the land of Nod.

Neverout. Faith, I'm for Bedfordſhire.

Lady Smart. I'm ſure I ſhall ſleep without roking.

Neverout. Miſs, I hope you'll dream of your ſweetheart.

Miſs. Oh, no doubt of it: I believe I ſhan't be able to ſleep for dreaming of him.

Col. [*to Miſs.*] Madam, ſhall I have the honour to eſcort you?

Miſs.

Miſs. No, Colonel, I thank you; my mamma has ſent her chair and footmen. Well, my Lady Smart, I'll give you revenge whenever you pleaſe.

Footman comes in.

Footman. Madam, the chairs are waiting.

They all take their chairs, and go off.

DIRECTIONS to SERVANTS in GENERAL *;

And in particular to the

BUTLER,	PORTER,
COOK,	DAIRY-MAID,
FOOTMAN,	CHAMBER-MAID,
COACHMAN,	NURSE,
GROOM,	LAUNDRESS,
HOUSE-STEWARD,	HOUSEKEEPER,
and	TUTORESS, or
LAND-STEWARD,	GOVERNESS.

The DUBLIN EDITOR's PREFACE.

'THE following treatise of *Directions to Servants* was begun some years ago by the author, who had not leisure to finish and put it into proper order, being engaged in many other works of greater use to his country, as may be seen by most of his writings. But, as the author's design

* "I have a thing in prose, begun above twenty-eight years ago, "and almost finished. It will make a four-shilling volume; and is "such a perfection of folly, that you shall never hear of it till it is "printed, and then you shall be left to guess. Nay, I have another "of the same age, which will require a long time to perfect, and is "worse than the former, in which I will serve you the same way." Swift's Letters, in vol. 10. let. 62. alluding to Polite Conversation, and Directions to servants.

'was

'was to expose the villanies and frauds of servants 'to their masters and mistresses, we shall make no 'apology for its publication, but give it our read- 'ers in the same manner as we find it in the origi- 'nal, which may be seen in the printer's custody. 'The few tautologies that occur in the characters 'left unfinished, will make the reader look upon 'the whole as a rough draught, with several out- 'lines only drawn. However, that there may ap- 'pear no daubing or patchwork by other hands, 'it is thought most adviseable to give it in the au- 'thor's own words.

'It is imagined that he intended to make a large 'volume of this work; but, as time and health 'would not permit him, the reader may draw, 'from what is here exhibited, means to detect the 'many vices and faults which people in that kind 'of low life are subject to.

'If gentlemen would seriously consider this work, 'which is written for their instruction, (although 'ironically), it would make them better oecono- 'mists, and preserve their estates and families from 'ruin.

'It may be seen by some scattered papers, (where- 'in were given hints for a dedication and preface, 'and a list of all degrees of servants), that the 'author intended to have gone through all their 'characters.

'This is all that need be said as to this treatise, 'which can only be looked upon as a fragment.'

Dublin, Nov. 8. G. F.
1745.

DIREC

DIRECTIONS to SERVANTS *.

RULES that concern all SERVANTS in general.

WHEN your master or lady calls a servant by name, if that servant be not in the way, none of you are to answer; for then there will be no end of your drudgery: and masters themselves allow, that if a servant comes when he is called, it is sufficient.

When

* This tract is imperfect and unfinished. The editor tells us, that a preface and dedication were to have been added to it. I think it was not published till after the Dean's death; but I remember the manuscript handed about, and much applauded in his lifetime. To say the most that can be offered in its favour, the tract is written in so facetious a kind of low humour, that it must please many readers; nor is it without some degree of merit, by pointing out with an amazing exactness (and what in a less trivial case must have been called judgement) the faults, blunders, tricks, lies, and various knaveries of domestic servants. How much time must have been employed in putting together such a work? What an intenseness of thought must have been bestowed upon the lowest and most slavish scenes of life? It is one of those compositions, that the utmost strength of wit can scarce sustain from sinking. A man of Swift's exalted genius ought constantly to have soared into higher regions. He ought to have looked upon persons of inferior abilities, as children whom Nature had appointed him to instruct, encourage, and improve. Superior talents seem to have been intended by Providence as public benefits; and the person who possesses such blessings, is certainly answerable to Heaven for those endowments which he enjoys above the rest of mankind. Let him jest with dignity, and let him be ironical upon useful subjects; leaving poor slaves to heat their porridge, or drink their small beer, in such vessels as they shall find proper. The Dean it seems, had not this way of thinking; and having long indulged his passions, at last perhaps mistook them for his duty. The mistake is neither extraordinary nor surprising. In points of religion it has carried men into great extravagances; in those of morality, into no less: but in politics, into the greatest of all. Our inclinations are so apt

When you have done a fault, be always pert and insolent, and behave yourself as if you were the injured person. This will immediately put your master or lady off their mettle.

If

apt to hurry us into inconsiderate actions, that we are afterwards inclined to flatter ourselves they are right, only because they have proceeded from our own thoughts and directions. Thus Swift, when he had once established the rule of *Vive la bagatelle*, was resolved to pursue it at all hazards. I wish his thoughts had taken another turn. The lower classes of mankind pass on unnoticed, the great only are censured. They ought to be particularly attentive to every step they take. The Dean of St. Patrick's should have known himself as "rex idem hominum Phæbique sacerdos;" and should have remembred, that kings and priests are extremely liable to be censured. Poor Swift! why did he sink below himself before he was deprived of reason? Forgive him that error, and draw a veil of oblivion over certain excrescencies of wit and humour, you will then admire him, as an honour to the public, and a scourge to all the knaves and fools of his time.—Several of Swift's posthumous pieces are neither worthy of his pen, nor of the reader's perusal. Many of them are spurious, and many more are trifling, and in every respect improper for the public view: so that what was once ludicrously said upon a different occasion, may be applied to several of Swift's writings, as "they put us in mind of the "famous machine in Winstanlay's water-works, where out of the "same vessel, the spectators were presented with tea, coffee, cho-"colate, champagne, and sour small beer." *Orrery.*

For such misapplication of his talents, Swift fell under his friend Pope's correction: as appears from these lines:

"If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,
"The cordial drop of life is love alone,
"And Swift cry wisely, Vive la bagatelle!
"The man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.

Pope could not bear to see a friend he so much valued, live in the miserable abuse of one of Nature's best gifts, unadmonished of his folly. Swift (as we may see by some of his posthumous pieces, so dishonourable and injurious to his memory) trifled away his old age in a dissipation that women and boys might be ashamed of. For when men have given into a long habit of employing their wit only to shew their parts to edge their spleen, to pander to a faction, or, in short, to any thing but that for which Nature bestowed it, namely, to recommend and set off truth; old age, which abates the passions, will never rectify the abuses they occasioned; but the remains of wit, instead of seeking and recovering their proper channel, will run into that miserable depravity of taste here condemned; and in which Dr. Swift seems to have placed no inconsiderable part of his wisdom. "I chuse," says he

If you ſee your maſter wronged by any of your fellow-ſervants, be ſure to conceal it, for fear of being called a tell-tale. However, there is one exception, in caſe of a favourite ſervant, who is juſtly hated by the whole family; who therefore are bound in prudence to lay all the faults they can upon the favourite.

The cook, the butler, the groom, the market-man, and every other ſervant who is concerned in the expences of the family, ſhould act as if his maſter's whole eſtate ought to be applied to that ſervant's particular buſineſs. For inſtance, if the cook computes his maſter's eſtate to be a thouſand pounds a-year, he reaſonably concludes, that a thouſand pounds a-year will afford meat enough, and therefore he need not be ſparing; the butler makes the ſame judgement; ſo may the groom and the coachman; and thus every branch of expence will be filled to your maſter's honour.

When you are chid before company, (which, with ſubmiſſion to our maſters and ladies, is an unmannerly practice), it often happens that ſome ſtranger will have the good nature to drop a word in your excuſe: in ſuch a caſe you will have a good title to juſtify yourſelf, and may rightly conclude, that whenever he chides you afterwards on other occaſions, he may be in the wrong; in which opinion you will be the better confirmed, by ſtating the caſe to your fellow-ſervants in your own way, who will certainly decide in your favour: therefore, as I have ſaid before, whenever you are chidden, complain as if you were injured.

he, in a letter to Mr. Pope, "my companions amongſt thoſe of leaſt "conſequence, and moſt compliance; I read the moſt trifling books "I can find; and whenever I write, it is upon the moſt trifling ſub-"jects." And again, in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke, "I love *la* "*bagatelle* better than ever. I am always writing bad proſe, or worſe "verſes, either of rage or raillery," &c. And again, in a letter to Mr. Gay, "My rule is, *Vive la bagatelle*." *Warburton.*

It often happens, that ſervants ſent on meſſages are apt to ſtay out ſomewhat longer than the meſſage requires, perhaps two, four, ſix, or eight hours, or ſome ſuch trifle; for the temptation to be ſure was great, and fleſh and blood cannot always reſiſt. When you return, the maſter ſtorms, the lady ſcolds; ſtripping, cudgelling, and turning off, is the word. But here you ought to be provided with a ſet of excuſes, enough to ſerve on all occaſions. For inſtance, your uncle came fourſcore miles to town this morning on purpoſe to ſee you, and goes back by break of day to-morrow; a brother-ſervant, that borrowed money of you when he was out of place, was running away to Ireland; you were taking leave of an old fellow-ſervant, who was ſhipping for Barbadoes; your father ſent a cow to you to ſell, and you could not get a chapman till nine at night; you were taking leave of a dear couſin, who is to be hanged next Saturday; you wrenched your foot againſt a ſtone, and were forced to ſtay three hours in a ſhop, before you could ſtir a ſtep; ſome naſtineſs was thrown on you out of a garret window, and you were aſhamed to come home before you were cleaned, and the ſmell went off; you were preſſed for the ſea-ſervice, and carried before a juſtice of peace, who kept you three hours before he examined you, and you got off with much ado; a bailiff by miſtake ſeized you for a debtor, and kept you the whole evening in a ſpunging-houſe; you were told that your maſter had gone to a tavern, and came to ſome miſchance, and your grief was ſo great, that you inquired for his Honour in a hundred taverns between Pall-mall and Temple-bar.

Take all tradeſmens parts againſt your maſter; and when you are ſent to buy any thing, never offer to cheapen it, but generouſly pay the full demand. This is highly to your maſter's honour; and may be ſome ſhillings in your pocket; and you

are to consider, if your master hath paid too much, he can better afford the loss than a poor tradesman.

Never submit to stir a finger in any business, but that for which you were particularly hired. For example, if the groom be drunk, or absent, and the butler be ordered to shut the stable-door; the answer is ready, An please your Honour, I don't understand horses If a corner of the hanging wants a single nail to fasten it, and the footman be directed to tack it up; he may say he doth not understand that sort of work, but his Honour may send for the upholsterer.

Masters and ladies are usually quarrelling with the servants for not shutting the doors after them: but neither masters nor ladies consider, that these doors must be open before they can be shut, and that the labour is double to open and shut the doors; therefore the best, and shortest, and easiest way, is to do neither. But if you are so often teased to shut the door, that you cannot easily forget it, then give the door such a clap as you go out, as will shake the whole room, and make every thing rattle in it, to put your master and lady in mind that you observe their directions.

If you find yourself to grow into favour with your master or lady, take some opportunity, in a very mild way, to give them warning; and when they ask the reason, and seem loath to part with you, answer, That you would rather live with them than any body else; but a poor servant is not to be blamed, if he strives to better himself; that service is no inheritance; that your work is great, and your wages very small. Upon which, if your master hath any generosity, he will add five or ten shillings a quarter, rather than let you go. But if you are baulked, and have no mind to go off, get some fellow-servant to tell your master, that he hath prevailed upon you to stay

Whatever

Whatever good bits you can pilfer in the day, ſave them to junket with your fellow-ſervants at night; and take in the butler, provided he will give you drink.

Write your own name, and your ſweetheart's, with the ſmoke of a candle, on the roof of the kitchen, or the ſervants hall, to ſhew your learning.

If you are a young ſightly fellow, whenever you whiſper your miſtreſs at the table, run your noſe full in her cheek; or, if your breath be good, breath full in her face. This I have known to have had very good conſequences in ſome families.

Never come till you have been called three or four times; for none but dogs will come at the firſt whiſtle: and when the maſter calls, *Who's there?* no ſervant is bound to come: for *Who's there* is no body's name.

When you have broken all your earthen drinking veſſels below ſtairs, (which is uſually done in a week), the copper-pot will do as well; it can boil milk, heat porridge, hold ſmall beer, or, in caſe of neceſſity, ſerve for a jordan; therefore apply it indifferently to all theſe uſes; but never waſh or ſcour it, for fear of taking off the tin.

Although you are allowed knives for the ſervants hall at meals, yet you ought to ſpare them, and make uſe only of your maſter's.

Let it be a conſtant rule, that no chair, ſtool, or table, in the ſervants hall, or the kitchen, ſhall have above three legs; which hath been the ancient and conſtant practice in all the families I ever knew, and is ſaid to be founded upon two reaſons; firſt, to ſhew that ſervants are ever in a tottering condition; ſecondly, it was thought a point of humility, that the ſervants chairs and tables ſhould have at leaſt one leg fewer than thoſe of their maſters. I grant there hath been an exception to this rule with rgard to the cook, who by old cuſtom was allowed an eaſy chair to ſleep in after dinner; and yet I have ſel-

dom ſeen them with above three legs. Now, this epidemical lameneſs of ſervants chairs, is by philoſophers imputed to two cauſes, which are obſerved to make the greateſt revolutions in ſtates and empires; I mean love and war. A ſtool, a chair, or a table, is the firſt weapon taken up in a general romping or ſkirmiſh; and after a peace, the chairs, if they be not very ſtrong, are apt to ſuffer in the conduct of an amour, the cook being uſually fat and heavy, and the butler a little in drink.

I could never endure to ſee maid-ſervants ſo ungenteel as to walk the ſtreets with their petticoats pinned up. It is a fooliſh excuſe to alledge, their petticoats will be dirty, when they have ſo eaſy a remedy, as to walk three or four times down a clean pair of ſtairs after they come home.

When you ſtop to tattle with ſome crony ſervant in the ſame ſtreet, leave your own ſtreet-door open, that you may get in without knocking when you come back; otherwiſe your miſtreſs may know you are gone out, and you muſt be chidden.

I do moſt earneſtly exhort you all to unanimity and concord. But miſtake me not; you may quarrel with each other as much as you pleaſe; only always bear in mind, that you have a common enemy, which is your maſter and lady, and you have a common cauſe to defend. Believe an old practitioner; whoever, out of malice to a fellow-ſervant, carries a tale to his maſter, ſhall be ruined by a general confederacy againſt him.

The general place of rendezvous for all the ſervants, both in winter and ſummer, is the kitchen; there the grand affairs of the family ought to be conſulted; whether they concern the ſtable, the dairy, the pantry, the laundry, cellar, the nurſery, the dining-room, or my Lady's chamber: there, as in your own proper element, you can laugh and ſquall and romp, in full ſecurity.

When

When any ſervant comes home drunk, and cannot appear, you muſt all join in telling your maſter that he is gone to bed very ſick; upon which your lady will be ſo good-natured, as to order ſome comfortable thing for the poor man or maid.

When your maſter and lady go abroad together, to dinner, or on a viſit for the evening, you need leave only one ſervant in the houſe, unleſs you have a blackguard boy to anſwer at the door, and attend the children, if there be any. Who is to ſtay at home, is to be determined by ſhort and long cuts; and the ſtayer at home may be comforted by a viſit from a ſweetheart, without danger of being caught together. Theſe opportunities muſt never be miſſed, becauſe they come but ſometimes; and all is ſafe enough, while there is a ſervant in the houſe.

When your maſter or lady comes home, and wants a ſervant who happens to be abroad; your anſwer muſt be, that he had but juſt that minute ſtep out, being ſent for by a couſin who was dying.

If your maſter calls you by name, and you happen to anſwer at the fourth call, you need not hurry yourſelf; and if you be chidden for ſtaying, you may lawfully ſay, you came no ſooner, becauſe you did not know what you were called for.

When you are chidden for a fault, as you go out of the room, and down ſtairs mutter loud enough to be plainly heard; this will make him believe you are innocent.

Whoever comes to viſit your maſter or lady when they are abroad, never burden your memory with the perſon's name; for indeed you have too many other things to remember. Beſides, it is a porter's buſineſs, and your maſter's fault he does not keep one; and who can remember names? and you will certainly miſtake them, and you can neither write nor read.

If it be poſſible, never tell a lie to your maſter or lady, unleſs you have ſome hopes that they cannot find it out in leſs than half an hour. When a ſervant is turned off, all his faults muſt be told, although moſt of them were never known by his maſter, or lady; and all miſchiefs done by others, charged to him. [Inſtance them.] And when they aſk of any of you, why you never acquainted them before? the anſwer is, Sir, or Madam, really I was afraid it would make you angry; and beſides, perhaps you might think it was malice in me. Where there are little maſters and miſſes in a houſe, they are uſually great impediments to the diverſions of the ſervants; the only remedy is to bribe them with *good goodies*, that they may not tell tales to papa and mama.

I adviſe you of the ſervants, whoſe maſter lives in the country, and who expect vales, always to ſtand rank and file when a ſtranger is taking his leave; ſo that he muſt of neceſſity paſs between you; and he muſt have more confidence or leſs money than uſual, if any of you let him eſcape; and according as he behaves himſelf, remember to treat him the next time he comes.

If you are ſent with ready money to buy any thing at a ſhop, and happen at that time to be out of pocket, ſink the money, and take up the goods on your maſter's account. This is for the honour of your maſter and yourſelf; for he becomes a man of credit at your recommendation.

When your lady ſends for you up to her chamber to give you any orders, be ſure to ſtand at the door, and keep it open, fiddling with the lock all the while ſhe is talking to you; and keep the button in your hand, for fear you ſhould forget to ſhut the door after you.

If your maſter or lady happen once in their lives to accuſe you wrongfully, you are a happy ſervant; for you have nothing more to do, than for every fault

fault you commit while you are in their service, to put them in mind of that false accusation, and protest yourself equally innocent in the present case.

When you have a mind to leave your master, and are too bashful to break the matter for fear of offending him; the best way is, to grow rude and saucy of a sudden, and beyond your usual behaviour, till he finds it necessary to turn you off; and when you are gone, to revenge yourself, give him and his lady such a character to all your brother servants who are out of place, that none will venture to offer their service.

Some nice ladies, who are afraid of catching cold, having observed that the maids and fellows below stairs often forget to shut the door after them, as they come in, or go out into the back-yards, have contrived, that a pulley and a rope, with a large piece of lead at the end, should be so fixed, as to make the door shut of itself, and require a strong hand to open it; which is an immense toil to servants, whose business may force them to go in and out fifty times in a morning: but ingenuity can do much; for prudent servants have found out an effectual remedy against this insupportable grievance, by tying up the pully in such a manner, that the weight of the lead shall have no effect. However, as to my own part, I would rather chuse to keep the door always open, by laying a heavy stone at the bottom of it.

The servants candlesticks are generally broken, for nothing can last for ever. But you may find out many expedients. You may conveniently stick your candle in a bottle, or with a lump of butter against the wainscot; in a powder-horn, or in an old shoe, or in a cleft stick, or in the barrel of a pistol, or upon its own grease on a table; in a coffee-cup, or a drinking glass; a horn can, a tea-pot, a twisted napkin, a mustard-pot, an ink-horn,

a marrow-bone, a piece of dough; or you may cut a hole in the loaf, and ſtick it there.

When you invite the neighbouring ſervants to junket with you at home in an evening, teach them a peculiar way of tapping or ſcraping at the kitchen-window, which you may hear, but not your maſter or lady, whom you muſt take care not to diſturb or frighten at ſuch unſeaſonable hours.

Lay all faults upon a lap-dog, or favourite cat, a monkey, a parrot, a magpye, a child; or on the ſervant who was laſt turned off. By this rule you will excuſe yourſelf, do no hurt to any body elſe, and ſave your maſter or lady from the trouble and vexation of chiding.

When you want proper inſtruments for any work you are about, uſe all expedients you can invent, rather than leave your work undone. For inſtance, if the poker be out of the way, or broken, ſtir the fire with the tongs; if the tongs be not at hand, uſe the muzzle of the bellows, the wrong end of the fire-ſhovel, the handle of the fire-bruſh, the end of a mop, or your maſter's cane. If you want paper to ſinge a fowl, tear the firſt book you ſee about the houſe. Wipe your ſhoes, for want of a clout, with the bottom of a curtain, or a damaſk napkin. Strip your livery lace for garters. If the butler wants a jordan, he may uſe the great ſilver cup.

There are ſeveral ways of putting out candles, and you ought to be inſtructed in them all. You may run the candle-end againſt the wainſcot, which puts the ſnuff out immediately; you may lay it on the ground, and tread the ſnuff out with your foot; you may hold it upſide down, until it is chocked with its own greaſe: or cram it into the ſocket of the candleſtick: you may whirl it round in your hand till it goes out. When you go to bed, after you have made water, you may dip the candle-end into the chamber-pot; you may ſpit on your finger and

and thumb, and punch the ſnuff till it goes out. The cook may run the candle's noſe into the meal-tub, or the groom into a veſſel of oats, or a lock of hay, or a heap of litter. The houſe-maid may put out her candle, by running it againſt a looking-glaſs; which nothing cleans ſo well as candle-ſnuff. But the quickeſt and beſt of all methods is, to blow it out with your breath; which leaves the candle clear, and readier to be lighted.

There is nothing ſo pernicious in a family as a tell-tale, againſt whom it muſt be the principal buſineſs of you all to unite. Whatever office he ſerves in, take all opportunities to ſpoil the buſineſs he is about, and to croſs him in every thing. For inſtance, if the butler be a tell-tale, break his glaſſes whenever he leaves the pantry door open; or lock the cat or maſtiff in it, who will do as well: miſlay a fork or a ſpoon ſo as he may never find it. If it be the cook, whenever ſhe turns her back, throw a lump of ſoot, or a handful of ſalt in the pot, or ſmoking coals into the dripping-pan, or daub the roaſt meat with the back of the chimney, or hide the key of the jack. If a footman be ſuſpected, let the cook daub the back of his new livery; or when he is going up with a diſh of ſoup, let her follow him ſoftly with a laddle-full, and dribble it all the way up ſtairs to the dining-room, and then let the houſe-maid make ſuch a noiſe that her lady may hear it. The waiting-maid is very likely to be guilty of this fault, in hopes to ingratiate herſelf: and in this caſe the laundreſs muſt be ſure to tear her ſmocks in the waſhing, and yet waſh them but half; and when ſhe complains, tell all the houſe; that ſhe ſweats ſo much, and her fleſh is ſo naſty, that ſhe fouls a ſmock more in one hour, than the kitchen-maid doth in a week.

DIREC-

DIRECTIONS to SERVANTS.

CHAP I.

Directions to the BUTLER.

IN my directions to ſervants, I find, from my long obſervation, that you butlers are the principal perſons concerned.

Your buſineſs being of the greateſt variety, and requiring the greateſt exactneſs, I ſhall, as well as I can recollect, run through the ſeveral branches of your office, and order my inſtructions accordingly.

In waiting at the ſide-board, take all poſſible care to ſave your own trouble and your maſter's drinking glaſſes: therefore, firſt, ſince thoſe who dine at the ſame table are ſuppoſed to be friends, let them all drink out of the ſame glaſs without waſhing; which will ſave you much pains, as well as the hazard of breaking them. Give no perſon any liquor, until he hath called for it thrice at leaſt; by which means, ſome out of modeſty, and others out of forgetfulneſs, will call the ſeldomer; and thus your maſter's liquor be ſaved.

If any one deſires a glaſs of bottled ale, firſt ſhake the bottle, to ſee whether any thing be in it: then taſte it, to ſee what liquor it is, that you may not be miſtaken; and, laſtly, wipe the mouth of the bottle with the palm of your hand, to ſhew your cleanlineſs.

Be

Be more careful to have the cork in the belly of the bottle than in the mouth; and if the cork be muſty, or white friars in your liquor, your maſter will ſave the more.

If an humble companion, a chaplain, a tutor, or a dependent couſin, happen to be at table, whom you find to be little regarded by the maſter, and the company, which no body is readier to diſcover and obſerve than we ſervants; it muſt be the buſineſs of you and the footman, to follow the example of your betters, by treating him many degrees worſe than any of the reſt: and you cannot pleaſe your maſter better, or at leaſt your lady.

If any one calls for ſmall beer towards the end of dinner, do not give yourſelf the pains of going down to the cellar, but gather the droppings and leavings out of the ſeveral cups, and glaſſes, and ſalvers, into one; but turn your back to the company for fear of being obſerved. On the contrary, when any one calls for ale towards the end of dinner, fill the largeſt tankard-cup top-full; by which you will have the greateſt part left to oblige your fellow-ſervants, without the ſin of ſtealing from your maſter.

There is likewiſe a perquiſite full as honeſt, by which you have a chance of getting every day the beſt part of a bottle of wine for yourſelf; for you are to ſuppoſe, that gentlefolks will not care for the remainder of a bottle; therefore always ſet a freſh one before them after dinner, although there hath not been above a glaſs drank of the other.

Take ſpecial care that your bottles be not muſty before you fill them; in order to which, blow ſtrongly into the mouth of every bottle, and then, if you ſmell nothing but your own breath, immediately fill.

If you are ſent down in haſte to draw any drink, and find it will not run, do not be at the trouble of opening a vent, but blow ſtrongly into the foſſet, and

and you will find it immediately pour into your mouth; or take out the vent; but do not ſtay to put it in again, for fear your maſter ſhould want you.

If you are curious to taſte ſome of your maſter's choice bottles, empty as many of them juſt below the neck as will make the quantity you want; but then take care to fill them up again with clean water, that you may not leſſen your maſter's liquor.

There is an excellent invention found out of late years in the management of ale and ſmall beer at the ſide-board. For inſtance, a gentleman calls for a glaſs of ale, and drinks but half; another calls for ſmall beer: you immediately turn out the remainder of the ale into the tankard, and fill the glaſs with ſmall beer; and ſo backwards and forwards, as long as dinner laſts. By which you anſwer three great ends. Firſt, you ſave yourſelf the trouble of waſhing, and conſequently the danger of breaking your glaſſes; ſecondly, you are ſure not to be miſtaken in giving gentlemen the liquor they call for; and, laſtly, by this method you are certain that nothing is loſt.

Becauſe butlers are apt to forget to bring up their ale and beer time enough, be ſure you remember to have up yours two hours before dinner; and place them in the ſunny part of the room, to let people ſee that you have not been negligent.

Some butlers have a way of decanting (as they call it) bottled ale, by which they loſe a good part of the bottom; let your method be to turn the bottle directly upſide down; which will make the liquor appear double the quantity: by this means, you will be ſure not to loſe one drop, and the froth will conceal the muddineſs.

Clean your plate, wipe your knives, and rub the dirty tables, with the napkins and table-cloths uſed that day; for it is but one waſhing, and beſides it will ſave you wearing out the coarſe rubbers; and

in reward of ſuch good huſbandry, my judgement is, that you may lawfully make uſe of the fineſt damaſk napkins for night caps for yourſelf.

When you clean your plate, leave the whiting plainly to be ſeen in all the chinks, for fear your lady ſhould not believe you had cleaned it.

There is nothing wherein the ſkill of a butler more appears, than in the management of candles; whereof, although ſome part may fall to the ſhare of the other ſervants, yet you being the principal perſon concerned, I ſhall direct my inſtructions upon this article to you only, leaving to your fellow-ſervants to apply them upon occaſion.

Firſt, to avoid burning day-light, and to ſave your maſter's candles, never bring them up till half an hour after it be dark, although they are called for never ſo often.

Let your ſockets be full of greaſe to the brim, with the old ſnuff at the top, and then ſtick on your freſh candles. It is true, this may endanger their falling: but the candles will appear ſo much the longer and handſomer before company. At other times, for variety, put your candles looſe in the ſockets, to ſhew they are clean to the bottom.

When your candle is too big for the ſocket, melt it to a right ſize in the fire; and to hide the ſmoke, wrap it in paper half way up.

You cannot but obſerve of late years the great extravagance among the gentry upon the article of candles, which a good butler ought by all means to diſcourage, both to ſave his own pains and his maſter's money. This may be contrived ſeveral ways; eſpecially when you are ordered to put candles into the ſconces

Sconces are great waſters of candles, and you, who are always to conſider the advantage of your maſter, ſhould do your utmoſt to diſcourage them; therefore your buſineſs muſt be to preſs the candle with both your hands into the ſocket, ſo as to make

it lean in ſuch a manner, that the greaſe may drop all upon the floor, if ſome lady's head-dreſs or gentleman's periwig be not ready to intercept it. You may likewiſe ſtick the candle ſo looſe, that it will fall upon the glaſs of the ſconce, and break it into ſhatters. This will ſave your maſter many a fair penny in the year, both in candles and to the glaſs-man, and yourſelf much labour; for the ſconces ſpoiled cannot be uſed.

Never let the candles burn too low, but give them, as a lawful perquiſite, to your friend the cook, to increaſe her kitchen-ſtuff; or if this be not allowed in your houſe, give them in charity to the poor neighbours, who often run on your errands.

When you cut bread for a toaſt, do not ſtand idly watching it, but lay it on the coals, and mind your other buſineſs; then come back, and if you find it toaſted quite through, ſcrape off the burnt ſide, and ſerve it up.

When you dreſs up your ſide board, ſet the beſt glaſſes as near the edge of the table as you can: by which means they will caſt a double luſtre, and make a much finer figure; and the conſequence can be at moſt but the breaking half a dozen, which is a trifle in your maſter's pocket.

Waſh the glaſſes with your own water, to ſave your maſter's ſalt.

When any ſalt is ſpilt on the table, do not let it be loſt; but, when dinner is done, fold up the table-cloth with the ſalt in it, then ſhake the ſalt out into the ſalt-cellar to ſerve next day. But the ſhorteſt and ſureſt way is, when you remove the cloth, to wrap the knives, forks, ſpoons, ſalt-cellars, broken bread, and ſcraps of meat, all together in the table-cloth, by which you will be ſure to loſe nothing; unleſs you think it better to ſhake them out of the window amonſt the beggars, that they may with more convenience eat the ſcraps.

Leave

Leave the dregs of wine, ale, and other liquors, in the bottles: to rinſe them is but loſs of time, ſince all will be done at once in a general waſhing; and you will have a better excuſe for breaking them.

If your maſter hath many muſty, or very foul and cruſted bottles, I adviſe you, in point of conſcience, that thoſe may be the firſt you truck at the next ale-houſe for ale or brandy.

When a meſſage is ſent to your maſter, be kind to your brother-ſervant who brings it; give him the beſt liquor in your keeping, for your maſter's honour; and at the firſt opportunity he will do the ſame to you.

After ſupper, if it be dark, carry your plate and china together in the ſame baſket, to ſave candle-light; for you know your pantry well enough to put them up in the dark.

When company is expected at dinner, or in the evenings, be ſure to be abroad, that nothing may be got which is under your key; by which your maſter will ſave his liquor, and not wear out his plate.

I come now to a moſt important part of your œconomy, the bottling of a hogſhead of wine; wherein I recommend three virtues; cleanlineſs, frugality, and brotherly love. Let your corks be the longeſt kind you can get; which will ſave ſome wine in the neck of every bottle. As to your bottles, chuſe the ſmalleſt you can find; which will increaſe the number of dozens, and pleaſe your maſter; for a bottle of wine is always a bottle of wine, whether it hold more or leſs; and if your maſter hath his proper number of dozens, he cannot complain.

Every bottle muſt be firſt rinſed with wine, for fear of any moiſture left in the waſhing. Some, out of a miſtaken thrift, will rinſe a dozen of bottle with the ſame wine: but I would adviſe you for more caution, to change the wine at every ſe-

cond bottle; a gill may be enough. Have bottles ready by to ſave it; and it will be a good perquiſite either to ſell, or drink with the cook.

Never draw your hogſhead too low; nor tilt it, for fear of diſturbing your liquor. When it begins to run flow, and before the wine grows cloudy, ſhake the hogſhead, and carry a glaſs of it to your maſter, who will praiſe you for your diſcretion, and give you all the reſt as a perquiſite to your place. You may tilt the hogſhead the next day, and in a fortnight get a dozen or two of good clear wine, to diſpoſe of as you pleaſe.

In bottling wine, fill your mouth full of corks, together with a large plug of tobacco; which will give to the wine the true taſte of the weed, ſo delightful to all good judges in drinking.

When you are ordered to decant a ſuſpicous bottle, if a pint be out, give your hand a dexterous ſhake, and ſhew it in a glaſs that it begins to be muddy.

When a hogſhead of wine, or any other liquor, is to be bottled off, waſh your bottles immediately before you begin; but be ſure not to drain them; by which good management your maſter will ſave ſome gallons in every hogſhead.

This is the time, that, in honour to your maſter, you ought to ſhew your kindneſs to your fellow-ſervants, and eſpecially to the cook: for what ſignify a few flagons out of a whole hogſhead? But make them be drank in your preſence, for fear they ſhould be given to other folks, and ſo your maſter be wronged: but adviſe them, if they get drunk, to go to bed, and leave word they are ſick; which laſt caution I would have all the ſervants obſerve, both male and female.

If your maſter finds the hogſhead to fall ſhort of his expectation, what is plainer than that the veſſel leaked; that the wine-cooper had not filled it in proper

proper time; that the merchant cheated him with a hogſhead below the common meaſure?

When you are to get water on for tea after dinner, (which in many families is part of your office), to ſave firing, and to make more haſte, pour it into the tea-kettle from the pot where cabbage or fiſh have been boiling, which will make it much wholeſomer, by curing the acid and corroding quality of the tea.

Be ſaving of your candles; and let thoſe in the ſconces of the hall, the ſtairs, and in the lantern, burn down into the ſockets, until they go out of themſelves; for which your maſter and lady will commend your thriftineſs, as ſoon as they ſhall ſmell the ſnuff.

If a gentleman leaves a ſnuff-box or pick-tooth-caſe on the table after dinner, and goeth away, look upon it as part af your vales; for ſo it is allowed by all ſervants, and you do no wrong to your maſter or lady.

If you ſerve a country-'ſquire, when gentlemen and ladies come to dine at your houſe, never fail to make their ſervants drunk, and eſpecially the coachman, for the honour of your maſter; to which, in all your actions you muſt have a ſpecial regard, as being the beſt; for the honour of every family is depoſited in the hands of the cook, the butler, and the groom, as I ſhall hereafter demonſtrate.

Sunff the candles at ſupper as they ſtand on the table; which is much the ſecureſt way; becauſe, if the burning ſnuff happens to get out of the ſnuffers, you have a chance that it may fall into a diſh of ſoup, ſack-poſſet, rice-milk, or the like, where it will be immediately extinguiſhed with very little ſtink.

When you have ſnuffed the candles, always leave the ſnuffers open; for the ſnuff will of it-

ſelf burn away to aſhes, and cannot fall out, and dirty the table, when you ſnuff the candles again.

That the ſalt may lie ſmooth in the ſalt-cellar, ſmooth it down with your moiſt palm.

When a gentleman is going away after dining with your maſter, be ſure to ſtand full in his view, and follow him to the door, and, as you have opportunity, look full in his face; perhaps it may bring you a ſhilling; but if the gentleman hath lain there a night, get the cook, the houſe-maid, the ſtable-man, the ſcullion, and the gardener, to accompany you, and to ſtand in his way to the hall, in a line on each ſide of him. If the gentleman performs handſomely, it will do him honour, and coſt your maſter nothing.

You need not wipe your knife to cut bread for the table, becauſe, in cutting a ſlice or two, it will wipe itſelf.

Put your finger into every bottle to feel whether it be full; which is the ſureſt way, for feeling hath no fellow.

When you go down to the cellar to draw ale or ſmall beer, take care to obſerve directly the following method. Hold the veſſel between the finger and thumb of your right hand, with the palm upwards; then hold the candle between your fingers, but a little leaning towards the mouth of the veſſel; then take out the ſpiggot with your left hand, and clap the point of it in your mouth, and keep your left hand to watch accidents; when the veſſel is full, withdraw the ſpiggot from your mouth, well wetted with ſpittle, which being of a ſlimy conſiſtence will make it ſtick faſter in the foſſet: if any tallow drops into the veſſel, you may eaſily (if you think of it) remove it with a ſpoon, or rather with your finger.

Always lock up a cat in the cloſet where you keep your china plates, for fear the mice may ſteal in and break them.

A good buttler always breaks off the point of his bottle-ſcrew in two days, by trying which is hardeſt, the point of the ſcrew, or the neck of the bottle: in this caſe, to ſupply the want of a ſcrew, after the ſtump hath torn the cork in pieces, make uſe of a ſilver fork; and when the ſcraps of the corp are almoſt drawn out, ſtir the mouth of the bottle into the ciſtern three or four times, until you quite clear it.

If a gentleman dines often with your maſter, and gives you nothing when he goes away, you may uſe ſeveral methods to ſhew him ſome marks of your diſpleaſure, and quicken his memory. If he calls for bread or drink, you may pretend not to hear, or ſend it to another who called after him; if he aſks for wine, let him ſtay a while, and then ſend him ſmall beer; give him always foul glaſſes; ſend him a ſpoon when he wants a knife; wink at the footman to leave him without a plate. By theſe, and the like expedients, you may probably be a better man by half a crown before he leaves the houſe, provided you watch an opportunity of ſtanding by, when he is going.

If your lady loves play, your fortune is fixed for ever. Moderate gaming will be a perquiſite of ten ſhillings a week; and in ſuch a family I would rather chuſe to be butler than chaplain, or even rather than be ſteward. It is all ready money, and got without labour; unleſs your lady happens to be one of thoſe who either obligeth you to find wax-candles, or forceth you to divide it with ſome favourite ſervants: but, at worſt, the old cards are your own; and if the gameſters play deep, or grow peeviſh, they will change the cards ſo often, that the old ones will be a conſiderable advantage, by ſelling them to coffeehouſes, or families who love play, but cannot afford better than cards at ſecond hand When you attend at the ſervice, be ſure to leave

leave new packs within the reach of the gameſters, which thoſe who have ill luck, will readily take to change their fortune; and now and then an old pack mingled with the reſt will eaſily paſs. Be ſure to be very officious on play-nights, and ready with your candles to light out your company, and have ſalvers of wine at hand to give them when they call; but manage ſo with the cook, that there be no ſupper; becauſe it will be ſo much ſaved in your maſter's family, and becauſe a ſupper will conſiderably leſſen your gains.

Next to cards, there is nothing ſo profitable to you as bottles; in which perquiſite you have no competitors except the footmen, who are apt to ſteal and vend them for pots of beer. But you are bound to prevent any ſuch abuſes in your maſter's family: the footmen are not to anſwer for what are broken at a general bottling; and thoſe may be as many as your diſcretion will make them.

The profit of glaſſes is ſo very inconſiderable, that it is hardly worth mentioning: it conſiſts only in a ſmall preſent made by the glaſsman, and about four ſhillings in the pound added to the prices for your trouble and ſkill in chuſing them. If your maſter hath a large ſtock of glaſſes, and you or your fellow ſervants happen to break any of them without your maſter's knowledge, keep it a ſecret till there are not enough left to ſerve the table: then tell your maſter that the glaſſes are gone: this will be but one vexation to him, which is much better than fretting once or twice a-week; and it is the office of a good ſervant, to diſcompoſe his maſter and his lady as ſeldom as he can: and here the cat and dog will be of great uſe to take the blame from you. Note, That bottles miſſing are ſuppoſed to be half ſtolen by ſtragglers and other ſervants, and the other half broken by accident, and a general waſhing.

Whet

Whet the backs of your knives until they are as ſharp as the edge; which will have this advantage, that when gentlemen find them blunt on one ſide they may try the other. And to ſhew you ſpare no pains in ſharpening the knives, whet them ſo long, till you wear out a good part of the iron, and even the bottom of the ſilver handle. This doth credit to your maſter; for it ſhews good houſe-keeping, and the goldſmith may one day make you a preſent.

Your lady, when ſhe finds the ſmall beer or ale dead, will blame you for not remembering to put the peg into the vent-hole. This is a great miſtake; nothing being plainer, than that the peg keeps the air in the veſſel, which ſpoils the drink, and therefore ought to be let out: but if ſhe inſiſts upon it, to prevent the trouble of pulling out the peg, and putting it in a dozen times a-day, which is not to be borne by a good ſervant, leave the ſpiggot half out at night, and you will find, with only the loſs of two or three quarts of liquor, the veſſel will run freely.

When you prepare your candles, wrap them up in a piece of brown paper, and ſo ſtick them into the ſocket: let the paper come half way up the candle, which looks handſome, if any body ſhould come in.

Do all in the dark, to ſave your maſter's candles.

CHAP. II.

Directions to the Cook.

ALthough I am not ignorant that it hath been a long time ſince the cuſtom began among people

ple of quality to keep men cooks, and generally of the French nation; yet becauſe my treatiſe is chiefly calculated for the general run of knights, 'ſquires, and gentlemen, both in town and country, I ſhall therefore apply to you, Mrs Cook, as a woman. However, a great part of what I intend may ſerve for either ſex And your part naturally follows the former; becauſe the butler and you are joined in intereſt: your vales are generally equal, and paid when others are diſappointed: you can junket together at nights upon your own progue, when the reſt of the houſe are abed; and have it in your power to make every fellow-ſervant your friend; you can give a good bit or a good ſup to the little maſters and miſſes, and gain their affections: a quarrel between you is very dangerous to you both, and will probably end in one of you being turned off; in which fatal caſe perhaps it will not be ſo eaſy in ſome time to cotton with another. And now Mrs. Cook, I proceed to give you my inſtructions; which I deſire you will get ſome fellow-ſervant in the family to read to you conſtantly one night in every week when you are going to bed, whether you ſerve in town or country, for my leſſons ſhall be fitted for both.

If your lady forgets at ſupper that there is any cold meat in the houſe, do not you be ſo officious as to put her in mind; it is plain ſhe did not want it; and if ſhe recollects it the next day, ſay ſhe gave you no orders, and it is ſpent; therefore, for fear of telling a lie, diſpoſe of it with the butler, or any other crony, before you go to bed.

Never ſend up a leg of fowl at ſupper, while there is a cat or a dog in the houſe that can be accuſed for running away with it: but if there happen to be neither, you muſt lay it upon the rats, or a ſtrange grey-hound.

It is ill houſewifery to foul your kitchen-rubbers with wiping the bottom of the diſhes you ſend up, ſince

ſince the table-cloth will do as well, and is changed every meal.

Never clean your ſpits after they have been uſed; for the greaſe left upon them by meat, is the beſt thing to preſerve them from ruſt; and when you make uſe of them again, the ſame greaſe will keep the inſide of the meat moiſt.

If you live in a rich family, roaſting and boiling are below the dignity of your office, and which it becomes you to be ignorant of; therefore leave that work wholly to the kitchen-wench, for fear of diſgracing the family you live in.

If you are employed in marketing, buy your meat as cheap as you can; but when you bring in your accounts, be tender of your maſters honour, and ſet down the higheſt rate: which beſides is but juſtice; for no body can afford to ſell at the ſame rate that he buys; and I am confident that you may charge ſafely; ſwear that you gave no more than what the butcher and poulterer aſked.

If your lady orders you to ſet up a piece of meat for ſupper, you are not to underſtand that you muſt ſet it up all, therefore you may give half to yourſelf and the butler.

Good cooks cannot abide what they juſtly call fiddling work, where abundance of time is ſpent and little done. Such, for inſtance, is the dreſſing ſmall birds, requiring a world of cookery and clutter, and a ſecond or third ſpit: which, by the way, is abſolutely needleſs; for it will be a very ridiculous thing indeed, if a ſpit which is ſtrong enough to turn a ſurloin of beef, ſhould not be able to turn a lark. However, if your lady be nice, and is afraid that a large ſpit will tear them, place them handſomely in the dripping-pan, where the fat of roaſted mutton or beef falling on the birds, will ſerve to baſte them, and ſo ſave both time and butter: for what cook of any ſpirit would loſe her time in picking larks, wheat-ears, and other ſmall birds?

birds? Therefore, if you cannot get the maids, or the young miſſes to aſſiſt you, e'en make ſhort work, and either ſinge or flay them; there is no great loſs in the ſkins, and the fleſh is juſt the ſame.

If you are employed in market, do not accept a treat of a beef-ſtake and a pot of ale from the butcher, which I think in conſcience is no better than wronging your maſter; but do you always take that perquiſite in money if you do not go in truſt, or in poundage when you pay the bills.

The kitchen-bellows being uſually out of order with ſtirring the fire with the muzzle, to ſave the tongs and poker, borrow the bellows out of your lady's bed-chamber, which, being leaſt uſed, are commonly the beſt in the houſe; and if you happen to damage or greaſe them, you have a chance to have them left entirely for your own uſe.

Let a blackguard boy be always about the houſe, to ſend on your errands, and go to market for you on rainy days; which will ſave your cloaths, and make you appear more creditable to your miſtreſs.

If your miſtreſs allows you the kitchen-ſtuff, in return of her generoſity, take care to boil and roaſt your meat ſufficiently. If ſhe keeps it for her own profit, do her juſtice, and rather than let a good fire be wanting, enliven it now and then with the dripping, and the butter that happens to turn to oil.

Send up your meat well ſtuck with ſkewers, to make it look round and plump; and an iron ſkewer, rightly employed now and then, will make it look handſomer.

When you roaſt a long joint of meat, be careful only about the middle, and leave the two extreme parts raw; which may ſerve another time, and will alſo ſave firing.

When you ſcour your plates and diſhes, bend the brim inward, ſo as to make them hold more.

Always keep a large fire in the kitchen, when

there is a ſmall dinner, or the family dines abroad, that the neighbours ſeeing the ſmoke may commend your maſter's houſekeeping: but when much company is invited, then be as ſparing as poſſible of your coals, becauſe a great deal of the meat being half raw will be ſaved, and ſerve next day.

Boil your meat conſtantly in pump-water, becauſe you muſt ſometimes want river or pipe water; and then your miſtreſs obſerving your meat of a different colour, will chide you when you are not in fault.

When you have plenty of fowl in the larder, leave the door open in pity to the poor cat, if ſhe be a good mouſer.

If you find it neceſſary to go to market in a wet day, take out your miſtreſs's riding-hood and cloak, to ſave your cloaths.

Get three or four chairwomen to attend you conſtantly in the kitchen, whom you pay at ſmall charges, only with the broken meat, a few coals, and all the cinders.

To keep troubleſome ſervants out of the kitchen, always leave the winter ſticking on the jack to fall on their heads.

If a lump of ſoot falls into the ſoup, and you cannot conveniently get it out, ſtir it well, and it will give the ſoupe a high French taſte.

If you melt your butter to oil, be under no concern, but ſend it up, for oil is a genteeler ſauce than butter.

Scrape the bottom of your pots and kettles with a ſilver ſpoon, for fear of giving them a taſte of copper.

When you ſend up butter for ſauce, be ſo thrifty as to let it be half water; which is alſo much wholeſomer.

If your butter when it is melted taſtes of braſs, it is your maſter's fault, who will not allow you a ſilver ſaucepan; beſides, the leſs of it will go far-

ther, and new tinning is very chargeable. If you have a silver saucepan, and the butter smells of smoke, lay the fault upon the coals.

Never make use of a spoon in any thing that you can do with your hands, for fear of wearing out your master's plate.

When you find that you cannot get dinner ready at the time appointed, put the clock back, and then it may be ready to a minute.

Let a red hot coal now and then fall into the dripping-pan, that the smoke of the dripping may ascend, and give the roast meat a high taste.

You are to look upon the kitchen as your dressing-room; but you are not to wash your hands till you have gone to the necessary-house, and spitted your meat, trussed your fowl, picked your sallad, nor indeed till after you have sent up your second course; for your hands will be ten times fouler with the many things you are forced to handle; but when your work is over, one washing will serve for all.

There is but one part of your dressing that I would admit while the victuals are boiling, roasting, or stewing; I mean the combing your head, which loseth no time, because you can stand over your cookery, and watch it with one hand, while you are using your comb with the other.

If any of the combings happen to be sent up with the victuals, you may safely lay the fault upon any of the footmen that hath vexed you: as those gentlemen are sometimes apt to be malicious, if you refuse them a sop in the pan, or a slice from the spit, much more when you discharge a ladleful of hot porridge on their legs, or send them up to their masters with a dishclout pinned at their tails.

In roasting and boiling, order the kitchen-maid to bring none but the large coals, and save the small ones for the fires above-stairs; the first are properest for dressing meat: and when they are out,

out, if you happen to miſcarry in any diſh, you may fairly lay the fault upon want of coals; beſides, the cinder-pickers will be ſure to ſpeak ill of your maſter's houſe-keeping, where they do not find plenty of large cinders mixed with freſh large coals. Thus you may dreſs your meat with credit, do an act of charity, raiſe the honour of your maſter, and ſometimes get ſhare of a pot of ale for your bounty to the cinder-woman.

As ſoon as you have ſent up the ſecond courſe, you have nothing to do (in a great family) until ſupper: therefore ſcour your hands and face, put on your hood and ſcarf, and take your pleaſure among your cronies, till nine or ten at night.—— But dine firſt.

Let there be always a ſtrict friendſhip between you and the butler; for it is both your intereſts to be united: the butler often wants a comfortable tit-bit, and you much oftener a cool cup of good liquor. However, be cautious of him; for he is ſometimes an inconſtant lover, becauſe he hath great advantage to allure the maids with a glaſs of ſack, or white wine and ſugar.

When you roaſt a breaſt of veal, remember your ſweet-heart the butler loves a ſweet-bread; therefore ſet it aſide till evening; you can ſay, the cat or the dog has run away with it, or you found it tainted, or fly-blown; and beſides it looks as well at the table without it as with it.

When you make the company wait long for dinner, and the meat be over-done, which is generally the caſe, you may lawfully lay the fault upon your lady, who hurried you ſo to ſend up dinner, that you was forced to ſend it up too much boiled and roaſted.

If your dinner miſcarries in almoſt every diſh, how could you help it? You were teaſed by the footmen coming into the kitchen; and to prove it true, take occaſion to be angry, and throw a ladle-

ful of broth on one or two of their liveries: beſides, Friday and Childermas day are two croſs days in the week, and it is impoſſible to have good luck on either of them; therefore on thoſe two days you have a lawful excuſe.

When you are in haſte to take down your diſhes, tip them in ſuch a manner, that a dozen will fall together upon the dreſſer, juſt ready for your hand.

To ſave time and trouble, cut your apples and onions with the ſame knife; and well-bred gentry love the taſte of an onion in every thing they eat.

Lump three or four pounds of butter together with your hand, then daſh it againſt the wall juſt over the dreſſer, ſo as to have it ready to pull by pieces as you have occaſion for it.

If you have a ſilver ſaucepan for the kitchen-uſe, let me adviſe you to batter it well, and keep it always black: this will be for your maſter's honour; for it ſhews there has been conſtant good houſe-keeping: and make room for the ſaucepan by wriggling it on the coals, *&c.*

In the ſame manner, if you are allowed a large ſilver ſpoon for the kitchen, let half the bole of it be worn out with continual ſcraping and ſtirring, and often ſay merrily, This ſpoon owes my maſter no ſervice.

When you ſend up a meſs of broth, water-gruel, or the like, to your maſter in a morning, do not forget with your thumb and two fingers to put ſalt on the ſide of the plate; for if you make uſe of a ſpoon, or the end of a knife, there may be danger that the ſalt would fall, and that would be a ſign of ill luck. Only remember to lick your thumb and fingers clean before you offer to touch the ſalt.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Directions to the FOOTMAN.

YOur employment being of a mixed nature, extends to a great variety of buſineſs, and you ſtand in a fair way of being the favourite of your maſter or miſtreſs, or of the young maſters and miſſes; you are the fine gentleman of the family, with whom all the maids are in love, You are ſometimes a pattern of dreſs to your maſter, and ſometimes he is ſo to you You wait at table in all companies, and conſequently have the opportunity to ſee and know the world, and to underſtand men and manners. I confeſs your vales are but few, unleſs you are ſent with a preſent, or attend the tea in the country; but you are called Mr. in the neighbourhood, and ſometimes pick up a fortune; perhaps your maſter's daughter; and I have known many of your tribe to have good commands in the army. In town you have a ſeat reſerved for you in the play-houſe, where you have an opportunity of becoming wits and critics. You have no profeſſed enemy except the rabble, and my Lady's waiting woman, who are ſometimes apt to call you ſkip-kennel. I have a true veneration for your office, becauſe I had once the honour to be one of your order, which I fooliſhly left by demeaning myſelf with accepting an employment in the cuſtom-houſe. But that you, my brethren, may come to better fortunes, I ſhall here deliver my inſtructions, which have been the fruits of much thought and obſervation, as well as of ſeven years experience.

In order to learn the ſecrets of other families, tell thoſe of your maſter's; thus you will grow a favourite both at home and abroad, and be regarded as a perſon of importance,

Never be ſeen in the ſtreets with a basket or bundle in your hands, and carry nothing but what you can hide in your pocket, otherwiſe you will diſgrace your calling: to prevent which, always retain a blackguard boy to carry your loads; and if you want farthings, pay him with a good ſlice of bread, or ſcrap of meat.

Let a ſhoeboy clean your own ſhoes firſt, for fear of fouling the chamber, then let him clean your maſter's; keep him on purpoſe for that uſe, and to run of errands, and pay him with ſcraps. When you are ſent on an errand, be ſure to edge in ſome buſineſs of your own, either to ſee your ſweetheart, or drink a pot of ale with ſome brother-ſervant; which is ſo much time clear gained.

There is a great controverſy about the moſt convenient and genteel way of holding your plate at meals. Some ſtick it between the frame and the back of the chair; which is an excellent expedient, where the make of the chair will allow it. Others, for fear the plate ſhould fall, graſp it ſo firmly, that their thumb reacheth to the middle of the hollow: which however, if your thumb be dry, is no ſecure method; and therefore, in that caſe, I adviſe your wetting the ball of it with your tongue. As to that abſurd practice, of letting the back of the plate lie leaning on the hollow of your hand, which ſome ladies recommend, it is univerſally exploded, being liable to ſo many accidents Others again are ſo refined, that they hold their plate directly under the left arm-pit; which is the beſt ſituation for keeping it warm: but this way may be dangerous in the article of taking away a diſh, where your plate may happen to fall upon ſome of the company's heads. I confeſs myſelf to have objected againſt all theſe ways,

ways, which I have frequently tried; and therefore I recommend a fourth, which is to ſtick your plate, up to the rim incluſive, in the left ſide between your waiſtcoat and your ſhirt. This will keep it at leaſt as warm as under your arm-pit, or ockſter (as the Scots calls it); this will hide it, ſo as ſtrangers may take you for a better ſervant, too good to hold a plate; this will ſecure it from falling; and thus diſpoſed, it lies ready for you to whip out in a moment, ready warmed, to any gueſt within your reach, who may want it: and, laſtly, there is another convenience in this method, that if any time during your waiting, you find yourſelf going to cough or ſneeze, you can immediately ſnatch out the plate, and hold the hollow part cloſe to your noſe or mouth, and thus prevent ſpirting any moiſture from either upon the diſhes or the ladies head-dreſs. You ſee gentlemen and ladies obſerve a like practice on ſuch an occaſion, with a hat or a handkerchief: yet a plate is leſs fouled and ſooner cleaned than either of theſe: for when your cough or ſneeze is over, it is but returning your plate to the ſame poſition, and your ſhirt will clean it in the paſſage.

Take off the largeſt diſhes, and ſet them on, with one hand, to ſhew the ladies your vigour and ſtrength of back; but always do it between two ladies, that if the diſh happens to ſlip. the ſoup or ſauce may fall on their cloaths, and not daub the floor. By this practice, two of our brethren, my worthy friends, got conſiderable fortunes.

Learn all the new-faſhion words, and oaths, and ſongs and ſcraps of plays that your memory can hold. Thus you will become the delight of nine ladies in ten, and the envy of ninety-nine beaux in a hundred.

Take care, that at certain periods, during dinner eſpecially, when perſons of quality are there, you and your brethren be all out of the room together; by

by which you will give yourſelves ſome eaſe from the fatigue of waiting, and at the ſame time leave the company to converſe more freely, without being conſtrained by your preſence.

When you are ſent on a meſſage, deliver it in you own words, although it be to a duke or to a ducheſs, and not in the words of your maſter or lady; for how can they underſtand what belongs to a meſſage as well as you, who have been bred to the employment? But never deliver the anſwer till it is called for, and then adorn it with your own ſtyle.

When dinner is done, carry down a great heap of plates to the kitchen; and when you come to the head of the ſtairs, trundle them all before you. There is not a more agreeable ſight or ſound, eſpecially if they be ſilver, beſides the trouble they ſave you; and there they will lie ready near the kitchen door for the skullion to waſh them.

If you are bringing up a joint of meat in a diſh, and it falls out of your hand, before you get into the dining-room, with the meat on the ground, and the ſauce ſpilled, take up the meat gently, wipe it with the flap of your coat, then put it again into the diſh, and ſerve it up; and when your lady miſſes the ſauce, tell her it is to be ſent up in a plate by itſelf.

When you carry up a diſh of meat, dip your fingers in the ſauce, or lick it with your tongue, to try whether it be good, and fit for your maſter's table.

You are the beſt judge of what acquaintance your lady ought to have: and therefore, if ſhe ſends you on a meſſage of compliment or buſineſs to a family you do not like, deliver the anſwer in ſuch a manner as may breed a quarrel between them, not to be reconciled: or, if a footman comes from the ſame family on the like errand, turn the anſwer ſhe orders you to deliver, in ſuch

a manner

a manner as the other family may take it for an affront.

When you are in lodgings, and no ſhoeboy to be got, clean your maſter's ſhoes with the bottom of the curtains, a clean napkin, or your landlady's apron.

Ever wear your hat in the houſe, but when your maſter calls; and as ſoon as you come into his preſence, pull it off, to ſhew your manners.

Never clean your ſhoes on the ſcraper, but in the entry, or at the foot of the ſtairs; by which you will have the credit of being at home almoſt a minute ſooner, and the ſcraper will laſt longer.

Never aſk leave to go abroad; for then it will be always known that you are abſent, and you will be thought an idle rambling fellow; whereas, if you go out and no body obſerves, you have a chance of coming home without being miſſed; and you need not tell your fellow-ſervants where you are gone; for they will be ſure to ſay, you were in the houſe but two minutes ago, which is the duty of all ſervants.

Snuff the candles with your fingers, and throw the ſnuff on the floor, then tread it out, to prevent ſtinking; this method will very much ſave the ſnuffers from wearing out. You ought alſo to ſnuff them cloſe to the tallow; which will make them run, and ſo increaſe the perquiſite of the cook's kitchen-ſtuff; for ſhe is the perſon you ought in prudence to be well with.

While grace is ſaying after meat, do you and your brethren take the chairs from behind the company, ſo that when they go to ſit down again, they may fall backwards, which will make them all merry; but be you ſo diſcreet as to hold your laughter till you get to the kitchen, and then divert your fellow-ſervants.

When you know your maſter is moſt buſy in company, come in and pretend to ſettle about the room;

room; and if he chides, say, you thought he rung the bell. This will divert him from plodding on business too much, or spending himself in talk, or racking his thoughts, all which are hurtful to his constitution.

If you are ordered to break the claw of a crab or a lobster, clap it between the sides of the dining-room door between the hinges. Thus you can do it gradually without mashing the meat; which is often the fate of the street-door key, or the pestle.

When you take a foul plate from any of the guests, and observe the foul knife and fork lying on the plate, shew your dexterity, take up the plate, and throw off the knife and fork on the table, without shaking off the bones or broken meat that are left: then the guest, who hath more time than you, will wipe the fork and knife already used.

When you carry a glass of liquor to any person who hath called for it, do not bob him on the shoulder, or cry, Sir, or Madam, here's the glass; that would be unmannerly, as if you had a mind to force it down one's throat; but stand at the person's left shoulder, and wait his time; and if he strikes it down with his elbow by forgetfulness, that was his fault, and not yours.

When your mistress sends you for a hackney-coach in a wet day, come back in the coach to save your cloaths, and the trouble of walking; it is better the bottom of her petticoats should be draggled with your dirty shoes, than your livery be spoiled, and yourself get a cold.

There is no indignity so great to one of your station, as that of lighting your master in the streets with a lantern; and therefore it is very honest policy to try all arts how to evade it; besides, it shews your master to be either poor or covetous, which are the two worst qualities you can meet with in any service. When I was under these circumstances, I made

I made uſe of ſeveral wiſe expedients, which I here recommend to you. Sometimes I took a candle ſo long, that it reached to the very top of the lantern, and burned it; but my maſter, after a good beating, ordered me to paſte it over with paper. I then uſed a middling candle, but ſtuck it ſo looſe in the ſocket, that it leaned towards one ſide, and burned a whole quarter of the horn. Then I uſed a bit of candle of half an inch, which ſunk in the ſocket, and melted the ſolder, and forced my maſter to walk half the way in the dark. Then he made me ſtick two inches of candle in the place where the ſocket was; after which I pretended to ſtumble, put out the candle, and broke all the tin part to pieces. At laſt, he was forced to make uſe of a lantern-boy, out of perfect good huſbandry.

It is much to be lamented, that gentlemen of our employment have but two hands to carry plates, diſhes, bottles, and the like, out of the room at meals; and the misfortune is ſtill the greater, becauſe one of thoſe hands is required to open the door, while you are incumbered with your load. Therefore, I adviſe, that the door may be always left at jar, ſo as to open it with your foot; and then you may carry out plates and diſhes from your belly up to your chin, beſides a good quainty of things under your arms, which will ſave you many a weary ſtep; but take care that none of the burden falls till you are out of the room, and, if poſſible, out of hearing.

If you are ſent to the poſt-office with a letter in a cold rainy night, ſtep to the ale-houſe, and take a pot, until it is ſuppoſed you have done your errand; but take the next fair opportunity to put the letter in carefully, as becomes an honeſt ſervant.

If you are ordered to make coffee for the ladies after dinner, and the pot happens to boil over, while you are running up for a ſpoon to ſtir it, or think-

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ing of ſomething elſe, or ſtruggling with the chambermaid for a kiſs; wipe the ſides of the pot clean with a diſhclout, carry up your coffee boldly; and when your lady finds i too weak, and examines you whether it has not run over, deny the fact abſolutely; ſwear you put in more coffee than ordinary, that you never ſtirred an inch from it, that you ſtrove to make it better than uſual, becauſe your miſtreſs had ladies with her, that the ſervants in the kitchen will juſtify what you ſay. Upon this you will find that the other ladies will pronounce your coffee to be very good? and your miſtreſs will confeſs that her mouth is out of taſte, and ſhe will for the future ſuſpect herſelf, and be more cautious in finding fault. This I would have you do from a principle of conſcience; for coffee is very unwholſome; and out of affection to your lady, you ought to give it her as weak as poſſible. And upon this argument, when you have a mind to treat any of the maids with a diſh of freſh coffee, you may, and ought to ſubſtract a third part of the powder, on account of your lady's health, and getting her maid's good-will.

If your maſter ſends you with a ſmall trifling preſent to one of his friends, be as careful of it as you would be of a diamond ring; therefore, if the preſent be only half a dozen pippins, ſend up the ſervant who received the meſſage, to ſay, that you were ordered to deliver them with your own hands. This will ſhew your exactneſs, and care to prevent accidents or miſtakes; and the gentleman or lady cannot do leſs than give you a ſhilling. So when your maſter receives the like preſent, teach the meſſenger who brings it to do the ſame, and give your maſter hints that may ſtir up his generoſity; for brother-ſervants ſhould aſſiſt one another, ſince it is all for their maſter's honour, which is the chief point to be conſulted by every good ſervant, and of which he is the beſt judge.

When you ſtep but a few doors off to tattle with a wench, or take a running pot of ale, or to ſee a brother footman going to be hanged, leave the ſtreet-door open, that you may not be forced to knock, and your maſter diſcover you are gone out; for a quarter of an hour's time can do his ſervice no injury.

When you take away the remaining pieces of bread after dinner, put them on foul plates, and preſs them down with other plates over them, ſo as no body can touch them; and ſo they will be a good perquiſite to the blackguard boy in ordinary.

When you are forced to clean your maſter's ſhoes with your own hand, uſe the edge of the ſharpeſt caſe-knife, and dry them with the toes an inch from the fire; becauſe wet ſhoes are dangerous; and beſides, by theſe arts you will get them the ſooner for yourſelf.

In ſome families the maſter often ſends to the tavern for a bottle of wine, and you are the meſſenger. I adviſe you therefore, to take the ſmalleſt bottle you can find; but however make the drawer give you a full quart; then you will get a good ſup for yourſelf, and your bottle will be filled. As for a cork to ſtop it, you need be at no trouble, for the thumb will do as well, or a bit of dirty chewed paper.

In all diſputes with chairmen and coachmen for demanding too much, when your maſter ſends you down to chaffer with them, take pity of the poor fellows, and tell your maſter that they will not take a farthing leſs; it is more for your intereſt to get ſhare of a pot of ale, than to ſave a ſhilling for your maſter, to whom it is a trifle.

When you attend your lady in a dark night, if ſhe uſeth her coach, do not walk by the coach-ſide ſo as to tire and dirt yourſelf, but get up into your proper place behind it; and ſo hold the flambeau ſloping

forward over the coach roof; and when it wants ſnuffing daſh it againſt the corners.

When you leave your lady at church on Sundays, you have two hours ſafe to ſpend with your companions at the alehouſe, or over a beef-ſtake and a pot of beer at home with the cook and the maids; and indeed poor ſervants have ſo few opportunies to be happy, that they ought not to loſe any.

Never wear ſocks when you wait at meals, on account of your own health, as well as of them who ſit at table; becauſe as moſt ladies like the ſmell of young mens toes, ſo it is a ſovereign remedy againſt the vapours.

Chuſe a ſervice, if you can, where your livery colours are leaſt tawdry and diſtinguiſhing. Green and yellow immediately betray your office; and ſo do all kinds of lace, except ſilver; which will hardly fall to your ſhare, unleſs with a duke, or ſome prodigal juſt come to his eſtate. The colours you ought to wiſh for, are blue, or ſilemot, turned up with red; which, with a borrowed ſword, a borrowed air, your maſter's linen, and a natural and improved confidence, will give you what title you pleaſe, where you are not known.

When you carry diſhes, or other things, out of the room at meals, fill both your hands as full as poſſible: for although you may ſometimes ſpill, and ſometimes let fall; yet you will find at the year's end you have made great diſpatch, and ſaved abundance of time.

If your maſter or miſtreſs happens to walk the ſtreets, keep on one ſide, and as much on the level with them as you can; which people obſerving, will either think you do not belong to them, or that you are one of their companions; but if either of them happen to turn back and ſpeak to you, ſo that you are under the neceſſity to take off your

your hat, uſe but your thumb and one finger, and ſcratch your head with the reſt.

In winter-time light the dining-room fire but two minutes before dinner is ſerved up, that your maſter may ſee how ſaving you are of his coals.

When you are ordered to ſtir up the fire, clean away the aſhes from betwixt the bars with the fire-bruſh.

When you are ordered to call a coach, although it be midnight, go no farther than the door, for fear of being out of the way when you are wanted; and there ſtand bawling, Coach, coach for half an hour.

Although you gentlemen in livery have the misfortune to be treated ſcurvily by all mankind, yet you make a ſhift to keep up your ſpirits, and ſometimes arrive at conſiderable fortunes. I was an intimate friend to one of our brethren, who was footman to a court-lady. She had an honourable employment, was ſiſter to an earl, and the widow of a man of quality. She obſerved ſomething ſo polite in my friend, the gracefulneſs with which he tript before her chair, and put his hair under his hat, that ſhe made him many advances: and, one day, taking the air in her coach, with Tom behind it, the coachman miſtook the way, and ſtopped at a privileged chapel; where the couple were married, and Tom came home in the chariot by his lady's ſide: but he unfortunately taught her to drink brandy, of which ſhe died, after having pawned all her plate to purchaſe it; and Tom is now a journeyman maltſter.

Boucher, the famous gameſter, was another of our fraternity; and when he was worth 50,000 l. he dunned the Duke of Buckingham for an arrear of wages in his ſervice. And I could inſtance many more, particularly another, whoſe ſon had the chief employments at court; and is ſufficient to give the following advice; which is, to be pert

and ſawcy to all mankind, eſpecially to the chaplain, the waiting-woman, and the better ſort of ſervants, in a perſon of quality's family: and value not now and then a kicking, or a caning; for your inſolence at laſt will turn to good account; and from wearing a livery, you may probably ſoon carry a pair of colours.

When you wait behind a chair at meals, keep conſtantly wriggling the back of the chair, that the perſon behind whom you ſtand may know you are ready to attend him.

When you carry a parcel of China plates, if they chance to fall, as it is a frequent misfortune, your excuſe muſt be, that a dog ran acroſs you in the hall; that the chamber-maid accidentally puſhed the door againſt you; that a mop ſtood acroſs the entry, and tript you up; that your ſleeve ſtuck againſt the key or button of the lock.

When your maſter and lady are talking together in their bedchamber, and you have ſome ſuſpicion that you or your fellow-ſervants are concerned in what they ſay, liſten at the door for the public good of all the ſervants, and join all to take proper meaſures for preventing any innovations that may hurt the community.

Be not proud in proſperity. You have heard, that fortune turns on a wheel; if you have a good place, you are at the top of the wheel. Remember how often you have been ſtripped, and kicked out of doors, your wages all taken up before hand, and ſpent in tranſlated red-heeled ſhoes, ſecond-hand toupees, and repaired lace-ruffles, beſides a ſwinging debt to the alewife and the brandy-ſhop. The neighbouring tapſter, who before would beckon you over to a ſavoury bit of ox-cheek in the morning, give it you *gratis*, and only ſcore you up for the liquor, immediately after you were packed off in diſgrace, carried a petition to your maſter to be paid out of your wages, whereof

not

not a farthing was due, and then purſued you with bailiffs into every blind cellar. Remember how ſoon you grew ſhabby, thread-bare, and out at heels; was forced to borrow an old livery-coat, to make your appearance while you were looking for a place; and ſneak to every houſe where you have an old acquaintance, to ſteal you a ſcrap to keep life and ſoul together; and upon the whole, were in the loweſt ſtation of human life, which, as the old ballad ſays, is that of a ſkip-kennel turned out of place: I ſay, remember all this now in your flouriſhing condition, Pay your contributions duly to your late brothers the cadets, who are left to the wide world: take one of them as your dependent, to ſend on your lady's meſſages when you have a mind to go to the alehouſe; ſlip him out privately now and then a ſlice of bread, and a bit of cold meat; your maſter can afford it; and if he be not yet put upon the eſtabliſhment for a lodging, let him lie in the ſtable, or the coach-houſe, or under the back-ſtairs; and recommend him to all the gentlemen who frequent your houſe as an excellent ſervant.

To grow old in the office of a footman, is the higheſt of all indignities; therefore, when you find years coming on without hopes of a place at court, a command in the army, a ſucceſſion to the ſtewardſhip, an employment in the revenue, (which two laſt you cannot obtain without reading and writing), or running away with your maſter's niece or daughter; I directly adviſe you to go upon the road, which is the only poſt of honour left you. There you will meet many of your old comerades, and live a ſhort life, and a merry one, and make a figure at your exit; wherein I will give you ſome inſtructions.

The laſt advice I give you, relates to your behaviour when you are going to be hanged; which either for robbing your maſter, for houſe-breaking,

or going upon the highway, or in a drunken quarrel, by killing the firſt man you meet, may very probably be your lot; and is owing to one of theſe three qualities; either a love of good fellowſhip, a generoſity of mind, or too much vivacity of ſpirits. Your good behaviour on this article will concern your whole community. Deny the fact with all ſolemnity of imprecations. A hundred of your brethren, if they can be admitted, will attend about the bar, and be ready upon demand to give you a good character before the court. Let nothing prevail on you to confeſs, but the promiſe of a pardon for diſcovering your comerades. But I ſuppoſe all this to be in vain; for, if you eſcape now, your fate will be the ſame another day. Get a ſpeech to be written by the beſt author of Newgate: ſome of your kind wenches will provide you with a Holland ſhirt, and white cap, crowned with a crimſon or black riband. Take leave chearfully of all your friends in Newgate; mount the cart with courage; fall on your knees; lift up your eyes; hold a book in your hands, although you cannot read a word; deny the fact at the gallows; kiſs and forgive the hangman; and ſo farewell. You ſhall be buried in pomp at the charge of the fraternity: the ſurgeon ſhall not touch a limb of you; and your fame ſhall continue until a ſucceſſor of equal renown ſucceeds in your place.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Directions to the COACHMAN.

YOU are ſtrictly bound to nothing, but to ſtep into the box, and carry your maſter or lady.

Let your horſes be ſo well trained, that when you attend your lady at a viſit, they will wait until you ſlip into a neighbouring alehouſe to take a pot with a friend.

When you are in no humour to drive, tell your maſter, that the horſes have got a cold; that they want ſhoeing; that rain does them hurt, and roughens their coat, and rots the harneſs. This may likewiſe be applied to the groom.

If your maſter dines with a country friend, drink as much as you can get; becauſe it is allowed, that a good coachman never drives ſo well as when he is drunk; and then ſhew your ſkill, by driving to an inch by a precipice; and ſay you never drive ſo well as when drunk.

If you find any gentleman fond of one of your horſes, and willing to give you a conſideration beſide the price; perſuade your maſter to ſell him, becauſe he is ſo vitious that you cannot undertake to drive with him. and is foundered into the bargain.

Get a blackguard boy to watch your coach at the church-door on Sundays, that you and your brother-coachmen may be merry together at the ale-houſe, while your maſter and lady are at church.

Take

Take care that your wheels be good; and get a new ſet bought as often as you can, whether you are allowed the old as your perquiſite or not. In one caſe it will turn to your honeſt profit; and in the other it will be a juſt puniſhment on your maſter's covetouſneſs; and probably the coachmaker will conſider you too.

CHAP. V.

Directions to the GROOM.

YOU are the ſervant upon whom the care of your maſter's honour in all journies entrely depends; your breaſt is the ſole repoſitory of it. If he travels the country, and lodgeth at inns, every dram of brandy, every pot of ale extraordinary that you drink, raiſeth his character; and therefore his reputation ought to be dear to you; and I hope you will not ſtint yourſelf in either. The ſmith, the ſaddler's journeyman, the cook at the inn, the oſtler, and the boot-catcher, ought all by your means to partake of your maſter's generoſity. Thus his fame will reach from one county to another; and what is a gallon of ale, or a pint of brandy in his worſhip's pocket? And although he ſhould be in the number of thoſe who value their credit leſs than their purſe, yet your care of the former ought to be ſo much the greater. His horſe wanted two removes; your horſe wanted nails; his allowance of oats and beans was greater than the journey required; a third part may he retrenched, and turned into ale or brandy; and thus his honour may be preſerved by your diſcretion, and

and leſs expence to him: or if he travels with no other ſervant, the matter is eaſily made up in the bill between you and the tapſter.

Therefore, as ſoon as you alight at the inn, deliver your horſes to the ſtable-boy, and let him gallop them to the next pond: then call for a pot of ale; for it is very fit that a Chriſtian ſhould drink before a beaſt. Leave your maſter to the care of the ſervants in the inn, and your horſes to thoſe in the ſtable. Thus both he and they are left in the propereſt hands. But you are to provide for yourſelf; therefore get your ſupper, drink freely, and go to bed without troubling your maſter, who is in better hands than yours. The oſtler is an honeſt fellow, and loves horſes in his heart; and would not wrong the dumb creatures for the world. Be tender of your maſter, and order the ſervants not to wake him too early. Get your breakfaſt before he is up, that he may not wait for you. Make the oſtler tell him the roads are very good, and the miles ſhort; but adviſe him to ſtay a little longer till the weather clears up, for he is afraid there will be rain, and he will be time enough after dinner.

Let your maſter mount before you out of good manners. As he is leaving the inn, drop a good word in favour of the oſtler, what care he took of the cattle; and add, that you never ſaw civiller ſervants. Let your maſter ride on before, and do you ſtay until your landlord has given you a dram; then gallop after him through the town or village with full ſpeed, for fear he ſhould want you, and to ſhew your horſemanſhip.

If you are a piece of a ferrier, as every good groom ought to be, get ſack, brandy, or ſtrong beer, to rub your horſes heels every night; and be not ſparing, for (if any be ſpent) what is left, you know how to diſpoſe of.

Conſider your maſter's health; and rather than let

let him take long journeys, ſay the cattle are weak, and fallen in their fleſh with hard riding: tell him of a very good inn five miles nearer than he intended to go; or leave one of his horſe's fore-ſhoes looſe in the morning; or contrive that the ſaddle may pinch the beaſt in his withers; or keep him without corn all night and morning, ſo that he may tire on the road; or wedge a thin plate of iron between the hoof and the ſhoe to make him halt; and all this in perfect tenderneſs to your maſter.

When you are going to be hired, and the gentleman aſks you, whether you are apt to be drunk? own freely that you love a cup of good ale; but that it is your way, drunk or ſober, never to neglect your horſes.

When your maſter hath a mind to ride out for the air, or for pleaſure; if any private buſineſs of your own makes it inconvenient for you to attend him, give him to underſtand, that the horſes want bleeding or purging; that his own pad hath got a ſurfeit; or that the ſaddle wants ſtuffing, and his bridle is gone to be mended. This you may honeſtly do, becauſe it will be no injury to the horſes or your maſter; and at the ſame time ſhews the great care you have of the poor dumb creatures.

If there be a particular inn in the town whither you are going, and where you are well acquainted with the oſtler or tapſter, and the people of the houſe, find fault with the other inns, and recommend your maſter thither: it may probably be a pot and a dram or two more in your way, and to your maſter's honour.

If your maſter ſends you to buy hay, deal with thoſe who will be the moſt liberal to you; for ſervice being no inheritance, you ought not to let ſlip any lawful and cuſtomary perquiſite. If your maſter buys it himſelf, he wrongs you; and to teach him his duty, be ſure to find fault with the hay as long

long as it lafts; and if the horfes thrive with it, the fault is yours.

Hay and oats, in the management of a fkilful groom, will make excellent ale, as well as brandy; but this I only hint.

When your maſter dines or lies at a gentleman's houſe in the country, although there be no groom, or he be gone abroad, or that the horſes have been quite neglected, be ſure employ ſome of the ſervants to hold the horſe when your maſter mounts. This I would have you do, when your maſter only alights to call in for a few minutes; for brother-ſervants muſt always befriend one another; and that alſo concerns your maſter's honour; becauſe he cannot do leſs than give a piece of money to him who holds his horſe.

In long journeys, aſk your maſter leave to give ale to the horſes; carry two quarts full to the ſtable; pour half a pint into a bowl; and if they will not drink it, you and the oſtler muſt do the beſt you can; perhaps they may be in a better humour at the next in, for I would have you never fail to make the experiment.

When you go to air your horſes in the park, or the fields, give them to a horſe-boy, or one of the black guards, who being lighter than you, may be truſted to run races with leſs damage to the horſes, and teach them to leap over hedges and ditches, while you are drinking a friendly pot with your brother-grooms: but ſometimes you and they may run races yourſelves, for the honour of your horſes, and of your maſters.

Never ſtint your horſes at home in hay and oats, but fill the rack to the top, and the manger to the brim, for you would take it ill to be ſtinted yourſelf; although perhaps they may not have the ſtomach to eat; conſider they have no tongues to aſk. If the hay be thrown down, there is no loſs; for it will make litter, and ſave ſtraw.

When

When your master is leaving a gentleman's house in the country, where he hath lain a night; then consider his honour; let him know how many servants there are of both sexes, who expect vales; and give them their cue to attend in two lines, as he leaves the house; but desire him not to trust the money with the butler, for fear he should cheat the rest: this will force your master to be more generous; and then you may take occasion to tell your master, that 'squire such-a-one, whom you lived with last, always gave so much a-piece to the common servants, and so much to the house-keeper, and the rest, naming at least double to what he intended to give; but be sure to tell the servants what a good office you did them. This will gain you love, and your master honour.

You may venture to be drunk much oftener than the coachman, whatever he pretends to alledge in his own behalf, because you hazard no body's neck but your own; for the horse will probably take so much care of himself, as to come off with only a strain or a shoulder-slip.

When you carry your master's riding-coat in a journey, wrap your own in it, and buckle them up close with a strap: but turn your master's inside out, to preserve the outside from wet and dirt. Thus, when it begins to rain, your master's coat will be first ready to be given him; and if it get more hurt than yours, he can afford it better; for your livery must always serve its year's apprenticeship.

When you come to your inn with the horses wet and dirty after hard riding, and are very hot, make the ostler immediately plunge them into water up to their bellies, and allow them to drink as much as they please; but be sure to gallop them full speed a mile at least, to dry their skins, and warm the water in their bellies. The ostler understands his business; leave all to his discretion, while you

get a pot of ale and ſome brandy at the kitchen-fire, to comfort your heart.

If your horſe drop a fore-ſhoe, be ſo careful to alight and take it up: then ride with all the ſpeed you can (the ſhoe in your hand that every traveller may obſerve your care) to the next ſmith on the road, make him put it on immediatly, that your maſter may not wait for you, and that the poor horſe may be as ſhort a time as poſſible without a ſhoe.

When your maſter lies at a gentleman's houſe, if you find the hay and oats are good, complain aloud of their badneſs; this will get you the name of a diligent ſervant: and be ſure to cram the horſes with as much oats as they can eat, while you are there, and you may give them ſo much the leſs for ſome days at the inns, and turn the oats into ale. When you leave the gentleman's houſe, tell your maſter what a covetous hunks that gentleman was, that you got nothing but butter-milk or water to drink: this will make your maſter out of pity allow you a pint of ale the more at the next inn. But if you happen to get drunk in a gentleman's houſe, your maſter cannot be angry, becauſe it coſt him nothing; and ſo you ought to tell him as well as you can in your preſent condition, and let him know it is both for his and the gentleman's honour to make a friend's ſervant welcome.

A maſter ought always to love his groom, to put him in a handſome livery, and to allow him a ſilver-laced hat. When you are in this equipage, all the honours he receives on the road are owing to you alone: that he is not turned out of the way by every carrier, is cauſed by the civility he receives at ſecond hand from the reſpect paid to your livery.

You may now and then lend your maſter's pad to a brother-ſervant, or your favourite maid, for a ſhort jaunt, or hire him for a day, becauſe the

horſe is ſpoiled for want of exerciſe; and if your maſter happens to want his horſe, or hath a mind to ſee the ſtable, curſe that rogue the helper who is gone out with the key.

When you want to ſpend an hour or two with your companions at the alehouſe, and that you ſtand in need of a reaſonable excuſe for your ſtay, go out of the ſtable-door, or the back-way, with an old bridle, girth, or ſtirrup-leather in your pocket, and on your return come home by the ſtreet-door with the ſame bridle, girth, or ſtirrup-leather, dangling in your hands as if you came from the ſadler's, where you were getting the ſame mended; (if you were not miſſed, all is well); but if you are met by your maſter, you will have the reputation of a careful ſervant. This I have known practiſed with good ſucceſs.

CHAP. VI.

Directions to the HOUSE-STEWARD, and LAND-STEWARD.

LORD Peterborough's ſteward, that pulled down his houſe, ſold the materials, and charged my Lord with repairs. Take money for forbearance from tenants. Renew leaſes, and get by them, and fell woods. Lend my Lord his own money. Gil Blas ſaid much of this, to whom I refer.

CHAP. VII.

Directions to the PORTER.

IF your maſter be a miniſter of ſtate, let him be at home to none but his pimp, or chief flatterer, or one of his penſionary writers, or his hired ſpy, and informer, or his printer in ordinary, or his city ſolicitor, or a land-jobber, or his inventor of new funds, or a ſtock-jobber.

CHAP. VIII.

Directions to the CHAMBER-MAID.

THE nature of your employment differs according to the quality, the pride, or the wealth of the lady you ſerve; and this treatiſe is to be applied to all ſorts of families; ſo that I find myſelf under great difficulty to adjuſt the buſineſs for which you are hired. In a family where there is a tolerable eſtate, you differ from the houſe-maid, and in that view I give my directions. Your particular province is your lady's chamber, where you make the bed, and put things in order; and if you live in the country, you take care of rooms, where ladies lie who come into the houſe; which brings in all the vales that fall to your ſhare. Your uſual lover, as I take it, is the coachman: but if you are under twenty, and tolerably handſome, perhaps a footman may caſt his eyes on you.

Get your favourite footman to help you in mak-

ing your lady's bed; and if you ſerve a young couple, the footman and you, as you are turning up the bed-cloaths, will make the prettieſt obſervations in the world, which whiſpered about will be very entertaining to the whole family, and get among the neighbourhood.

Do not carry down the neceſſary veſſels for the fellows to ſee; but empty them out of the window, for your lady's credit. It is highly improper for men-ſervants to know, that fine ladies have occaſion for ſuch utenſils; and do not ſcour the chamber-pot, becauſe the ſmell is wholeſome.

If you happen to break any china with the top of the whiſk on the mantle-tree, or the cabinet, gather up the fragments, put them together as well as you can, and place them behind the reſt; ſo that when your lady comes to diſcover them, you may ſafely ſay they were broke long ago, before you came to the ſervice. This will ſave your lady many an hour's vexation.

It ſometimes happens, that a looking glaſs is broken by the ſame means; while you are looking another way, as you ſweep the chamber, the long end of the bruſh ſtrikes againſt the glaſs, and breaks it to ſhivers. This is the extremeſt of all misfortunes, and all remedy deſperate in appearance, becauſe it is impoſſible to be concealed. Such a fatal accident once happened in a great family, where I had the honour to be a footman; and I will relate the particulars, to ſhew the ingenuity of the poor chamber maid on ſo ſudden and dreadful an emergency, which perhaps may help to ſharpen your invention, if your evil ſtar ſhould ever give you the like occaſion. The poor girl had broken a large japan glaſs of great value with a ſtroke of her bruſh; ſhe had not conſidered long, when, by a prodigious preſence of mind, ſhe locked the door, ſtole into the yard, brought a ſtone of three pound weight into the chamber, laid it on the hearth juſt under the looking-

looking-glaſs, then broke a pain in the ſaſh-window that looked into the ſame yard, ſo ſhut the door, and went about her other affairs. Two hours after, the lady goes into the chamber, ſees the glaſs broken, the ſtone lying under, and a whole pane in the window deſtroyed; from all which circumſtances ſhe concluded, juſt as the maid could have wiſhed, that ſome idle ſtraggler in the neighbourhood, or perhaps one of the out-ſervants, had, through malice, accident, or careleſſneſs, flung in the ſtone, and done the miſchief. Thus far all things went well, and the girl concluded herſelf out of danger. But it was her ill fortune, that a few hours after in came the parſon of the pariſh; and the lady (naturally) told him the accident, which you may believe had much diſcompoſed her. But the miniſter, who happened to underſtand mathematics, after examining the ſituation of the yard, the window, and the chimney, ſoon convinced the lady, that the ſtone could never reach the looking-glaſs, without taking three turns in its flight from the hand that threw it; and the maid being proved to have ſwept the room the ſame morning, was ſtrictly examined: but conſtantly denied that ſhe was guilty upon her ſalvation, offering to take her oath upon the Bible before his reverence, that ſhe was as innocent as the child unborn: yet the poor wench was turned off; which I take to have been hard treatment, conſidering her ingenuity. However, this may be a direction to you in the like caſe, to contrive a ſtory that will better hang together. For inſtance, you might ſay, that while you were at work with the mop or bruſh, a flaſh of lightening came ſuddenly in at the window, which almoſt blinded you; that you immediately heard the ringing of broken glaſs on the hearth; that as ſoon as you recovered your eyes, you ſaw the looking-glaſs all broken to pieces: or you may alledge, that obſerving the glaſs a little covered with duſt, and

going very gently to wipe it, you ſuppoſe the moiſture of the air had diſſolved the glue or cement, which made it fall to the ground: or, as ſoon as the miſchief is done, you may cut the cords that faſtened the glaſs to the wainſcot, and ſo let it fall flat on the ground! run out in a fright, tell your lady, curſe the upholſterer, and declare how narrowly you eſcaped, that it did not fall upon your head. I offer theſe expedients from a deſire I have to defend the innocent; for innocent you certainly muſt be, if you did not break the glaſs on purpoſe, which I would by no means excuſe, except upon great provocations.

Oil the tongs, poker, and fire-ſhovel, up to the top, not only to keep them from ruſting, but likewiſe to prevent meddling people from waſting your maſter's coals with ſtirring the fire.

When you are in haſte, ſweep the duſt into a corner of the room; but leave your bruſh upon it, that it may not be ſeen, for that would diſgrace you.

Never waſh your hands, or put on a clean apron, till you have made your lady's bed, for fear of rumpling your apron, or fouling your hands again.

When you bar the window-ſhuts of your lady's bed-chamber at nights, leave open the ſaſhes, to let in the freſh air, and ſweeten the room againſt morning.

In the time when you leave the windows open for air, leave books or ſomething elſe on the window-ſeat, that they may get air too.

When you ſweep your lady's room, never ſtay to pick up foul ſmocks, handkerchiefs, pinners, pincuſhions, tea ſpoons, ribands, ſlippers, or whatever lies in your way; but ſweep all into a corner, and then you may take them up in a lump, and ſave time.

Making

Making beds in hot weather is a very laborious work, and you will be apt to ſweat; therefore, when you find the drops running down from your forehead, wipe them off with a corner of the ſheet, that they may not be ſeen on the bed.

When your lady ſends you to waſh a china cup, and it happen to fall, bring it up, and ſwear you did but juſt touch it with your hand, when it broke into *three halves*. And here I muſt inform you, as well as all your fellow-ſervants, that you ought never to be without an excuſe; it doth no harm to your maſter, and it leſſens your fault: as in this inſtance, I do not commend you for breaking the cup; it is certain you did not break it on purpoſe; and the thing is poſſible, that it might break in your hand.

You are ſometimes deſirous to ſee a funeral, a quarrel, a man going to be hanged, a wedding, a bawd carted, or the like. As they paſs by in the ſtreet, you lift up the ſaſh ſuddenly, there by misfortune it ſticks: this was no fault of yours; young women are curious by nature; you have no remedy but to cut the cord, and lay the fault upon the carpenter, unleſs no body ſaw you, and then you are as innocent as any ſervant in the houſe.

Wear your lady's ſmock when ſhe has thrown it off; it will do you credit, ſave your own linen, and be not a pin the worſe.

When you put a clean pillow-caſe on your lady's pillow, be ſure to faſten it well with three corking pins, that it may not fall off in the night.

When you ſpread bread and butter for tea, be ſure that all the holes in the loaf be left full of butter, to keep the bread moiſt againſt dinner; and let the mark of your thumb be ſeen only upon one end of every ſlice, to ſhew your cleanlineſs.

When you are ordered to open or lock any door, trunk, or cabinet, and miſs the proper key, or cannot diſtinguiſh it in the bunch, try the firſt key that you can thruſt in, and turn it with all your ſtrength,

ſtrength, till you open the lock, or break the key; for your lady will reckon you a fool to come back and do nothing.

CHAP. IX.

Directions to the WAITING-MAID.

TWO accidents have happened to leſſen the comforts and profits of your employment; firſt, that execrable cuſtom got among ladies, of trucking their old cloaths for china, or turning them to cover eaſy chairs, or making them into patch-work for ſcreens, ſtools, cuſhions, and the like. The ſecond is, the invention of ſmall cheſts and trunks, with lock and key, wherein they keep the tea and ſugar; without which it is impoſſible for a waiting-maid to live; for by this means you are forced to buy brown ſugar, and pour water upon the leaves, when they have loſt all their ſpirit and taſte. I cannot contrive any perfect remedy againſt either of theſe two evils. As to the former, I think there ſhould be a general confederacy of all the ſervants in every family, for the public good, to drive thoſe china huckſters from the doors. And as to the latter, there is no other method to relieve yourſelves, but by a falſe key; which is a point both difficult and dangerous to compaſs; but, as to the circumſtances of honeſty in procuring one, I am under no doubt, when your miſtreſs gives you ſo juſt a provocation, by refuſing you an ancient and legal perquiſite. The miſtreſs of the tea-ſhop may now and then give you half an ounce, but

but that will only be a drop in the bucket: therefore I fear you must be forced, like the rest of your sisters, to run in trust, and pay for it out of your wages, as far as they will go; which you can easily make up otherwise, if your Lady be handsome, or her daughters have good fortunes.

If you are in a great family, and my Lady's woman, my Lord may probably like you, although you are not half so handsome as his own lady. In this case take care to get as much out of him as you can; and never allow him the smallest liberty, not the squeezing of your hand, unless he puts a guinea into it; so by degrees make him pay accordingly for every new attempt, doubling upon him in proportion to the concessions you allow, and always struggling, and threatening to cry out, or tell your lady, although you receive his money. Five guineas for handling your breast is a cheap pennyworth, although you seem to resist with all your might; but never allow him the last favour under a hundred guineas, or a settlement of twenty pounds a year for life.

In such a family, if you are handsome, you will have the choice of three lovers; the chaplain, the steward, and my Lord's gentleman. I would first advise you to chuse the steward; but if you happen to be young with child by my Lord, you must take up with the chaplain. I like my Lord's gentleman the least of the three; for he is usually vain and saucy from the time he throws off his livery; and if he misseth a pair of colours, or a tide-waiter's place, he hath no remedy but the highway.

I must caution you particularly against my Lord's eldest son. If you are dextrous enough, it is odds that you may draw him to marry you, and make you a lady: if he be a common rake, (and he must be one or t'other), avoid him like Satan; for he stands less in awe of a mother than my Lord does of a wife; and after ten thousand promises, you will

will get nothing from him, but a big belly or a clap, or probably both together.

When your lady is ill, and, after a very bad night, is getting a little nap in the morning, if a footman comes with a meſſage to inquire how ſhe doth, do not let the compliment be loſt, but ſhake her gently until ſhe wakes; then deliver the meſſage, receive her anſwer, and leave her to ſleep.

If you are ſo happy as to wait on a young lady with a great fortune, you muſt be an ill manager, if you cannot get five or ſix hundred pounds for diſpoſing of her. Put her often in mind, that ſhe is rich enough to make any man happy; that there is no real happineſs but in love; that ſhe hath liberty to chuſe who-ever ſhe pleaſeth, and not by the directions of parents, who never give allowances for an innocent paſſion; that there are a world of handſome, fine, ſweet, young gentlemen in town, who would be glad to die at her feet; that the converſation of two lovers is a heaven upon earth; that love, like death, equals all conditions; that if ſhe ſhould caſt her eyes upon a young fellow below her in birth and eſtate, his marrying her would make him a gentleman; that you ſaw yeſterday on the Mall the prettieſt enſign; and that if you had forty thouſand pounds, it ſhould be at his ſervice. Take care that every body ſhould know what lady you live with; how great a favourite you are; and that ſhe always takes your advice. Go often to St. James's park; the fine fellows will ſoon diſcover you, and contrive to ſlip a letter into your ſleeve or your boſom; pull it out in a fury, and throw it on the ground, unleſs you find at leaſt two guineas along with it; but, in that caſe, ſeem not to find it, and to think he was only playing the wag with you. When you come home, drop the letter careleſsly in your lady's chamber; ſhe finds it, is angry; proteſt you knew nothing of it, only you remember that a gentleman in the park ſtruggled to kiſs you,

and

and you believe it was he that put the letter into your sleeve or petticoat; and indeed he was as pretty a man as ever you saw: that she may burn the letter if she pleaseth. If your lady be wise, she will burn some other paper before you, and read the letter when you are gone down. You must follow this practice as often as you safely can; but let him who pays you best with every letter, be the handsomest man. If a footman presumes to bring a letter to the house to be delivered to you for your lady, although it come from your best customer, throw it at his head; call him impudent rogue and villain, and shut the door in his face: run up to your lady, and, as a proof of your fidelity, tell her what you have done.

I could enlarge very much upon this subject; but I trust to your own discretion.

If you serve a lady who is a little disposed to gallantries, you will find it a point of great prudence how to manage. Three things are necessary, First, how to please your lady; secondly, how to prevent suspicion in the husband, or among the family: and, lastly, but principally, how to make it most for your own advantage. To give you full directions in this important affair, would require a large volume. All assignations at home are dangerous both to your lady and yourself; and therefore contrive as much as possible to have them in a third place; especially if your lady, as it is a hundred odds, entertains more lovers than one, each of whom is often more jealous than a thousand husbands; and very unlucky rencounters may often happen under the best management. I need not warn you to employ your good offices chiefly in favour of those whom you find most liberal. Yet, if your lady should happen to cast an eye upon a handsome footman, you should be generous enough to bear with her humour; which is no singularity, but a very natural appetite. It is still the safest of all

all home-intrigues, and was formerly the leaſt ſuſpected, until of late years it hath grown more common. The great danger is, leaſt this kind of gentry, dealing too often in bad ware, may happen not to be ſound; and then your lady and you are in a very bad way, although not altogether deſperate.

But to ſay the truth, I confeſs it is a great preſumption in me, to offer you any inſtructions in the conduct of your lady's amours, wherein your whole ſiſterhood is already ſo expert, and deeply learned; although it be much more difficult to compaſs, than that aſſiſtance which my brother-footmen give their maſters on the like occaſion: and therefore I leave this affair to be treated by ſome abler pen.

When you lock up a ſilk mantua, or laced head, in a trunk or cheſt, leave a piece out, that when you open the trunk again, you may know where to find it.

CHAP X.

Directions to the HOUSE-MAID.

IF your maſter and lady go into the country for a week or more, never waſh the bed-chamber or dining-room, until juſt the hour before you expect them to return. Thus the rooms will be perfectly clean to receive them, and you will not be at the trouble to waſh them ſo ſoon again.

I am very much offended with thoſe ladies who are ſo proud and lazy, that they will not be at the pains of ſtepping into the garden to pluck a roſe, but keep an odious impliment, ſometimes in the

bed-chamber itſelf, or at leaſt in a dark cloſet adjoining, which they make uſe of to eaſe their worſt neceſſities; and you are the uſual carriers away of the pan; which maketh not only the chamber, but even their cloaths, offenſive to all who come near. Now, to cure them of this odious practice, let me adviſe you on whom the office lies to convey away this utenſil, that you will do it openly, down the great ſtairs. and in the preſence of the footmen; and if any body knocks, to open the ſtreet-door, while you have the veſſel filled in your hands. This, if any thing can, will make your lady take the pains of avacuating her perſon in the proper place, rather than expoſe her filthineſs to all the men-ſervants in the houſe.

Leave a pail of dirty water with the mop in it, a coal-box, a bottle, a broom, a chamber-pot, and ſuch other unſightly things, either in a blind entry, or upon the darkeſt part of the back-ſtairs, that they may not be ſeen; and if people break their ſhins by trampling on them, it is their own fault.

Never empty the chamber-pots until they are quite full. If that happeneth in the night, empty them into the ſtreet; if in the morning, into the garden: for it would be an endleſs work to go a dozen times from the garret and upper room, down to the back-ſide. But never waſh them in any other liquor except their own. What cleanly girl would be dabbling in other folks urine? and beſides, the ſmell of ſtale, as I obſerved before, is admirable againſt the vapours; which, a hundred to one, may be your lady's caſe.

Bruſh down the cobwebs with a broom that is wet and dirty; which will make them ſtick the faſter to it, and bring them down more effectually.

When you rid up the parlour hearth in a morning, throw the laſt night's aſhes into a ſieve; and

what falls through, as you carry it down, will ſerve inſtead of ſand for the room and the ſtairs.

When you have ſcoured the braſſes and irons in the parlour chimney, lay the foul wet clout upon the next chair, that your lady may ſee you have not neglected your work. Obſerve the ſame rule when you clean the braſs locks; only with this addition, to leave the mark of your fingers on the doors, to ſhew you have not forgot.

Leave your lady's chamber-pot in her bed-chamber-window all day to air.

Bring up none but large coals to the dining-room, and your lady's chamber; they make the beſt fires; and if you find them too big, it is eaſy to break them on the marble hearth.

When you go to bed, be ſure take care of fire; and therefore blow the candle out with your breath, and then thruſt it under your bed. Note, The ſmell of the ſnuff is very good againſt vapours.

Perſuade the footman who got you with child, to marry you before you are ſix months gone; and if your lady aſks you, why you would take a fellow who was not worth a groat? let your anſwer be, That ſervice is no inheritance.

When your lady's bed is made, put the chamber-pot under it, but in ſuch a manner, as to thruſt the valance along with it, that it may be full in ſight, and ready for your lady when ſhe hath occaſion to uſe it.

Lock up a cat or a dog in ſome room or cloſet, ſo as to make ſuch a noiſe all over the houſe, as may frighten away the thieves, if any ſhould attempt to break or ſteal in.

When you waſh any of the rooms towards the ſtreet, over night, throw the foul water out of the ſtreet-door; but be ſure not to look before you, for fear thoſe on whom the water lights, might think you uncivil, and that you did it on purpoſe. If he who ſuffers, breaks the windows in revenge, and

and your lady chides you, and gives positive orders that you should carry the pail down, and empty it in the sink, you have an easy remedy. When you wash an upper room, carry down the pail so as to let the water dribble on the stairs all the way down to the kitchen; by which not only your load will be lighter, but you will convince your lady, that it is better to throw the water out of the windows, or down the street-door steps. Besides, this latter practice will be very diverting to you and the family in a frosty night, to see a hundred people falling on their noses or backsides before your door, when the water is frozen.

Polish and brighten the marble-hearths and chimney-pieces with a clout dipt in grease; nothing maketh them shine so well; and it is the business of the ladies to take care of their petticoats.

If your lady be so nice, that she will have the room scoured with freestone, be sure to leave the marks of the freestone six inches deep round the bottom of the wainscot, that your lady may see your obedience to her orders,

CHAP. XI.

Directions to the DAIRY-MAID.

FAtigue of making butter; put scalding water in your churn, although in summer, and churn close to the kitchen-fire, and with cream of a week old. Keep cream for your sweetheart.

CHAP. XII.

Directions to the CHIDRENS MAID.

IF a child be ſick, give it whatever it wants to eat or drink, although particularly forbid by the doctor; for what we long for in ſickneſs, will do us good: and throw the phyſic out of the window; the child will love you the better; but bid it not tell. Do the ſame for your lady when ſhe longs for any thing in ſickneſs, and engage it will do her good.

If your miſtreſs cometh to the nurſery, and offer to whip a child, ſnatch it out of her hands in a rage, and tell her, ſhe is the cruelleſt mother you ever ſaw; ſhe will chide, but love you the better. Tell the children ſtories of ſpirits, when they offer to cry, *&c.*

Be ſure to wean the children, *&c.*

CHAP. XIII.

Directions to the NURSE.

IF you happen to let the child fall, and lame it, be ſure never to confeſs it; and if it dies, all is ſafe.

Contrive to be with child as ſoon as you can, while you are giving ſuck, that you may be ready for another

another ſervice, when the child you nurſe dies, or is weaned.

CHAP. XIV.

Directions to the LAUNDRESS.

IF you ſinge the linen with the iron, rub the place with flour, chalk, or white powder; and if nothing will do, waſh it ſo long till it be either not to be ſeen, or torn to rags.

About tearing linen in waſhing.

When your linen is pinned on the line, or on a hedge, and it rains, whip it off, although you tear it, *&c.* But the place for hanging them, is on young fruit-trees, eſpecially in bloſſom; the linen cannot be torn, and the trees give them a fine ſmell.

CHAP. XV.

Directions to the HOUSEKEEPER.

YOU muſt always have a favourite footman whom you can depend upon; and order him to be very watchful when the ſecond courſe is taken off, that it be brought ſafely to your office,

that you and the ſteward may have a tit bit together.

CHAP. XVI.

Directions to the TUTORESS, or GOVERNESS.

SAY, the children have ſore eyes: Miſs Betty won't take to her book, *&c.*

Make the miſſes read French and Engliſh novels, and French romances, and all the comedies writ in King Charles II. and King William's reigns, to ſoften their nature, and make them tender-hearted, &c.

[To the preceding directions to ſervants the following may be added, as they were both written with the ſame deſign, though in a very different manner. It will eaſily be perceived, that theſe are to be underſtood literally, and others ironically; nor is it improbable, that the thought of giving them an ironical turn was conceived after the general deſign was formed, and in ſome part executed. If the literal inſtruction be more uſeful, it muſt be confeſſed, that the irony is more entertaining; and if both had been compleated the peculiar advantages of each would have been ſo evident, that the public would have had reaſon to complain, if either of them had been ſuppreſſed.]

The

The duty of SERVANRS at inns.

BE mounted before your maſter. When you ſee him mounted, ride out before him. When he baits at noon, enter the inn-gate before him, and call the oſtler to hold your maſter's horſe while he alights. Leave your maſter to the ſervants of the inn; go you with the horſes into the ſtable; chuſe a place fartheſt from the ſtable-door; ſee the ſtanding be dry; ſend immediately for freſh ſtraw, ſee all the old hay out of the rack, and get freſh put in; ſee your horſes girths be looſed and ſtuffed; take not off the bridles till they are cool, nor ſaddles in an hour; ſee their hoofs be well picked; try if the heads of the nails be faſt, and whether they be well clinched; if not, ſend preſently for a ſmith; always ſtand by while the ſmith is employed. Give the oats the laſt thing. Water your horſes while you are within a mile of the inn. Never keep above forty yards before or behind your maſter, unleſs he commands you. Try the oats by ſmelling and weighing them: ſee you have good meaſure: ſtand by while your horſes are eating their oats. When you enter your evening-inn, let your horſes feet be ſtuffed with cow-dung every night.

Obſerve the ſame rules; only be ſure if any thing be wanting for a ſmith, let it be done over night.

Know the time your maſter will ſet out in the morning: allow him a full hour to get himſelf ready. Contrive both at morn and noon to eat, ſo that your maſter need not ſtay for you. Do not let the drawer carry the bill to your maſter, but examine it firſt carefully and honeſtly, and then bring it yourſelf and be able to account for every article. If the ſervants have not been civil, tell your

your maſter before their faces when he is going to give them money.

Duty of the other Servants where there are two.

Ride forty yards behind your maſter, but be mounted before him. Obſerve now and then whether his horſe's ſhoes be right. When you come to an inn at noon, give your horſe to the oſtler; beſtir yourſelf to get a convenient room for your maſter; bring all his things into his room full in his ſight; inquire what is in the houſe; ſee it yourſelf, and tell your maſter how you like it. Step yourſelf now and then into the kitchen, to haſten dinner or ſupper; and obſerve whether they be cleanly. Taſte the ale, and tell your maſter whether it be good or bad. If he wants wine, go you with the drawer, and chuſe a bottle well filled and ſtopped: if the wine be in hogſheads, deſire to taſte and ſmell it; if it be ſour, or not clear, or ill-taſted, let your maſter know it, that he may not be at the charge of wine not fit to be drank. See the ſalt be dry and powdered, the bread new and clean, the knives ſharp. At night obſerve the ſame rules; but firſt chuſe him a warm room, with a lock and key in order: then call immediately for the ſheets; ſee them well aired and at a large fire; feel the blankets, bed, bolſter, pillow, whether they be dry, and whether the floor under the bed be damp. Let the chamber be that which hath been laſt lain in; inquire about it. If the bed itſelf be damp, let it be brought before a large fire, and air it on both ſides. That you may forget nothing in the inn, have a fair liſt of what you want to take out; and when you put them up, compare them with your liſt.

You are to ſtep now and then into the ſtable, to ſee whether the groom performs his duty.

For

For packing up your things have a liſt of linen, *&c.* In packing, take care that no two hard things be together, and that they be wrapped up in paper or towels. Have a good proviſion of large coarſe paper, and other waſte-paper. Remember to put every thing in their proper places in the portmanteau. Stuff the ſhoes and ſlippers at the toes with a ſmall lock of hay; fold up the cloaths ſo as that they may not be rumpled. When your maſter is in his room at night, put all his things in ſuch a manner as he has them at home. Learn to have ſome ſkill in cookery, that at a pinch you may be able to make your maſter eaſy.

The groom. Carry with you a ſtirrup-leather, an awl, twelve horſe-nails, and a horſe's fore-ſhoes, pick, and an hammer for fear of an accident; and ſome ends, and packthread, a bottle ſcrew, knife and penknife, needles, pins, thread, ſilk, worſted, *&c.*; ſome plaiſters and ſciſſars.

Item. The ſervants to carry their own things. Have a pocket-book, keep all the bills, date the time and place; and indorſe the numbers.

Inquire in every town, if there be any thing worth ſeeing. Obſerve the country-ſeats, and aſk who they belong to; and enter them, and the counties where they are.

Search under your maſter's bed when he is gone up, leſt a cat, or ſomething elſe, may be under it.

When your maſter's bed is made, and his things ready, lock the chamber-door, and keep the key till he goes to bed; then keep it in your pocket till morn.

Let the ſervants of the inn be ſure to wake you above an hour before your maſter is to go, that he may have an hour to prepare himſelf.

If the oſtler hath been knaviſh or negligent, do not let him hold your maſter's horſe. Obſerve the ſame rule at a gentleman's houſe. If the groom hath

hath not taken care of your horſes, do not let him hold your maſter's.

Inquire at every inn where you ſtay, what is the beſt inn in the next town you are to come to; yet do not rely on that, but likewiſe as you enter into any town to ſtay, aſk the people which is the beſt inn; and go to that which moſt people commend.

See that your maſter's boots be dried and well liquored over night.

On

On GOOD MANNERS and GOOD BREEDING *.

GOOD manners is the art of making thoſe people eaſy with whom we converſe.

Whoever makes the feweſt perſons uneaſy, is the beſt bred in the company.

As the beſt law is founded upon reaſon, ſo are the beſt manners. And as ſome lawyers have introduced unreaſonable things into common law; ſo likewiſe many teachers have introduced abſurd things into common good manners.

One principal point of this art is, to ſuit our behaviour to the three ſeveral degrees of men; our ſuperiors, our equals, and thoſe below us.

For inſtance, to preſs either of the two former to eat or drink, is a breach of manners; but a farmer or a tradeſman muſt be thus treated, or elſe it will be difficult to perſuade them that they are welcome.

Pride, ill nature, and want of ſenſe, are the three great ſources of ill manners: without ſome one of theſe defects, no man will behave himſelf ill for want of experience; or of what, in the language of fools, is called "knowing the world."

I defy any one to aſſign an incident wherein reaſon will not direct us what we are to ſay or do in company, if we are not miſled by pride or ill nature.

Therefore I inſiſt, that good ſenſe is the principal foundation of good manners. But becauſe the former is a gift which very few among mankind

* This eſſay is annexed to J. R's Obſervations upon Lord Orrery's remarks on Swift's life and writings; and was never inſerted in any former edition of the Dean's works.

are

are poſſeſſed of, therefore all the civilized nations of the world have agreed upon fixing ſome rules for common behaviour, beſt ſuited to their general cuſtoms, or fancies, as a kind of artificial good ſenſe to ſupply the defects of reaſon. Without which the gentlemenly part of dunces would be perpetually at cuffs, as they ſeldom fail when they happen to be drunk, or engaged in ſquabbles about women or play. And, God be thanked, there hardly happens a duel in a year, which may not be imputed to one of thoſe three motives. Upon which account I ſhould be exceedingly ſorry to find the legiſlature make any new laws againſt the practice of duelling; becauſe the methods are eaſy and many, for a wiſe man to avoid a quarrel with honour, or engage in it with innocence. And I can diſcover no political evil in ſuffering bullies, ſharpers, and rakes, to rid the world of each other by a method of their own, where the law hath not been able to find an expedient.

As the common forms of good manners were intended for regulating the conduct of thoſe who have weak underſtandings; ſo they have been corrupted by the perſons for whoſe uſe they were contrived. For theſe people have fallen into a needleſs and endleſs way of multiplying ceremonies, which have been extremely troubleſome to thoſe who practiſe them, and inſupportable to every body elſe; inſomuch that wiſe men are often more uneaſy at the over-civility of theſe refiners, than they could poſſibly be in the converſation of peaſants or mechanics.

The impertinences of this ceremonial behaviour are no where better ſeen than at thoſe tables where ladies preſide, who value themſelves upon account of their good-breeding; where a man muſt reckon upon paſſing an hour without doing one thing he has a mind to do, unleſs he will be ſo hardy to break through all the ſettled decorum of the family. She determines what he loves beſt, and how much he

ſhall eat; and if the maſter of the houſe happens to be of the ſame diſpoſition, he proceeds in the ſame tyrannical manner to preſcribe in the drinking part: at the ſame time, you are under the neceſſity of anſwering a thouſand apologies for your entertainment. And although a good deal of this humour is pretty well worn off among many people of the beſt faſhion, yet too much of it ſtill remains, eſpecially in the country; where an honeſt gentleman aſſured me, that having been kept four days, againſt his will, at a friend's houſe, with all the circumſtances of hiding his boots, locking up the ſtable, and other contrivances of the like nature; he could not remember, from the moment he came into the houſe, to the moment he left it, any one thing wherein his inclination was not directly contradicted; as if the whole family had entered into a combination to torment him.

But beſides all this, it would be endleſs to recount the many fooliſh and ridiculous accidents I have obſerved among theſe unfortunate proſelytes to ceremony. I have ſeen a ducheſs fairly knocked down by the precipitancy of an officious coxcomb, running to ſave her the trouble of opening a door. I remember, upon a birth day, at court, a great lady was utterly deſperate by a diſh of ſauce let fall by a page directly upon her head-dreſs, and brocade, while ſhe gave a ſudden turn to her elbow upon ſome point of ceremony with the perſon who ſat next her. Monſ. Buys, the Dutch envoy, whoſe politics and manners were much of a ſize, brought a ſon with him, about thirteen years old, to a great table at court. The boy and his father, whatever they put on their plates, they firſt offered round in order, to every perſon in the company; ſo that we could not get a minute's quiet during the whole dinner. At laſt, their two plates happened to encounter, and with ſo much violence, that, being

china, they broke in twenty pieces, and ſtained half the company with wet ſweetmeats and cream.

There is a pedantry in manners, as in all arts and ſciences, and ſometimes in trades. Pedantry is properly the over-rating any kind of knowledge we pretend to. And if that kind of knowledge be a trifle in itſelf, the pedantry is the greater. For which reaſon, I look upon fiddlers, dancing-maſters, heralds, maſters of the ceremonies, *&c.* to be greater pedants than Lipſius, or the elder Scaliger. With theſe kind of pedants, the court, while I knew it, was always plentifully ſtocked: I mean from the gentlemen-uſher at leaſt inclusive, downward to the gentleman-porter; who are, generally ſpeaking, the moſt inſignificant race of people that this iſland can afford, and with the ſmalleſt tincture of good manners, which is the only trade they profeſs. For being wholly illiterate, and converſing chiefly with each other, they reduce the whole ſyſtem of breeding within the forms and circles of their ſeveral offices: and as they are below the notice of miniſters, they live and die in court under all revolutions, with great obſequiouſneſs to thoſe who are in any degree of favour or credit, and with rudeneſs or inſolence to every body elſe. From whence I have long concluded, that good manners are not a plant of the court-growth: for if they were, thoſe people who have underſtanding, directly of a level for ſuch acquirements, and who have ſerved ſuch long apprenticeſhips to nothing elſe, would certainly have picked them up. For as to the great officers who attend the prince's perſon or councils, or preſide in his family, they are a tranſient body, who have no better a title to good manners than their neighbours, nor will probably have recourſe to gentlemen-uſhers for inſtruction. So that I know little to be learned at court upon this head, except in the material circumſtances of dreſs; wherein the authority of the maids of honour muſt indeed

indeed be allowed to be almoſt equal to that of a favourite actreſs.

I remember a paſſage my Lord Bolingbroke told me, that going to receive Prince Eugene of Savoy at his landing, in order to conduct him immediately to the Queen; the Prince ſaid, he was much concerned that he could not ſee her Majeſty that night; for Monſ. Hoftman (who was then by) had aſſured his Highneſs, that he could not be admitted into her preſence with a tied-up periwig; that his equipage was not arrived, and that he had endeavoured in vain to borrow a long one among all his valets and pages. My Lord turned the matter to a jeſt, and brought the Prince to her Majeſty: for which he was highly cenſured by the whole tribe of gentleman-uſhers; among whom Monſ. Hoftman, an old dull reſident of the Emperor's, had picked up this material point of ceremony; and, which, I believe, was the beſt leſſon he had learned in five and twenty years reſidence.

I make a difference between good manners and good breeding; although, in order to vary my expreſſion, I am ſometimes forced to confound them. By the firſt, I only underſtand the art of remembering and applying certain ſettled forms of general behaviour But good-breeding is of a much larger extent: for beſides an uncommon degree of literature, ſufficient to qualify a gentleman for reading a play or a political pamphlet, it takes in a great compaſs of knowledge; no leſs than that of dancing, fighting, gaming, making the circle of Italy, riding the great horſe, and ſpeaking French; not to mention ſome other ſecondary or ſubaltern accompliſhments, which are more eaſily acquired: ſo that the difference between good breeding and good manners lies in this; that the former cannot be attained to by the beſt underſtandings, without ſtudy and labour: whereas a tolerable degree of reaſon

will inſtruct us in every part of good manners, without other aſſiſtance.

I can think of nothing more uſeful upon this ſubject, than to point out ſome particulars, wherein the very eſſentials of good manners are concerned, the neglect or perverting of which doth very much diſturb the good commerce of the world, by introducing a traffic of mutual uneaſineſs in moſt companies.

Firſt, a neceſſary part of good manners, is a punctual obſervance of time at our own dwellings, or thoſe of others, or at third places; whether upon matters of civility, buſineſs, or diverſion: Which rule, though it be a plain dictate of common reaſon, yet the greateſt miniſter * I ever knew, was the greateſt treſpaſſer againſt it; by which all his buſineſs doubled upon him, and placed him in a continual arrear. Upon which I often uſed to rally him, as deficient in point of good manners. I have known more than one ambaſſador and ſecretary of ſtate, with a very moderate portion of intellectuals, execute their offices with good ſucceſs and applauſe, by the mere force of exactneſs and regularity. If you duly obſerve time for the ſervice of another, it doubles the obligation; if upon your own account, it would be manifeſt folly, as well as ingratitude, to neglect it. If both are concerned, to make your equal or inferior attend on you, to his own diſadvantage, is pride and injuſtice.

Ignorance of forms cannot properly be ſtyled ill manners; becauſe forms are ſubject to frequent changes; and conſequently, being not founded upon reaſon, are beneath a wiſe man's regard. Beſides, they vary in every country; and, after a ſhort period of time, very frequently in the ſame. So that a man who travels muſt needs be at firſt a

† The Earl of Oxford.

ſtranger

ſtranger to them in every court through which he paſſes: and perhaps, at his return, as much a ſtranger in his own; and, after all, they are eaſier to be remembered or forgotten, than faces or names.

Indeed, among the many impertinences that ſuperficial young men bring with them from abroad, this bigotry of forms is one of the principal, and more prominent than the reſt; who look upon them, not only as if they were matters capable of admitting of choice, but even as points of importance, and therefore zealous upon all occaſions to introduce and propagate the new forms and faſhions they have brought back with them. So that, uſually ſpeaking, the worſt-bred perſon in the company is a young traveller juſt returned from abroad.

LETTERS to and from Dr. SWIFT.

A CRITICISM on these LETTERS, by the Earl of ORRERY.

THIS volume contains Swift's epistolary correspondence. It is an acknowledged observation, that no part of an author's writings gives a greater insight into his natural disposition than his letters, especially when written with freedom and sincerity. Swift's epistles, and the answers of his friends, afford materials to form conjectures upon the different characters, not only of the Dean, but of his correspondents. The reader is probably become acquainted with Dr. Swift, from the account of his life in the first volume; but the manners and opinions of those persons with whom he corresponded, are, in every respect so blended with his own, as not to be easily separated; and in such a kind of united views they will mutually reflect light upon each other.

To a young gentleman just entring into the world, the subject may prove of particular importance: as it may guide him, not only in the choice of his correspondents, but in his manner of writing to them.

The freedom of the press is to be watched and defended with the most jealous eye. It is one of the chief articles of that great charter of liberty to which the people of England are intitled. But as no human institution can be perfect, even this branch of liberty has its excrescencies that might be pruned, I mean particularly, that licence which has

has of late too much prevailed, of publiſhing epiſtolary correſpondences Such a faſhion, for I know not what elſe to call it, is extremely pernicious. At preſent, it ſatisfies the curioſity of the public; but for the future, it will tend to reſtrain that unſuſpicious openneſs, which is the principal delight of writing to our friends. I am ſorry to ſay by experience, that the letters which contains the moſt ſincere, and perhaps haſty obſervations, upon perſons, times, circumſtances, are often reſerved as treaſures, and hoarded up as miſers hoard gold; like which, they lie concealed in cabinets and ſtrong boxes for ſome time, till chancing to fall into the hands of an extravagant heir, or an injudicious executor, they are not only brought into light, but diſperſed and expoſed, ſo as to become the property of the whole world. A young man therefore, when he gives his opinion upon any important ſubject, ſhould conſider it well, before he commit his thoughts to paper. He ſhould expreſs himſelf with diffidence, preſerve a prudent reſtraint over the ſallies of wit and humour, and be cautious in all declarations of friendſhip; as the very common offers of civility are too often explained into undeſigned engagements.

I own I find myſelf under no ſmall difficulty in diſcuſſing Swift's letters. General criticiſms will be attended with obſcurity; and it would be tedious to conſider them in their exact order. I ſhall endeavour therefore to take a review only of what ſeems to deſerve the reader's attention. The correſpondence between Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope had commenced in a very early part of Mr. Pope's life, and was carried on, with ſcarce any interruption, from the death of Q. Anne. If we may judge of Mr. Pope from his works, his chief aim was to be eſteemed a man of virtue. His letters are written in that ſtyle. His laſt volumes are all of the moral kind. He has avoided trifles, and conſequently

has

has escaped a rock which has proved very injurious to Swift's reputation. He had given his imagination full scope, and yet has preserved a perpetual guard upon his conduct The constitution of his body and mind might early incline him to habits of caution and reserve. The treatment which he met afterwards from an innumerable tribe of adversaries, confirmed those habits, and made him slower than the Dean in pronouning his judgment upon persons and things. His prose writings are little less harmonious than his verse: and his voice in common conversation was so naturally musical, that I remember honest Tom Southerne used always to call him *the little nightingale*. His manners were delicate, easy, and engaging, and he treated his friends with a politeness that charmed, and a generosity that was much to his honour. Every guest was made happy within his doors. Pleasure dwelt under his roof, and elegance presided at his table. Dr. Swift was of a different disposition. To his domesties he was passionate and churlish; to his equals and superiors rather an entertaining than a desirable companion. He told a story in an admirable manner: his sentences were short and perspicuous, his observations were piercing. He had seen the great world, and had profited much by his experience. He had not the least tincture of vanity in his conversation. He was perhaps, as he said himself, too proud to be vain. When he was polite, it was in a manner intirely his own In his friendships he was constant and undisguised. He was the same in his enmities. He generally spoke as he thought in all companies, and at all times. I remember to have heard, that he dined once at a Lord Mayor's feast in Dublin, and was attacked and teased by an opulent, boisterous, half-intoxicated 'squire, who happened to sit next him: he bore the awkward raillery for some time, and then on a sudden called out in a loud voice to the Mayor,

Mayor, " My Lord, here is one of your bears at my " ſhoulder ; he has been worrying me this half hour; " I deſire you will order him to be taken off." In theſe laſt particulars he differed widely from his friend Pope, who could ſtifle reſentment, and wait with patience till a more diſtant, and perhaps a more ſeaſonable hour of revenge. But notwithſtanding the diſſimilitude of mind and manners, which was apparent between theſe two great men, yet the ſame ſort of friendſhip ſeems to have ſubſiſted between them as between Virgil and Horace. The mutual affection of the two Engliſh poets appears throughout their works. And therefore in this place I cannot avoid taking notice of a report very induſtriouſly ſpread, and not without ſome degree of ſucceſs, " That the friendſhip be- " tween Pope and Swift was not ſo firm and per- " fect at the latter end, as at the beginning of their " lives." On Dr. Swift's ſide, I am certain it ever remained unalterable : nor did it appear leſs fervent on the ſide of Mr. Pope. Their letters are the beſt evidence to determine the doubt. In one of Swift's lateſt letters to me, not long before he was loſt to all human comforts, he ſays, " When you " ſee my dear friend Pope, tell him, I will " anſwer his letter ſoon ; I love him above all " the reſt of mankind." In my long correſpondence with Mr. Pope, I ſcarce received the leaſt billet from him, without the kindeſt mention of Dr. Swift, and the tendereſt anxiety for his ſtate of health. Judge by the following paragraphs.—— *July* 12. 1737. " My Lord, The pleaſure you gave " me, in acquainting me of the Dean's better " health, is one ſo truly great, as might content even " your own humanity ; and whatever my ſincere " opinion and reſpect of your Lordſhip prompts " me to wiſh from your hands for myſelf, your " love for him makes me as happy. Would to " God my weight added to yours, could turn his " inclina-

" inclinations to this ſide, that I might live to en-
" joy him here through your means, and flatter
" myſelf it was partly through my own ! But this,
" I fear, will never be the caſe; and I think it more
" probable, his attraction will draw me on the o-
" other ſide, which, I proteſt, nothing leſs than a
" probability of dying at ſea, conſidering the weak
" frame of my breaſt, would have hindered me
" from, two years paſt. In ſhort, whenever I
" think of him, it is with the vexation of all impo-
" tent paſſions, that carry us out of ourſelves, on-
" ly to ſpoil our quiet, and make us return to a
" reſignation, which is the moſt melancholy of all
" virtues."——*April* 2 1738. " I write by the
" ſame poſt that I received your very obliging and
" humane letter. The conſideration you ſhew to-
" wards me, in the juſt apprehenſion that my news
" of the Dean's condition might alarm me, is moſt
" kind and generous. The very laſt poſt I writ to
" him a long letter, little ſuſpecting him in that
" dangerous circumſtance. I was ſo far from fear-
" ing his health, that I was propoſing ſchemes, and
" hoping poſſibilities for our meeting once more in
" this world. I am weary of it; and ſhall have one
" reaſon more, and one of the ſtrongeſt that rea-
" ſon can give me, (even when ſhe is ſhaking my
" weak frame to pieces), to be willing to leave
" this world, when our dear friend is on the edge
" of the other. Yet I hope, I would fain hope, he
" may yet hover a while on the brink of it, to pre-
" ſerve to this wretched age a relic and example of
" the laſt."——*Twitnam, Nov.* 7. " When you
" get to Dublin, (whither I direct this, ſuppoſing
" you will ſee our dear friend as ſoon as poſſible),
" pray put the Dean in mind of me, and tell him
" I hope he received my laſt. Tell him how dearly
" I love, and how greatly I honour him; how
" greatly I reflect on every teſtimony of his friend-
" ſhip; how much I reſolve to give the beſt I can

" of

" of my eſteem for him to poſterity; and aſſure " him the world has nothing in it I admire ſo much, " nothing the loſs of which I ſhould regret ſo " much, as his genius and his virtues."

My excuſe, for I ſtand in need of none, by having inſerted thoſe ſcraps of letters, is my real deſire of convincing the reader, that the affection of Swift and Pope ſubſiſted as intire and uninterrupted as their friends could wiſh, or their enemies regret. It muſt be owned, that we as ſeldom ſee a mutual attachment between poets, as between ſtateſmen. " True friendſhip," " as Tully obſerves, " proceeds from a reciprocal eſteem, and a virtuous " reſemblance of manners." When ſuch is the baſis, the variety in certain tenets and opinions is of no ill conſequence to the union; and will ſcarce ever unlooſe the ſocial ties of love, veneration, and eſteem. Thus the friendſhip between Atticus and Hortenſius, although they were of different ſects, one a ſtoic, and the other an Epicurean, ſubſiſted, like Mr. Pope's and Dr. Swift's, firm and conſtant to the laſt; when that of Anthony, Lepidus, and Auguſtus, continued no longer than while it was ſubſervient to their views of intereſt. Cataline ſays, *Idem velle, ac idem nolle, ea demum amicitia eſt.* This often attends a vitious conſpiracy; and perhaps an agreement ſo perfectly mutual, is ſcarce to be met with in any other inſtance. Emulation generally breaks the chain of friendſhip between poets. They are running with the utmoſt eagerneſs to the ſame good: no wonder, if in the race, they endeavour to trip up each other's heels.

As I have often reverted in my mind certain particulars relating to my two poetical friends, I have always thought, that the circumſtance of their purſuing different roads in poetry, and living in different kingdoms, was probably one of the happieſt incidents in their lives. Such a ſeparation prevented all perſonal diſſenſions, and fixed them in a

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correſpondence, that conſtantly tended to eſtabliſh their endearments; when, perhaps, a reſidence near each other might have had a very contrary effect. It is much eaſier to rectify any miſtake, or to cool any animoſity that may have ariſen, in a letter, than to recal a paſſionate verbal anſwer, eſpecially if uttered with all the actions and vehemence of anger. The impreſſion of ſuch a ſcene remains long upon the mind of the perſon offended, and the old adage is tranſpoſed. *Vox audita manet, litera ſcripta perit.* Few men can ſubmit to contradiction. Swift was certainly not of the number; and therefore I am perſuaded, that his diſtance from his Engliſh friends proved a ſtrong incitement to their mutual affection. But I muſt again repeat, that, throughout the long ſeries of letters which have been publiſhed, not the leaſt alterations appear to have happened between Swift and Pope.

In all Swift's writings, you will find his own peculiar vein of humour. The ſame liberty of expreſſion would have been improper and abſurd in any other writer; but it produced the conſequences which he deſired. His ſeeming arrogance gained him more favour, than the humility and affected benevolence of others. His raillery and freedom of cenſure, are conveyed in a manner more prevalent, and perhaps often more agreeable than flattery. He ſeldom praiſed, but where merit was conſpicuous. A ſingle ſtroke of his pen pleaſed more, and gave more honour, than a long flattering dedication from any other auther. His ſtyle was maſterly, correct, and ſtrong; never diffuſive, yet always clear; and if we conſider it in compariſon with his predeceſſors, he has outdone them all, and is one, perhaps the chief, of thoſe few ſelect Engliſh writers, who have excelled in elegance and propriety of language.

Lord Bacon is the firſt author who has attempted any ſtyle that can be reliſhable to the preſent

age; for I must own, that I think Swift, and his cotemporaries, have brought our language to the utmost degree of perfection, without the help of a Longinus, a Quintilian, or even of a dictionary, or a grammar. Lord Bacon has written with an infinite fund of knowledge: every science that he treats upon, is discussed by him with the greatest learning and dignity; and he shews himself at once a philosopher, an historian, a politician, and a divine: but his dialect (for that demands our present attention) is quibbling and pedantic; and never more so than when he condescends to flatter his royal master, and the minions of that court.

Consider the prosaical works of Milton, you will find them more nervous than elegant; more distinguished by the strength of reason, than by the rules of rhetoric; his diction is harsh, his periods tedious; and when he becomes a prose writer, the majesty that attends his poetry, vanishes, and is entirely lost. Yet, with all his faults, and exclusive of his character as a poet, he must ever remain the only learned author of that tasteless age in which he flourished: and it is probable, that his great attention to the Latin language might have rendered him less correct, than he otherwise would have been, in his native tongue.

Harrington has his admirers; he may possibly have his merits, but they *flow not* in his style. A later writer, of the same republican principles, has far excelled him; I mean Algernon Sydney, whose discourses concerning government are admirably written, and contain great historical knowledge, and a remarkable propriety of diction; so that his name, in my opinion, ought to be much higher established in the temple of literature, than I have hitherto found it placed.

Lord Clarendon is an historian whose dignity of expression has justly given him the preference to any of our biographical authors. But his periods are

the *periods of a mile*. His parentheſes imbarraſs the ſenſe of his narration, and certain innaccuracies appearing throughout his works, are delivered with a formality that renders them ſtill more conſpicuous.

Among our Engliſh writers, few men may have gained a greater character for elegance and correctneſs, than Sprat Biſhop of Rocheſter, and few men have deſerved it leſs. When I have read his works, I have always wondered from whence ſuch a piece of good fortune might have ariſen; and could only attribute it to Mr. Cowley, who in a very delicate copy of verſes, has celebrated his friend Dr. Sprat for eloquence, wit, and a certain *candid ſtyle*, which the poet compares to the river Thames gliding with an even current, and diſplaying the moſt beautiful appearances of nature. Poets and painters have their favourites, whom they tranſmit to poſterity in what colours and attitudes they pleaſe. But I am miſtaken, if, upon a review of Sprat's works, his language will not ſooner give an idea of one of the inſignificant tottering boats upon the Thames, than of the ſmooth noble current of the river itſelf.

Sir William Temple is an eaſy, careleſs, incorrect writer, elegantly negligent, politely learned, and engagingly familiar.

Thus I have curſorily mentioned ſome of the brighteſt ſons of Fame among our Engliſh authors, only to point out the preference due to Dr. Swift. But he is not intitled alone to the olive garland: he had his coadjutors in the victory. The triumvirate, to whom we owe an elegance and propriety unknown to our forefathers, are *Swift*, *Addiſon*, and *Bolingbroke*. At the ſight of ſuch names, no diſpute can ariſe in preferring the Engliſh moderns to the Engliſh ancients. The preſent century, and indeed all future generations, may be congratulated upon the acquiſition of three ſuch men.

But

But to return more closely to Swift: He has perfectly studied the drama of human life, and particularly the tendency and irregularities of its different characters. He has chosen to recommend virtue, by representing vice in a disagreeable and ridiculous light. As his temper was naturally full of acrimony, a certain innate severity runs throughout all his letters. In the advice which he offers to his friends, and in the general account which he gives of his own conduct, he is too close an œconomist. This parsimony proceeded from a desire of being independent; and since that was the cause, he will be forgiven, or at least excused by all honest men.

Mr. Pope had different talents from his friend Swift. His imagination was fine and delicate, his fancy was ever on the wing. In his earlier time of life, his way of thinking was diffusive, and consequently his judgement was unconfined. As that judgement ripened with years, he shewed the full strength of it in his *Ethic epistles*, and his *Essay on man*. There the poet has almost yielded to the philosopher; and his moral system has charmed more by the force of truth and reason, than even by the numbers with which he adorned it.

I cannot avoid thinking that, in this particular branch of learning, Mr. Pope owed the exertion of his talents to Lord Bolinbroke, who had studied the procedure and limits of the human understanding, as exactly as Swift had considered the irregularities of the passions in different characters of the human species. Lord Bolingbroke had early made himself master of books and men; but in his first career of life, being immersed at once in business and pleasure, he ran through a variety of scenes in a surprising and eccentric manner. When his passions subsided by years and disappointments, and when he improved his rational faculties by more grave studies and reflection, he shone out in his retirement with a lustre peculiar to himself; tho'

not seen by vulgar eyes. The gay statesman was changed into a philosopher equal to any of the sages of antiquity. The wisdom of Socrates, the dignity and ease of Pliny, and the wit of Horace, appeared in all his writings and conversation.

To declare my opinion of the whole collection of letters in this volume, I own it has not answered my expectation. The index at the beginning will make one hope for great treasures, from the illustrious names that are there inserted; but he will scarce find any remarkable instructions of morality, or even the common reasonings and refinements that might naturally arise from so high a class of men, in the ordinary current of their thoughts. What is more surprising, he will seldom discover any keen strokes of satire, or any instantaneous sallies of vivacity. I have often heard Swift say, "When I sit down to write a letter, I never "lean upon my elbow, till I have finished it." By which expression he meant, that he never studied for particular phrases, or polished paragraphs. His letters therefore are the truer representations of his mind. They are written in the warmth of his affections; and when they are considered in the light of kindness and sincerity, they illustrate his character to a very high degree. Throughout his various correspondence you will discover very strong marks of an anxious, benevolent friend: and to my great pleasure, I find the misanthrope often lost in the good natured man. Read his letters to Mr. Gay, and you will be of my sentiment; read also those to Dr. Sheridan, and you will be further confirmed in that opinion, We may compound therefore to lose satire and raillery, when we gain humanity and tenderness in their stead. Yet even in some of his highest scenes of benevolence, his expressions are delivered in such a manner, as to seem rather the effects of haughtiness than of good nature. But you must never look upon him as a traveller in the

the common road. He muſt be viewed through a *camera obſcura*, that turns all objects the contrary way. When he appears moſt angry, he is moſt pleaſed; when moſt humble, he is moſt aſſuming. Such was the man, and in ſuch variegated colours muſt he be painted.

The letters from Lord Bolingbroke are written with an elegance and politeneſs that diſtinguiſh them from all the reſt. We ſee they were not intended for the preſs; but how valuable are the moſt careleſs ſtrokes of ſuch a pen?

Gay's letters have nothing in them ſtriking or recommendatory. His ſentiments are thoſe of an honeſt, indolent, good natured man. He loved Swift to a degree of veneration; and the friendſhip was returned with great ſincerity. Swift writes to him in the ſame ſtrain as he would have written to a ſon; and ſeems to diſtinguiſh him as the correſpondent to whom he has not the leaſt grain of reſerve. In the ſeveral accounts which he gives of his ſituation at Dublin, and the idle manner of his paſſing his time there, he writes ſometimes in an ironical, and ſometimes in a contrary ſtyle.

I ſhould have been much pleaſed, in finding ſome of Dr. Arbuthnot's letters among this collection. Although he was juſtly celebrated for wit and learning, there was an excellence in his character more amiable than all his other qualifications: I mean the excellence of his heart. He has ſhewed himſelf equal to any of his cotemporaries in humour and vivacity; and he was ſuperior to moſt men in acts of humanity and benevolence: his very ſarcaſms are the ſatirical ſtrokes of good nature: they are like ſlaps in the face given in jeſt, the effects of which may raiſe bluſhes, but no blackneſs will appear after the blows. He laughs as jovially as an attendant upon Bacchus, but continues as ſober and conſiderate as a diſciple of Socrates. He is ſeldom ſerious, except in his attacks upon vice; and then his

ſpirit riſes with a manly ſtrength, and noble a indignation. His epitaph upon Charters (allowing one ſmall alteration, the word *permitted*, inſtead of *connived at*) is a compleat and maſterly compoſition in its kind *. No man exceeded him in the moral duties of life; a merit ſtill more to his honour, as the ambitious powers of wit and genius are ſeldom ſubmiſſive enough to confine themſelves within the limitations of morality. In his letter to Mr. Pope †, written as it were upon his deathbed, he diſcovers ſuch a noble fortitude of mind, at the approach of his diſſolution, as could only be inſpired by a clear conſcience, and the calm retroſpect of an uninterrupted ſeries of virtue The Dean laments the loſs of him with a pathetic ſincerity. "The death of "Mr. Gay and the Doctor [Arbuthnot] hath "been terrible wounds near my heart. Their liv-"ing would have been a great comfort to me, al-"though I ſhould never have ſeen them; like a "ſum of money in a bank, from which I ſhould "receive at leaſt annual intereſt, as I do from "you, and have done from Lord Bolingbroke. *" I have choſen this laſt quotation, not more in honour of Swift's tenderneſs and affection to thoſe whom he eſteemed, than with a deſign of ſpecifying to you as fine a group of friends, [Bolingbroke, Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay], as have appeared ſince the Auguſtan age. As their letters were not intended for the public, perhaps I was unreaſonable in looking for medals, and not being contented with the common current ſpecies. In our prejudices of favour or averſion we are apt to be deceived by names: nor can it be doubted, that ſuch writers might have furniſhed us with familiar

* See this epitaph in vol. 7.

† See Pope's works, vol. 8. let. 47.

‡ See Swift's letter to Pope, May 12, 1735;

letters,

letters, very different from thoſe which have been collected in this volume. They are filled indeed (eſpecially in the correſpondence between Swift and Pope) with the ſtrongeſt expreſſions of mutual eſteem; but thoſe expreſſions are repeated too often. When friendſhip has ſubſiſted ſo long the time cannot increaſe, nor words improve it, the commerce of affection between friends ought to be carried on in a ſtyle that neither ſinks below politeneſs, nor riſes into forced compliments. I cannot avoid obſerving the epiſtolary conciſeneſs that was in faſhion among the ancients, eſpecially their concluſive ſentences, *Vale*; or again, *Si valeas, bene eſt*; *valeo*; which I own ſeems preferable to our method of loading every letter with compliments, not only to wives and children, but to uncles, aunts, and couſins: and, of conſequence, every relation that is not particularly named, is particularly affronted. It will appear too minute a criticiſm to affirm, that the Engliſh language is not well adapted for epiſtolary writings. Be that as it may, it is certainly inferior to the French; which engages, and perhaps improves us by a ſucceſſive flow of phraſes that are peculiar to that nation. Madame de Sevigne has filled four volumes of letters, all addreſſed to her daughter: they contain nothing, except different ſcenes of maternal fondneſs: yet, like a claſſic, the oftener they are read, the more they are reliſhed. Monſieur de Peliſſon has publiſhed three volumes of letters, which he calls *Lettres hiſtoriques*, and which are little elſe than materials for a gazette. They inform us at what time the Grand Monarque aroſe, when he went to bed, at what hour he dined, and what he ſaid while he was at ſupper: yet all theſe trifles are told in ſo agreeable a manner, and appear ſo natural and eaſy, that I can ſcarce think the ſkill of Ovid greater, who, in his *Faſti*, has turned the Roman calendar into elegant poetry, and

and has verſified a ſet of old almanacks. I need not mention Voiture, or Balzac; and perhaps it was wrong to turn aſide into the Roman and the French territories, when I ought to have confined myſelf to the Britiſh iſlands. But I love to wander about with you, and, in writing as in walking, to peep into every corner that may afford us entertainment.

LETTERS to and from Dr. SWIFT.

From the year 1713 to 1737.

LETTER I.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT *.

SIR, *Binfield, Dec.* 8. 1713.

NOT to trouble you at preſent with a recital of all my obligations to you, I ſhall only mention two things, which I take particularly kind of you; your deſire that I ſhould write to you; and your propoſals of giving me twenty guineas to change my religion: which laſt you muſt give me leave to make the ſubject of this letter.

Sure, no clergyman ever offered ſo much out of his own purſe for the ſake of any religion. 'Tis almoſt as many pieces of gold, as an apoſtle could get of ſilver from the prieſts of old, on a much more valuable conſideration. I believe it will be better worth my while to propoſe a change of my faith by ſubſcription, than a tranſlation of Homer. And to convince you how well diſpoſed I am to the reformation, I ſhall be content, if you can prevail

* This letter was wrote by Mr. Pope in anſwer to one from Dr. Swift, wherein he had jocoſely made an offer to his friend of a ſum of money, *ex cauſa religionis*, or, in plain Engliſh, to induce Mr. Pope to change his religion. *Orrery.*—It was never inſerted in any former edition of Swift's works.

with

with my Lord Treaſurer and the miniſtry to riſe to the ſame ſum, each of them, on this pious account, as my Lord Halifax has done in the profane one. I am afraid there is no being at once a poet and a good Chriſtian; and I am very much ſtraitened between two, while the Whigs ſeem willing to contribute as much, to continue me the one, as you would, to make me the other. But if you can move every man in the government, who has above ten thouſand pounds a-year, to ſubſcribe as much as yourſelf, I ſhall become a convert, as moſt men do, when the Lord turns it to my intereſt. I know they have the truth of religion ſo much at heart, that they'd certainly give more to have one good ſubject tranſlated from Popery to the church of England, than twenty Heatheniſh authors out of any unknown tongue into ours. I therefore commiſſion you, Mr. DEAN, with full authority, to tranſact this affair in my name, and to propoſe as follows. Firſt, That as to the head of our church, the Pope, I may engage to renounce his power, whenſoever I ſhall receive any particular indulgences from the head of your church, the Queen.

As to communion in one kind, I ſhall alſo promiſe to change it for communion in both, as ſoon as the miniſtry will allow me.

For invocations to ſaints, mine ſhall be turned to dedications to ſinners, when I ſhall find the great ones of the world as willing to do me any good, as I believe thoſe of the other are.

You ſee I ſhall not be obſtinate in the main points. But there is one article I muſt reſerve, and which you ſeemed not unwilling to allow me, prayer for the dead. There are people to whoſe ſouls I wiſh as well as to my own; and I muſt crave leave humbly to lay before them, that though the ſubſcriptions above mentioned will ſuffice for myſelf, there are neceſſary perquiſites and additions, which I muſt

I muſt demand on the ſcore of this charitable article. It is alſo to be conſidered, that the greater part of thoſe whole ſouls I am moſt concerned for, were unfortunately heretics, ſchiſmatics, poets, painters, or perſons of ſuch lives and manners, as few or no churchers are willing to ſave. The expence will therefore be the greater to make an effectual proviſion for the ſaid ſouls.

Old Dryden, though a Roman Catholic, was a poet; and it is revealed in the viſions of ſome ancient ſaints, that no poet was ever ſaved under ſome hundred of maſſes. I cannot ſet his delivery from purgatory at leſs than fifty pounds Sterling.

Walſh was not only a Socinian, but (what you'll own is harder to be ſaved) a Whig. He cannot modeſtly be rated at leſs than an hundred.

L'Eſtrange, being a Tory, we compute him but at twenty pounds; which I hope no friend of the party can deny to give, to keep him from damning in the next life, conſidering they never gave him ſixpence to keep him from ſtarving in this.

All this together amounts to one hundred and ſeventy pounds.

In the next place, I muſt deſire you to repreſent, that there are ſeveral of my friends yet living, whom I deſign, God willing, to outlive, in conſideration of legacies; out of which it is a doctrine in the reformed church, that not a farthing ſhall be allowed to ſave their ſouls who gave them.

There is one **** who will die within theſe few months, with ****** one Mr. Jervas, who hath grievouſly offended in making the likeneſs of almoſt all things in heaven above and earth below; and one Mr. Gay, an unhappy youth, who writes paſtorals during the time of divine ſervice; whoſe caſe is the more deplorable, as he hath miſerably laviſhed away all that ſilver he ſhould have reſerved for his ſoul's health, in buttons and loops for his coat.

I cannot

I cannot pretend to have theſe people honeſtly ſaved under ſome hundred pounds, whether you conſider the difficulty of ſuch a work, or the extreme love and tenderneſs I bear them, which will infallibly make me puſh this charity as far as I am able. There is but one more whoſe ſalvation I inſiſt upon, and then I have done; but indeed it may prove of ſo much greater charge than all the reſt, that I will only lay the caſe before you and the miniſtry, and leave to their prudence and generoſity, what ſum they ſhall think fit to beſtow upon it.

The perſon I mean, is Dr. Swift, a dignified clergyman, but one, who, by his own confeſſion, has compoſed more libels than ſermons. If it be true, what I have heard often affirmed by innocent people, That too much wit is dangerous to ſalvation, this unfortunate gentleman muſt certainly be damned to all eternity. But I hope his long experience in the world, and frequent converſation with great men, will cauſe him (as it has ſome others) to have leſs and leſs wit every day. Be it as it will, I ſhould not think my own ſoul deſerved to be ſaved, if I did not endeavour to ſave his: for I have all the obligations in nature to him. He has brought me into better company than I cared for, made me merrier when I was ſick than I had a mind to be, and put me upon making poems, on purpoſe that he might alter them, *&c.*

I once thought I could never have diſcharged my debt to his kindneſs; but have lately been informed, to my unſpeakable comfort, that I have more than paid it all. For Monſ. de Montagne has aſſured me, "that the perſon who receives a bene-"nefit, obliges the giver:" for ſince the chief endeavour of one friend is to do good to the other, he who adminiſters both the matter and occaſion, is the man who is liberal. At this rate it is impoſſible Dr. Swift ſhould be ever out of my debt,

as matters ſtand already; and for the future, he may expect daily more obligations from

His moſt faithful, affectionate,

humble ſervant,

A. Pope.

I have finiſhed *The Rape of the Lock*; but I believe I may ſtay here till Chriſtmas, without hindrance of buſineſs.

LETTER II.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

June 18. 1714.

WHatever apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I ſhall uſe none now, to a man who has owned himſelf as ſplenetic as a cat in the country. In that circumſtance, I know by experience, a letter is a very uſeful, as well as amuſing thing. If you are too buſied in ſtate-affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures; either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twiſting it into a ſerpentine form: or, if your diſpoſition ſhould not be ſo mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of ſtudious minds are apt to ſit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt diviſion of the paper, it may not be unpleaſant to try to refit and rejoin the broken lines together. All theſe amuſements I am no ſtranger to in the country: and doubt not but, by this time, you begin to reliſh them in your preſent contemplative ſituation.

I remember a man who was thought to have some knowledge in the world, used to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their friends in the country. But my increasing experience convinces me he was mistaken; for I find a great many here grievously complaining of you upon this score. I am told further, that you treat the few you correspond with, in a very arrogant style; and tell them, you admire at their insolence in disturbing your meditations, or even inquiring of your retreat *: but this I will not positively assert, because I never received any such insulting epistle from you. My Lord Oxford says, you have not written to him once since you went. But this perhaps may be only policy in him or you; and I, who am half a Whig, must not entirely credit any thing he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an embassy to you. Others apprehend some dangerous state-treatise from your retirement; and a wit who affects to imitate Balsac, says that the ministry now are like those Heathens of old, who received their oracles from the woods. The gentlemen of the Roman Catholic persuasion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whisper, that you are gone to meet some Jesuits commissioned from the court of Rome, in order to settle the most convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the pretender. Dr. Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion, and imagines your only design is to attend at full leisure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus *.

This

* Some time before the death of Queen Anne, when her ministers were quarrelling, and the Dean could not reconcile them, he retired to a friend's house in Berkshire, and never saw them after. *Dub. edit.*

* This project (in which the principal persons engaged were Dr. Arbuthnot, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Pope) was to write a complete satire in prose upon the abuses in every branch of science, comprised in the history of the life and writings of Scriblerus. Of which only some detached parts and fragments were done; such as, "The Memoirs of

This indeed muſt be granted of greater importance than all the reſt; and I wiſh I could promiſe ſo well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I ſhall tranſlate Homer by the by. Mr. Gay has acquainted you what progreſs I have made in it. I can't name Mr. Gay, without all the acknowledgements which I ſhall ever owe you on his account. If I writ this in verſe, I would tell you, you are like the ſun; and while men imagine you to be retired or abſent, are hourly exerting your influence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who ſerve your friends with the leaſt oſtentation; it is almoſt ingratitude to thank you, conſidering your temper; and this is the period of all my letter which I fear you will think the moſt impertinent. I am, with the trueſt affection,

Your's, &c.

LETTER III.

From Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

Dublin, June 28. 1715.

MY Lord Biſhop of Clogher * gave me your kind letter, full of reproaches for not writing. I am naturally no very exact correſpondent; and when I leave a country without probability of

" of Scriblerus, The Travels of Gulliver, The Treatiſe of the Pro-
" found, The literal criticiſm on Virgil," &c. *Warb.*

* Dr. St. George Aſh, formerly a fellow of Trinity college, Dublin, (to whom the Dean was pupil), afterwards Biſhop of Clogher, and tranſlated to the ſee of Derry in 1716-17. *Dub. edit.*

returning, I think as ſeldom as I can of what I loved or eſteemed in it, to avoid the *deſiderium* which of all things makes life moſt uneaſy. But you muſt give me leave to add one thing; that you talk at your eaſe, being wholly unconcerned in public events: for if your friends the Whigs continue, you may hope for ſome favour: if the Tories return, you are at leaſt ſure of quiet. You know how well I loved both Lord Oxford and Bolinbroke, and how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me. Do you imagine I can be eaſy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? *I nunc, et verſus tecum meditare canoros.* —— Do you imagine I can be eaſy, when I think of the probable conſequences of theſe proceedings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of ſo many hundred thouſand good ſubjects? Upon the whole, you may truly attribute my ſilence to the eclipſe, but it was that eclipſe which happened on the 1ſt of Auguſt.

I borrowed your Homer from the Biſhop, (mine is not yet landed), and read it out in two evenings. If it pleaſeth others as well as me, you have got your end in profit and reputation. Yet I am angry at ſome bad rhimes and triplets: and pray in your next do not let me have ſo many unjuſtifiable rhymes to *war* and *gods*. I tell you all the faults I know: only in one or two places you are a little obſcure; but I expected you to be ſo in one or two and twenty. I have heard no foul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over; nor do we very much abound in judges, at leaſt I have not the honour to be acquainted with them. Your notes are perfectly good, and ſo are your preface and eſſay. You were pretty bold in mentioning Lord Bolingbroke in that preface. I ſaw the Key to the Lock but yeſterday: I think you have changed it a good deal, to adapt it to the preſent times †.

† Put theſe two laſt obſervations together, and it will appear, that Mr

God be thanked, I have yet no parliamentary buſineſs; and if they have none with me, I ſhall never ſeek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for ſome years paſt, not when I thought them tolerably, good; and therefore, if I can get leave to be abſent, I ſhall be much inclined to be on that ſide, when there is a parliament on this. But truly I muſt be a little eaſy in my mind before I can think of Scriblerus.

You are to underſtand, that I live in the corner of a vaſt unfurniſhed houſe. My family conſiſts of a ſteward, a groom, a helper in the ſtable, a footman. and an old maid, who are all at board-wages; and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment, (which laſt is very rare), I eat a mutton-pye, and drink half a pint of wine. My amuſements are, defending my ſmall dominion againſt the Archbiſhop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious choir. *Perditur hæc inter miſero lux.* I deſire you will preſent my humble ſervice to Mr. Addiſon, Mr. Congreve, and Mr. Rowe, and Gay. I am, and will be always, extremely Yours, &c.

LETTER IV.

Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.

June 20. 1716.

I Cannot ſuffer a friend to croſs the Iriſh ſeas, without bearing a teſtimony from me of the

Mr. Pope was neither wanting to his friends for fear of party, nor would inſult a miniſtry to humour his friends. He ſaid of himſelf, and I believe he ſaid truly, that "he never wrote a line to gratify "the animoſity of any one party at the expenſe of another." *Warb.*

conſtant eſteem and affection I am both obliged and inclined to have for you. It is better he ſhould tell you than I, how often you are in our thoughts, and in our cups, and how I learn to ſleep leſs *, and drink more, whenever you are named among us. I look upon a friend in Ireland, as upon a friend in the other world, whom (Popiſhly ſpeaking) I believe conſtantly well diſpoſed towards me, and ready to do me all the good he can, in that ſtate of ſeparation, though I hear nothing from him, and make addreſſes to him but very rarely. A Proteſtant divine cannot take it amiſs, that I treat him in the ſame manner with my patron ſaint.

I can tell you no news, but what you will not ſufficiently wonder at, that I ſuffer many things as an author militant; whereof, in your days of probation, you have been a ſharer, or you had not arrived at that triumphant ſtate you now deſervedly enjoy in the church. As for me, I have not the leaſt hopes of the cardinalet, though I ſuffer for my religion in almoſt every weekly paper. I have begun to take a pique at the pſalms of David, if the wicked may be credited, who have printed a ſcandalous one in my name *. This report I dare not diſcourage too much, in a proſpect I have at preſent of a poſt under the Marquis de Langallerie †; wherein, if I can but do ſome ſignal ſervice againſt the Pope, I may be conſiderably advanced by the Turks, the only religious people I dare conſide in. If it ſhould happen hereafter, that I ſhould write for the holy law of Mahomet, I hope it may make no breach between you and me. Every one muſt live, and I beg you will not be the

* Alluding to his conſtant cuſtom of ſleeping after dinner. *Warb.*

* In Curl's collection.

† One who made a noiſe then, as Count Bonneval has done ſince.

man

man to manage the controverſy againſt me. The church of Rome I judge (from many modern ſymptoms, as well as ancient prophecies) to be in a declining condition; that of England will in a ſhort time be ſcarce able to maintain her own family; ſo churches ſink as generally as banks in Europe, and for the ſame reaſon; that religion and trade, which at firſt were open and free, have been reduced into the management of companies, and the roguery of directors.

I don't know why I tell you all this, but that I always loved to talk to you; but this is not a time for any man to talk to the purpoſe. Truth is a kind of contraband commodity, which I would not venture to export; and therefore the only thing tending that dangerous way which I ſhall ſay, is, that I am, and always will be, with the utmoſt ſincerity,

Yours, &c.

LETTER V.

From Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

Aug. 30. 1716.

I Had the favour of your's by Mr F.; of whom, before any other queſtion relating to your health or fortune, or ſucceſs as a poet, I inquired your principles, in the common form, "Is he a Whig, "or a Tory?" I am ſorry to find they are not ſo well tallied to the preſent juncture as I could wiſh. I always thought the terms of *facto* and *jure* had been introduced by the poets, and that poſſeſ-

ſion

ſion of any ſort in kings was held an unexceptionable title in the courts of Parnaſſus. If you do not grow a perfect good ſubject in all its preſent latitudes, I ſhall conclude you are become rich, and able to live without dedications to men in power; whereby one great inconvenience will follow, that you and the world, and poſterity, will be utterly ignorant of their virtues. For either your brethren have miſerably deceived us theſe hundred years paſt, or power confers virtue, as naturally as five of your popiſh ſacraments do grace.——You ſleep leſs, and drink more;——but your maſter Horace was *vini ſomnique benignus:* and, as I take it, both are proper for your trade. As to mine, there are a thouſand poetical texts to confirm the one; and as to the other, I know it was anciently the cuſtom to ſleep in temples, for thoſe who would conſult the oracles, "Who dictates to me ſlumbering *," *&c.*

You are an ill catholic, or a worſe geographer; for I can aſſure you, Ireland is not a paradiſe; and I appeal even to any Spaniſh divine, whether addreſſes were ever made to a friend in hell or purgatory? And who are all theſe enemies you hint at? I can only think of Curl, Gildon, 'Squire Burnet, Blackmore, and a few others, whoſe fame I have forgot. Tools, in my opinion, are as neceſſary for a good writer, as pen, ink, and paper. And beſides, I would fain know, whether every draper doth not ſhew you three or four damn'd pieces of ſtuff to ſet off his good one? However, I will grant, that one thorough book-ſelling rogue is better qualified to vex an author, than all his cotemporary ſcribblers in critic or ſatire, not only by ſtolen copies of what was incorrect, or unfit for the public, but by downright laying other mens dulneſs at your door. I had a long deſign upon the ears of that Curl, when

* Milton.

I was

I was in credit; but the rogue would never allow me a fair ſtroke at them, although my penknife was ready drawn and ſharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poiſoned, although the hiſtorian pretends to have been an eye-witneſs: but I beg pardon, ſack might do it, although ratſbane would not. I never ſaw the thing you mention as falſely imputed to you; but I think the frolics of merry hours, even when we are guilty, ſhould not be left to the mercy of our beſt friends, until Curl and his reſemblers are hanged.

With ſubmiſſion to the better judgement of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under the Turks to be idle and unneceſſary. Have a little patience, and you will find more merit and encouragement at home by the ſame methods. You are ungrateful to your country; quit but your own religion, and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice for any other, or for none at all, and pay you well into the bargain. Therefore pray do not run and diſgrace us among the Turks, by telling them you were forced to leave your native home, becauſe we would oblige you to be a Chriſtian; whereas we will make it appear to all the world, that we only compelled you to be a Whig.

There is a young ingenious Quaker in this town, who writes verſes to his miſtreſs, not very correct, but in a ſtrain purely what a poetical quaker ſhould do, commending her look and habit, *&c.* It gave me a hint, that a ſet of Quaker paſtorals might ſucceed, if our friend Gay * could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful ſubject. Pray hear what he ſays. I believe further, the paſtoral ridicule is not exhauſted; and that a porter, footman, or chairman's

* Gay wrote a paſtoral of this kind, which is publiſhed in his works. *Warb.*

paſtoral

paſtoral † might do well. Or what think you of a Newgate paſtoral, among the whores and thieves there?

Laſtly, to conclude, I love you never the worſe for ſeldom writing to you. I am in an obſcure ſcene, where you know neither thing nor perſon. I can only anſwer yours, which I promiſe to do after a ſort, whenever you think fit to employ me. But I can aſſure you, the ſcene and the times have depreſſed me wonderfully; for I will impute no defect to thoſe two paltry years which have ſlipt by ſince I had the happineſs to ſee you. I am, with the trueſt eſteem,

Yours, &c.

LETTER VI. *

From Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE. †

Dublin, Jan. 10. 1721.

A Thouſand things have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you. I rather chuſe to appeal to you than to

† Swift himſelf wrote one of this kind, intitled, "Dermot and "Sheelah."

* This letter Mr. Pope never received, nor did he believe it was ever ſent. *Pope* and *Warb.*

† This letter deſerves the greater attention, as it ſeems to furniſh more materials of Dr. Swift's life and principles, than any other of his epiſtolary writings. The letter breathes an air of ſincerity and freedom, and is addreſſed to a particular friend, at a time when the views of ambition were at an end. It may therefore be conſidered as a confeſſion of one departing from this world, who only is deſirous to vindicate his own character, and is anxious that his aſhes may reſt in peace.

It was written immediately after the arbitrary conduct of a judge in Ireland, who endeavoured to deſtroy the freedom of juries, and conſequently the very eſſence of that liberty and ſafety which we have a right to poſſeſs by the conſtitution of our ſtate. Swift very generouſly

to my Lord Chief Juſtice Whitſhed, under the ſituation I am in. For I take this cauſe properly to lie before you. You are a much fitter judge of what concerns the credit of a writer, the injuries that

rouſly declares himſelf averſe to all rigorous proceedings againſt perſons ſuſpected of problematical guilt, "By ſuch ſtrict inquiries," ſays he, "a gate is left open to the whole tribe of informers; the "moſt accuſed, proſtitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind." Upon this ſubject I cannot avoid recollecting ſome particulars from a book, which has lately given me great delight and inſtruction, and which I recommend very warmly to your peruſal. I mean *L'eſprit des loix*. The author M. de Monteſquieu, obſerves, "that informers have been chiefly encouraged "under the moſt tyrannical governments. In the reign of Tiberius, "triumphal ornaments were conferred upon them, and ſtatues erected to their honour. In the reign of Nero, upon the diſcovery and "puniſhment of a pretended conſpiracy, triumphal dignities were "allotted to Turpilianus, Cocceius Nerva, and Tigillinus." In another part of his book, the Baron de Monteſquieu takes notice, "that "in Turkey, where little regard is ſhewn to the honour, lives, or "eſtates of the ſubject, all cauſes are determined by the preſiding Baſhaw: and in Rome, the judges had no more to do than to declare, "that the perſon accuſed was guilty of a particular crime, and then "the puniſhment was found in the laws." From theſe and other examples of arbitrary government, this elegant author takes a particular pleaſure in diſtinguiſhing and admiring the civil conſtitution of England; where, he ſays, "the jury determine, whether the fact "brought under their cogniſance be proved or not; if it be proved, "the judge pronounces the puniſhment inflicted by the law for ſuch "a particular fact: and for this," adds the Baron, "he need only "open their eyes." But if M. de Monteſquieu had read Swift's letter, or indeed had recollected many notorious facts of our hiſtory, he muſt have obſerved, that the judges have been often ſo deaf to the repeated voice of the jury, and have not only ſhut their eyes againſt our excellent laws, but have aſſumed "that terrible and menacing "air which Commodus ordered to be given to his ſtatues."

The method of trials by juries, is generally looked upon as one of the moſt excellent branches of our conſtitution. In theory it certainly appears in that light. According to the original eſtabliſhment, the jurors are to be men of competent fortunes in the neighbourhood; and are to be ſo avowedly indifferent between the parties concerned, that no reaſonable exception can be made to them on either ſide. In treaſon, the perſon accuſed has a right to challenge five and thirty, and in fellony twenty, without ſhewing cauſe of challenge. Nothing can be more equitable. No priſoner can deſire a fairer field. But the misfortune is, that our juries are often compoſed of men of mean eſtates, and low underſtandings. Many difficult points of law are brought before them, and ſubmitted to their verdict, when perhaps

that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Beſides, I doubt whether the arguments I could ſuggeſt to prove my own innocence, would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the long robe

haps they are not capable of determining, properly and judiciouſly, ſuch nice matters of juſtice, although the judges of the court explain the nature of the caſe, and the law which ariſes upon it. But if they are not defective in knowledge, they are ſometimes, I fear, from their ſtation and indigence, liable to corruption. This indeed is an objection more to the privilege lodged with juries, than to the inſtitution itſelf. The point moſt liable to objection, is the power which any one or more of the twelve have to ſtarve the reſt into a compliance with their opinion; ſo that the verdict may poſſibly be given by ſtrength of conſtitution, not by conviction of conſcience; " and " wretches hang that jurymen may dine."

In this letter is moſt evidently diſplayed Swift's immutable attachment to Ireland. Such a kind of patriotiſm muſt have proceeded from a true love of liberty; for he hated individuals, and deſpiſed moſt of the men of property and power in that kingdom: he owed them no obligations; and while by his writings he laboured to make their poſterity happy, he forced from themſelves an involuntary, but univerſal applauſe. His conduct was ſo uniform and conſtant in the cauſe of Ireland, that he not only gained the praiſe, but the confidence of that whole nation; who are a people ſeldom, if ever, inclined to ſtudy and purſue their own intereſt, and who are always exceedingly apt to ſuſpect any advice that is contrary, or in defiance to a miniſterial direction.

Swift's principles of government ſeem to have been founded upon that excellent maxim, " Salus populi ſuprema eſt lex." He begins by clearing himſelf from Jacobitiſm. He ſpeaks of the revolution as a neceſſary but dangerous expedient, which has ſince been attended with unavoidable bad conſequences. He declares his mortal antipathy to ſtanding armies in time of peace. He adores the wiſdom of that inſtitution which rendered our parliaments annual. He prefers the landed to the monied intereſt, and expreſſes a noble abhorrence to the ſuſpenſion of thoſe laws upon which the liberty of the ſubject depends. When theſe articles of his political tenets are examined, they will leave no room for any one particular party to aſſume the honour of having had him in their alliance. He was neither Whig nor Tory, neither Jacobite nor Republican. He was Dr. Swift.

His judgement in relation to the viſible decay of literature and good ſenſe, is perfectly juſt. He attributes this national calamity to the prevailing luxury of the times; which he inſtances in the encouragement of factions, and of ſeveral public diverſions, all tending to the increaſe of folly, ignorance, and vice. His ſentiments are delivered more with the air of a philoſopher than of a divine: and the concluſion of the letter is ſo proper and ſo excellent a defence of his own manner of acting and thinking, that, in regard to his memory, I

robe to thoſe in furs, upon whoſe deciſion about the difference of ſtyle or ſentiments, I ſhould be very unwilling to leave the merits of my cauſe.

Give me leave then to put you in mind, (altho' you cannot eaſily forget it), that, about ten weeks before the Queen's death, I left the town, upon occaſion of that incurable breach among the great men at court, and went down to Berkſhire; where you may remember that you gave me the favour of a viſit. While I was in that retirement, I writ a diſcourſe which I thought might be uſeful in ſuch a juncture of affairs, and ſent it up to London; but, upon ſome difference in opinion between me and a certain great miniſter now abroad, the publiſhing of it was deferred ſo long, that the Queen died; and I recalled my copy, which hath been ever ſince in ſafe hands. In a few weeks after the loſs of that excellent princeſs, I came to my ſtation here; where I have continued ever ſince in the greateſt privacy, and utter ignorance of thoſe events which are moſt commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the royal family which now reigns, further than the prayer-book informs me. I cannot tell who is chancellor, who are ſecretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any ſort of affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking party-zeal.

I had indeed written ſome memorials of the four laſt years of the Queen's reign, with ſome other informations which I received, as neceſſary materials to qualify me for doing ſomething in an em-

muſt be at the trouble of tranſcribing it. [Here the laſt paragraph of the letter is inſerted.]

In ſhort, this letter is one of the moſt ſerious and beſt performances that he has given us in the epiſtolary way. *Orrery.*

ployment then designed me *: but as it was at the disposal of a person who had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, I disdained to accept it.

These papers, at my few hours of health and leisure, I have been digesting into order by one sheet at a time †; for I dare not venture any further, lest the humour of searching and seizing papers should revive; not that I am in pain of any danger to myself, (for they contain nothing of present times or persons, upon which I shall never lose a thought while there is a cat or a spaniel in the house), but to preserve them from being lost among messengers and clerks.

I have written, in this kingdom, a discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures, instead of those from England ‡. This treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had employments, or were expectants. Upon which a person in great office here immediately took the alarm. He sent in haste for the Chief Justice, and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet lately published, with a design of setting the two kingdoms

* Historiographer.

† These papers some years after were brought finished by the Dean into England, with an intention to publish them. But a friend on whose judgement he relied, (the same I suppose whom he mentions above, as being abroad at the time of writing this letter), dissuaded him from that design. He told the Dean, there were several facts he knew to be false, and that the whole was so much in the spirit of party-writing, that though it might have made a seasonable phamphlet in the time of their administration, it was a dishonour to just history. The Dean would do nothing against his friend's judgement; yet it extremely chagrined him: and he told a common friend that since *** did not approve his history, he would cast it into the fire, though it was the best work he had ever written. However, it did not undergo this fate, and is said to be yet in being.

‡ A proposal for the universal use of Irish manufactures.

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at variance; directing at the same time, that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of law. The Chief Justice had so quick an understanding, that he resolved, if possible, to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the country and city were practised effectually with, to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets; for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentments published for several weeks in all the news-papers. The printer was seized, and forced to give great bail. After his trial the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry; the Chief Justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until, being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they call a special verdict. During the trial, the Chief Justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly, that the author's design was to bring in the pretender; although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise, and although it was known, that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles, publicly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and impopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until, upon the Duke of Gr—ft—n the Lord Lieutenant's arrival, his Grace, after mature advice, and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *Noli prosequi*.

This is the more remarkable, because it is said that the man is no ill decider in common cases of property, where party is out of the question: but when that intervenes, with ambition at heels to push it forward, it must needs confound any man of little spirit and low birth, who hath no other endowment than that sort of knowledge, which,

however poſſeſſed in the higheſt degree, can poſſibly give no one good quality to the mind *.

It is true, I have been much concerned for ſeveral years paſt, upon account of the public, as well as for myſelf, to ſee how ill a taſte for wit and ſenſe prevails in the world, which politics, and South-ſea, and party, and operas, and maſquerades, have introduced. For, beſides many inſipid papers which the malice of ſome hath intitled me to, there are many perſons appearing to wiſh me well, and pretending to be judges of my ſtile and manner, who have yet aſcribed ſome writings to me, of which any man of common ſenſe and literature would be heartily aſhamed. I cannot forbear inſtancing a treatiſe called a "Dedication upon dedications," which many would have to be mine, although it be as empty, dry, and ſervile a compoſition, as I remember at any time to have read. But, above all, there is one circumſtance which makes it impoſſible for me to have been author of a treatiſe, wherein there are ſeveral pages containing a panegyric on

* This is a very ſtrange aſſertion. To ſuppoſe that a conſummate knowledge of the laws, by which civilized ſocieties are governed, can "give no one good quality to the mind," is making ethics (of which public laws are ſo conſiderable a part) a very unprofitable ſtudy. The beſt diviſion of the ſciences is that old one of Plato, into ethics, phyſics, and logic. The ſeverer philoſophers condemn a total application to the two latter, becauſe they have no tendency to mend the heart; and recommend the firſt as our principal ſtudy, for its efficacy in this important ſervice. And, ſure, if any human ſpeculations can mend the heart, they muſt be theſe which have man for their object, as a reaſonable, a ſocial, and a civil being. And theſe are all included under ethics, whether you call the ſcience *morality* or *law*. And with regard to the law of England, we muſt be much prejudiced againſt it, not to allow, that what Tully affirms concerning the law of the twelve tables, may with more juſtice be applied to ours. "Frequant omnes licet, dicam quod ſentio: bibliotheca mehercule "omnium philoſophorum, unum mihi videtur Pandectarum volumen, et auctoritatis pondere et utilitatis ubertate, ſuperare." But the beſt proof of its moral efficacy, is the manners of its profeſſors: and theſe, in every age, have been ſuch as were the firſt improved, or the laſt corrupted. *Warb.*

King

King George; of whose character and person I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curiosity to inquire into either, living at so great a distance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to public matters.

Indeed, I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely whether I were asked or no; but never affected to be a counsellor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to see myself so far outdone by the Earl of Oxford in my own trade as a scholar, and too good a courtier not to discover his contempt of those who would be men of importance out of their sphere. Besides, to say the truth, although I have known many great ministers ready enough to hear opinions, yet I have hardly seen one that would ever descend to take advice: and this pedantry ariseth from a maxim themselves do not believe, at the same time they practise by it, That there is something profound in politics, which men of plain honest sense cannot arrive to.

I only wish my endeavours had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the ministers to each other. This might have been done, if others who had more concern and more influence would have acted their parts; and if this had succeeded, the public interest, both of church and state, would not have been the worse, nor the Protestant succession endangered.

But, whatever opportunities a constant attendance of four years might have given me for endeavouring to do good offices to particular persons, I deserve at least to find tolerable quarter from those of the other party; for many of which I was a constant advocate with the Earl of Oxford; and for this I appeal to his Lordship. He knows how often I pressed him in favour of Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Steele; although I freely confess, that his Lordship's kindness to them

was altogether owing to his generous notions, and the eſteem he had for their wit and parts, of which I could only pretend to be a remembrancer For I can never forget the anſwer he gave to the late Lord Hallifax, who, upon the firſt change of the miniſtry, interceded with him to ſpare Mr. Congreve. It was by repeating theſe two lines of Virgil,

Non obtuſa adeo geſtamus pectora Pœni,
Nec tam averſus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe.

Purſuant to which he always treated Mr. Congreve with the greateſt perſonal civilities, aſſuring him of his conſtant favour and protection; and adding, that he would ſtudy to do ſomething better for him

I remember it was in thoſe times a uſual ſubject of raillery towards me among the miniſters, That I never came to them without a Whig in my ſleeve; which I do not ſay with any view towards making my court: for the new principles * fixed to thoſe of that denomination, I did then, and do now from my heart abhor, deteſt, and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predeceſſors. I have converſed in ſome freedom with more miniſters of ſtate of all parties than uſually happens to men of my level: and I confeſs, in their capacity as miniſters, I look upon them as a race of people whoſe acquaintance no man would court, otherwiſe than upon the ſcore of vanity or ambition. The firſt quickly wears off, (and is the vice of low minds; for a man of ſpirit is too proud to be vain), and the other was not my caſe. Beſides, having never received more than one ſmall favour, I was under no neceſſity of being a ſlave to men in power, but thoſe

* He means particularly the principle at that time charged upon them by their enemies, of an intention "to proſcribe the Tories." *Warb.*

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my friends by their perſonal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue. I frequently converſed with Mr. Addiſon, and the others I named, (except Mr. Steele), during all my Lord Oxford's miniſtry; and Mr. Addiſon's friendſhip to me continued inviolable, with as much kindneſs as when we uſed to meet at my Lord Sommers * or Halifax, who were leaders of the oppoſite party.

I would infer from all this, that it is with great injuſtice I have theſe many years been pelted by your pamphleteers, merely upon account of ſome regard which the Queen's laſt miniſters were pleaſed to have for me: and yet in my conſcience I think I am a partaker in every ill deſign they had againſt the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, or the liberties and religion of their country; and can ſay with Cicero, "that I ſhould be proud to be included with them "in all their actions, *tanquam in equo Trojano.*" But if I have never diſcovered, by my words, writings, or actions, any party-virulence †, or dangerous deſigns againſt the preſent powers; if my friendſhip and converſation were equally ſhewn among thoſe who liked or diſproved the proceedings then at court, and that I was known to be a common friend of all deſerving perſons of the latter ſort, when they were in diſtreſs; I cannot but think it hard, that I am not ſuffered to run quietly among the common herd of people, whoſe opinions unfortunately differ from thoſe which lead to favour and preferment.

I ought to let you know, that the thing we called a Whig in England, is a creature altogether differ-

* Lord Sommers had very warmly recommended Dr. Swift to the favour of Lord Wharton, when he went the Queen's Lieutenant into Ireland in the year 1709. *Warb.*

† The "Examiners," I ſuppoſe, were not then publiſhed amongſt the Dean's works. *Warb.*

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ent from thoſe of the ſame denomination here; at leaſt it was ſo during the reign of her late Majeſty. Whether thoſe on your ſide hath changed or no, it hath not been my buſineſs to inquire. I remember my excellent friend, Mr. Addiſon, when he firſt came over hither ſecretary to the Earl of Wharton, then Lord Lieutenant, was extremely offended at the conduct and diſcourſe of the chief managers here. He told me they were a ſort of people who ſeemed to think, that the principles of a Whig conſiſted in nothing elſe but damning the church, reviling the clergy, abetting the diſſenters, and ſpeaking contemptibly of revealed religion.

I was diſcourſing ſome years ago with a certain miniſter about that Whiggiſh or Fanatical genius ſo prevalent among the Engliſh of this kingdom: his Lordſhip accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's ſoldiers, adventurers eſtabliſhed here, who were all of the ſoureſt leaven, and the meaneſt birth, and whoſe poſterity are now in poſſeſſion of their lands and their principles. However, it muſt be confeſſed, that of late ſome people in this country are grown weary of quarrelling, becauſe intereſt, the great motive of quarrelling, is at an end; for it is hardly worth contending who ſhall be an exciſeman, a country-vicar, a crier in the courts, or an under-clerk.

You will perhaps be inclined to think, that a perſon ſo ill treated as I have been, muſt, at ſome time or other, have diſcovered very dangerous opinions in government. In anſwer to which, I will tell you what my political principles were in the time of her late glorious Majeſty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or diſcourſe.

Firſt, I always declared myſelf againſt a Popiſh ſucceſſor to the crown, whatever title he might have by the proximity of blood. Neither did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts; firſt, as it was eſtabliſhed by law; and, ſecondly,

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as it hath much weight in the opinions of the people; for neceſſity may aboliſh any law, but cannot alter the ſentiments of the vulgar; right of inheritance being perhaps the moſt popular of all topics: and therefore in great changes, when that is broke, there will remain much heart-burning and diſcontent among the meaner people, which, under a weak prince and corrupt adminiſtration, may have the worſt conſequences upon the peace of any ſtate.

As to what is called a revolution principle, my opinion was this, That whenever thoſe evils which uſually attend and follow a violent change of government, were not in probability ſo pernicious as the grievances we ſuffer under a preſent power, then the public good will juſtify ſuch a revolution. And this I took to have been the caſe in the Prince of Orange's expedition; although in the conſequences it produced ſome very bad effects, which are likely to ſtick long enough by us.

I had likewiſe in thoſe days a mortal antipathy againſt ſtanding armies in times of peace; becauſe I always took ſtanding armies to be only ſervants hired by the maſter of the family for keeping his own children in ſlavery; and becauſe I conceived, that a prince who could not think himſelf ſecure without mercenary troops, muſt needs have a ſeparate intereſt from that of his ſubjects; although I am not ignorant of thoſe artificial neceſſities which a corrupted miniſtry can create for keeping up forces to ſupport a faction againſt the public intereſt.

As to parliaments, I adored the wiſdom of that Gothic inſtitution which made them annual; and I was confident our liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation, until that ancient law were reſtored among us. For who ſees not, that while ſuch aſſemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the miniſtry and the deputies, wherein they

they both find their accounts, to the manifeſt danger of liberty? which traffic would neither anſwer the deſign nor expence, if parliaments met once a-year.

I ever abominated that ſcheme of politics, (now about thirty years old), of ſetting up a moneyed intereſt in oppoſition to the landed. For I conceived there could not be a truer maxim in our government than this, That the poſſeſſors of the ſoil are the beſt judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the ſame way, funds of credit and South-ſea projects would neither have been felt nor heard of.

I could never diſcover the neceſſity of ſuſpending any law upon which the liberty of the moſt innocent perſons depended; neither do I think this practice hath made the taſte of arbitrary power ſo agreeable, as that we ſhould deſire to ſee it repeated. Every rebellion ſubdued and plot diſcovered, contribute to the firmer eſtabliſhment of the prince. In the latter caſe the knot of conſpirators is entirely broke, and they are to begin their work a-new under a thouſand diſadvantages: ſo that thoſe diligent inquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with new power of inforcing them by chains and dungeons, to every perſon whoſe face a miniſter thinks fit to diſlike, are not only oppoſite to that maxim, which declareth it better that ten guilty men ſhould eſcape, than one innocent ſuffer; but likewiſe leave a gate wide open to the whole tribe of informers, the moſt accurſed, and proſtitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

It is true the Romans had a cuſtom of chuſing a dictator, during whoſe adminiſtration the power of other magiſtrates was ſuſpended. But this was done upon the greateſt emergencies; a war near their doors, or ſome civil diſſention: for armies muſt be governed by arbitrary power. But when the

the virtue of that commonwealth gave place to luxury and ambition, this very office of dictator became perpetual, in the perſons of the Cæſars and their ſucceſſors, the moſt infamous tyrants that have any where appeared in ſtory.

Theſe are ſome of the ſentiments I had relating to public affairs, while I was in the world. What they are at preſent, is of little importance either to that or myſelf: neither can I truly ſay I have any at all; or, if I had, I dare not venture to publiſh them: for however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before midſummer. And indeed I have often wiſhed, for ſome time paſt, that a political catechiſm might be publiſhed by authority four times a-year, in order to inſtruct us how we are to ſpeak, write, and act, during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of ſuch an inſtructor: for intending to make my court to ſome people on the prevailing ſide, by advancing certain old Whiggiſh principles, which it ſeems had been exploded about a month before, I have paſſed for a diſſaffected perſon. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is for a man in obſcurity to attempt defending his reputation as a writer, while the ſpirit of faction hath ſo univerſally poſſeſſed the minds of men, that they are not at leiſure to attend to any thing elſe. They will juſt give themſelves time to libel and accuſe me; but cannot ſpare a minute to hear my defence. So in a plot-diſcovering age, I have often known an innocent man ſeized and impriſoned, and forced to lie ſeveral months in chains, while the miniſters were not at leiſure to hear his petition, until they had proſecuted and hanged the number they propoſed.

All I can reaſonably hope for by this letter, is to convince my friends, and others who are pleaſed to wiſh me well, that I have neither been ſo ill a ſubject, nor ſo ſtupid an author, as I have been repreſented

represented by the virulence of libellers; whose malice hath taken the same train in both, by fathering dangerous principles in government upon me, which I never maintained; and insipid productions, which I am not capable of writing. For, however I may have been soured by personal ill treatment, or by melancholy prospects for the public, I am too much a politician to expose my own safety by offensive words. And if my genius and spirit be sunk by increasing years, I have at least enough discretion left, not to mistake the measure of my own abilities, by attempting subjects where those talents are necessary, which perhaps I may have lost with my youth.

LETTER VII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, Jan. 8. 1722-3.

COming home after a short Christmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table; and little expected when I opened it, to read your name at the bottom. The best and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in England; there I made my friendships, and there I left my desires. I am condemned forever to another country. What is in prudence to be done? I think, to be *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis.* What can the design of your letter be but malice, to wake me out of a scurvy sleep, which however is better than none? I am towards nine years older since I left you; yet that is the least of my alterations: my business, my diversions, my conversations, are all entirely changed for the worse, and so are my studies and my amusements

muſements in writing. Yet, after all, this humdrum way of life might be paſſable enough, if you would let me alone. I ſhall not be able to reliſh my wine, my parſons, my horſes, nor my garden, for three months, until the ſpirit you have raiſed ſhall be diſpoſſeſſed. I have ſometimes wondered that I have not viſited you; but I have been ſtopt by too many reaſons, beſides years and lazineſs: and yet theſe are very good ones. Upon my return after half a year amongſt you, there would be to me *deſiderio nec pudor nec modus*. I was three years reconciling myſelf to the ſcene, and the buſineſs to which fortune hath condemned me; and ſtupidity was what I had recourſe to. Beſides, what a figure ſhould I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, diſtreſs, or impriſonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threaten myſelf with the journey, and am every ſummer practiſing to get health to bear it: the only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your colic. Do you drink bad wine, or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? It will not be always, *Et tibi quos mihi dempſeret apponet annos*. I am heartily ſorry you have any dealings with that ugly diſtemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exerciſe. I wiſh they could have as good an effect upon the giddineſs I am ſubject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I ſhould have been glad if you had lengthened your letter, by telling me the preſent condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, *&c.*; but you mention only Mr. Pope, who, I believe, is lazy, or elſe he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your caſe of needing great mens favour, and could heartily wiſh that you were in his. I have been

conſidering why poets have ſuch ill ſucceſs in making their court, ſince they are allowed to be the greateſt and beſt of all flatterers. The defect is, that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth; they will give things under their hand, which they make a conſcience of ſpeaking. Beſides, they are too libertine to haunt antichambers, too poor to bribe porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to ſecond-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under original ſin by the dedication of your eclogues to Lord Bolinbroke? I am an ill judge at this diſtance; and, beſides, am, for my eaſe, utterly ignorant of the commoneſt things that paſs in the world: but if all courts have a fameneſs in them, (as the parſons phraſe it), things may be as they were in my time, when all employments went to parliament mens friends, who had been uſeful in elections, and there was always a huge liſt of names in arrears at the treaſury, which would at leaſt take up your ſeven years expedient to diſcharge even one half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the ſureſt courſe would be, to get your friend who lodgeth in your houſe to recommend you to the next chief governor who comes over here, for a good civil employment, or to be one of his ſecretaries; which your parliament-men are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reaſonable; you may dine twice a-week at the deanery-houſe; there is a ſet of company in this town ſufficient for one man; folks will admire you, becauſe they have read you, and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or ſumptuouſly here; or if you divide between both places, it will be for your health.

I wiſh I could do more than ſay I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late court, and the ſucceſſors; and by the force of too much honeſty

or

or too little ſublunary wiſdom, you fell between two ſtools. Take care of your health and money; be leſs modeſt, and more active; or elſe turn parſon, and get a biſhopric here; would to God they would ſend us as good ones from your ſide!

I am ever, &c.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

Jan. 12. 1723.

I Find a rebuke in a late letter of yours, that both ſtings and pleaſeth me extremely. Your ſaying that I ought to have writ a poſtſcript to my friend Gay's, makes me content to write leſs than a whole letter; and your ſeeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a ſincere effect of friendſhip. Indeed, as I cannot but own the lazineſs with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us hath both had and given *) a ſurfeit of writing; ſo I really thought you would know yourſelf to be ſo certainly intitled to my friendſhip, that it was a poſſeſſion you could not imagine ſtood in need of any further deeds or writings to aſſure you of it.

Whatever you ſeem to think of your withdrawn and ſeparate ſtate at this diſtance, and in this abſence, Dean Swift lives ſtill in England, in every place and company where he would chuſe to live; and I find him in all the converſations I keep, and in all the hearts in which I deſire any ſhare.

* Alluding to his large work on Homer.

We have never met theſe many years without mention of you. Beſides my old acquaintance, I have found that all my friends of a later date are ſuch as were yours before. Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley, may look upon me as one entailed upon them by you. Lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take me with all his other hereditary rights: and indeed he ſeems grown ſo much a philoſopher, as to ſet his heart upon ſome of them as little, as upon the poet you gave him. It is ſure my ill fate, that all thoſe I moſt loved, and with whom I moſt lived, muſt be baniſhed. After both of you left England, my conſtant hoſt was the biſhop of Rocheſter †. Sure, this is a nation that is curſedly afraid of being overrun with too much politeneſs, and cannot regain one great genius, but at the expence of another ‡. I tremble for my Lord Peterborow, (whom I now lodge with), he has too much wit as well as courage, to make a ſolid general *: and if he eſcapes being baniſhed by others, I fear he will baniſh himſelf. This leads me to give you ſome account of the manner of my life and converſation; which has been infinitely more various and diſſipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all ſexes, parties, and profeſſions. A glut of ſtudy and retirement in the firſt part of my life caſt

† Dr. Atterbury.

‡ The Biſhop of Rocheſter thought this to be indeed the caſe; and that the price agreed on for Lord B.'s return was his baniſhment: an imagination which ſo ſtrongly poſſeſſed him when he went abroad, that all the expoſtulations of his friends could not convince him of the folly of it. *Warb.*

* This Mr. Walſh ſeriouſly thought to be the caſe, where, in a letter to Mr. Pope, he ſays, --- "When we were in the north, my "Lord Wharton ſhewed me a letter he had received from a certain "great general in Spain, [Lord Peterborow]. I told him, I would "by all means have that general recalled, and ſet to writing here at "home; for it was impoſſible that a man with ſo much wit as he "ſhewed, could be fit to command an army, or do any other buſi-"neſs."

me

me into this; and this, I begin to see, will throw me again into study and retirement.

The civilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have hindered me from being violent or four to any party; but at the same time the observations and experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surprised at any. I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the violences and hardships I see practised by either. The merry vein you knew me in, is sunk into a turn of reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a quietness of mind which by fits improves into a certain degree of chearfulness, enough to make me just so good-humoured as to wish that world well. My friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Aversions I have none, but to knaves (for fools I have learned to bear with); and such I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think those men are next to knaves who converse with them. The greatest man in power of this sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you, both how to gain and how to use the freedom of friendship with men much my superiors. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all intercourse with poets and scribblers, unless where by great chance I have found a modest one. By these means I have had no quarrels with any personally; none have been enemies, but who were also strangers to me; and as there is no great need of an ecclaircissment with such, whatever they writ or said, I never retaliated; not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing, any thing of the matter. There

are very few things that give me the anxiety of a wiſh; the ſtrongeſt I have, would be to paſs my days with you, and a few ſuch as you; but fate has diſperſed them all about the world; and I find to wiſh it is as vain, as to wiſh to ſee the millennium and the kingdom of the juſt upon earth.

If I have ſinned in my long ſilence, conſider there is one to whom you yourſelf have been as great a ſinner. As ſoon as you ſee his hand, you will learn to do me juſtice, and feel in your heart how long a man may be ſilent to thoſe he truly loves and reſpects.

LETTER IX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

I Am not ſo lazy as Pope, and therefore you muſt not expect from me the ſame indulgence to lazineſs: in defending his own cauſe he pleads yours, and becomes your advocate while he appeals to you as his judge. You will do the ſame on your part; and I, and the reſt of your common friends, ſhall have great juſtice to expect from two ſuch righteous tribunals. You reſemble perfectly the two alehouſe-keepers in Holland, who were at the ſame time burgo-maſters of the town, and taxed one another's bills alternately. I declare before-hand I will not ſtand to the award. My title to your friendſhip is good, and wants neither deeds nor writings to confirm it; but annual acknowledgments at leaſt are neceſſary to preſerve it; and I begin to ſuſpect, by your defrauding me of them, that

that you hope in time to diſpute it, and to urge preſcription againſt me. I would not ſay one word to you about myſelf, ſince it is a ſubject on which you appear to have no curioſity, was it not to try how far the contraſt between Pope's fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and leſs diſſipated, than when you knew me and cared for me. That love which I uſed to ſcatter with ſome profuſion among the female kind, has been theſe many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes, (for ſo they are called, though ſometimes very improperly), and a retirement from the world, have made that juſt and nice diſcrimination between my acquaintance and my friends, which we have ſeldom ſagacity enough to make for ourſelves; thoſe inſects of various hues, which uſed to hum and buz about me while I ſtood in the ſunſhine have diſappeared ſince I lived in the ſhade. No man comes to a hermitage but for the ſake of the hermit; a few philoſophical friends come often to mine; and they are ſuch as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you was nine years ago.

The hoarſe voice of party was never heard in this quiet place; gazettes and pamphlets are baniſhed from it; and if the lucubrations of Iſaac Bickerſtaff be admitted, this diſtinction is owing to ſome ſtrokes, by which it is judged that this illuſtrious philoſopher had like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Perſian Zoroaſter, and others his perſecutors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian ſeers) both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of no ſide at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any party myſelf; nay, I am often ſo happily abſorbed by the abſtracted reaſon of things, that I am ready to imagine there was never any ſuch monſter

as

as party. Alas, I am ſoon awakened from that pleaſing dream by the Greek and Roman hiſtorians, by Guicciardine by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no hiſtory of our own country, till that body of it, which you promiſed to finiſh, appears *.

I am under no apprehenſion that a glut of ſtudy and retirement ſhould call me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the ſingle regret which I ever feel, is that I fell ſo late into this courſe of life: my philoſophy grows confirmed by habit; and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you: *Jam non conſilio bonus, ſed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere poſſim, ſed niſi recte facere non poſſim.* The little incivilities I have met with from oppoſite ſets of people, have been ſo far from rendering me violent or ſour to any, that I think myſelf obliged to them all. Some have cured me of my fears, by ſhewing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by ſhewing how precarious popular freindſhips are; all have cured me of ſurpriſe. In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of curſed company; and in ſtripping me of titles, and rank, and eſtate, and ſuch trinkets, which every man that will may ſpare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world ſo indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleaſed at what happens in it, any farther than perſonal friendſhips intereſt me in the affairs of it; and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquillity is the general tenor of my life: good digeſtions, ſerene weather, and ſome other mechanic ſprings, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am

* See the ſecond note, p. 290, above.

ſome-

ſometimes gay, but I am never ſad. I have gained new friends, and have loſt ſome old ones. My acquiſitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleaſure, becauſe they have not been made lightly. I know no vows ſo ſolemn as thoſe of friendſhip, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance ſhould, methinks, precede them. My loſſes of this kind give me but little trouble; I contributed nothing to them; and a friend who breaks with me unjuſtly, is not worth preſerving. As ſoon as I leave this town, (which will be in a few days), I ſhall fall back into that courſe of life which keeps knaves and fools at a great diſtance from me: I have an averſion to them both, but in the ordinary courſe of life I think I can bear the ſenſible knave better than the fool. One muſt indeed with the former be in ſome or other of the attitudes of thoſe wooden men whom I have ſeen before a ſword-cutler's ſhop in Germany: but even in theſe conſtrained poſtures the witty raſcal will divert me; and he that diverts me, does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin. The fool obliges me to be almoſt as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the torpor, or he teaſes me like the fly. This is the picture of an old friend, and more like him than that will be which you once aſked, and which he will ſend you, if you continue ſtill to deſire it.——Adieu, dear Swift; with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

LET.

LETTER X.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Sept 20. 1723.

RETurning from a ſummer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miſerable malady than an unwillingneſs to write letters to our beſt friends; and a man might be be philoſopher enough in finding out reaſons for it. One thing is clear, that it ſhews a mighty difference betwixt friendſhip and love; for a lover (as I have heard) is always ſcribbling to his miſtreſs. If I could permit myſelf to believe what your civility makes me ſay, that I am ſtill remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myſelf here——*Non ſum qualis eram.* I left you in a period of life, when one year does more execution than three at yours: to which if you add the dulneſs of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible ſum. I have no very ſtrong faith in your pretenders to retirement; you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form concluſions *de contemptu mundi et fuga ſæculi*; unleſs a poet grows weary of too much applauſe, as miniſters do of too much weight of buſineſs.

Your happineſs is greater than your merit, in chuſing your favourites ſo indifferently among either party; this you owe partly to your education, and partly

partly to your genius, employing you in an art in which faction has nothing to do; for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the constitution of church and state, than a Christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both parties will approve your poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of friendship are new to me *. I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first places in my friendship, but they are not in the way; I am condemned to another scene; and therefore I distribute it in pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least; and should do the same to my fellow-prisoners, if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate knaves much better than fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them; which, however, I own is more dangerous, though not so troublesome as that of fools. I have often endeavoured to establish a friendship among all men of genius. and would fain have it done: they are seldom above three or four contemporaries; and if they could be united, would drive the world before them. I think it was so among the poets in the time of Augustus; but envy, and party, and pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large tribe. Under the name of poets and scribblers, I suppose you mean the fools you are content to see sometimes when they happen to be modest; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

* Yet they are the Christian notions. *Warb.*

I would

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I chuse my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance. I read the most trifling books; I can find: but riding, walking, and sleeping, take up eighteen of the twenty four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago; and have several things to finish, which I put off to twenty years hence: *Hæc est vita solutorum. &c.* I send you the compliments of a friend of yours, who hath passed four months this summer with two grave acquaintance at his country-house, without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you shall find him as deep in the court of requests, the park, the operas, and the coffee-house, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You must remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay.—— I think there are no more *eodem tertio's* between you and me, except Mr. Jervas, to whose house I address this, for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your last, whether you lodge with Lord Peterborow, or he with you.

I am ever, *&c.*

LETTER XI.

Sept. 14. 1725.

I Need not tell you with what real delight I should have done any thing you desired, and in particular any good offices in my power towards the bearer of your letter who is this day gone for

France. Perhaps it is with poets as with prophets; they are so much better liked in another country than their own, that your gentleman, upon arriving in England, lost his curiosity concerning me. However, had he tried, he had found me his friend; I mean, he had found me yours. I am disappointed at not knowing better a man whom you esteem, and comfort myself only with having got a letter from you; with which, after all, I sit down a gainer; since, to my great pleasure, it confirms my hope of once more seeing you. After so many dispersions and so many divisions, two or three of us may may yet be gathered together; not to plot, not to contrive silly schemes of ambition, or to vex our own or others hearts with busy vanities, (such as perhaps at one time of life or other take their tour in every man); but to divert ourselves, and the world too if it pleases, or at worst, to laugh at others as innocently and as unhurtfully as at ourselves. Your travels * I hear much of; my own, I promise you, shall never more be in a strange land, but a diligent, I hope useful, investigation of my own territories †. I mean no more translations, but something domestic, fit for my own country, and for my own time.

If you come to us, I'll find you elderly ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurse, and they are too old and feeble to make too much noise; as you will guess, when I tell you they are my own mother and my own nurse. I can also help you to a lady who is as deaf, though not so old, as yourself; you'll be pleased with one another: I'll engage, though you don't hear one another: you'll converse like spirits by intuition. What you'll most wonder at, is, she is considerable at court, yet no party-woman; and lives in court, yet would be easy, and make you easy.

* Gulliver. † The essay on man.

One of thoſe you mention. (and I dare ſay, alw ys will remember) Dr. Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous diſtemper, an impoſthume in the bowels; which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be, (he bids me tell you, and I write this by him), he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reaſon he has to deſire a little longer life, is the wiſh to ſee you once more.

He is gay enough in this circumſtance to tell you, he would give you (if he could) ſuch advice as might cure your deafneſs; but he could not adviſe you, if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it, becauſe you may by that means hear as much as you will, and anſwer as little as you pleaſe. Believe me

Yours, &c.

LETTER XII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Sept. 29. 1725.

I Am now returning to the noble ſcene of Dublin, into the grand monde, for fear of burying my parts; to ſignalize myſelf among curates and vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of bread and butter, through thoſe dominions where I govern. I have employed my time (beſides ditching) in finiſhing, correcting amending, and tranſcring my travels *, in four parts

* Gulliver's Travels.

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complete, newly augmented and intended for the press when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and dispersions; but the chief end I propose to myself in all my labours, is to vex the world, rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design, without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen without reading. I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with translations. Lord Treasurer Oxford often lamented, that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time. But since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities; and all my love is towards individuals. For instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers; but I love Counsellor such a one, and Judge such a one. 'Tis so with physicians, (I will not speak of my own trade) soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called *man*, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years, (but do not tell) and so I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials towards a treatise, proving the falsity of that definition, *animal rationale*, and to shew it should be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of misanthropy (though not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind till all honest men are of my opinion. By consequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deserve my esteem may do so too. The matter is so clear, that it will admit of no dispute; nay, I will

hold a hundred pounds, that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your Odyſſey was finiſhed, being yet in the country, which I ſhall leave in three days. I thank you kindly for the preſent, but ſhall like it three fourths the leſs, for the mixture you mention of other hands; however, I am glad you ſaved yourſelf ſo much drudgery.—I have been told by Mr. Ford of your great atchievements in building and planting, and eſpecially of your ſubterranean paſſage to your garden, whereby you turned a blunder into a beauty, which is a piece of *ars poetica*.

I have almoſt done with Harridans, and ſhall ſoon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The lady whom you deſcribe to live at court, to be deaf, and no party-woman, I take to be Mythology, but know not how to moralize it She cannot be mercy: for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at court: Juſtice is blind, and perhaps deaf; but neither is ſhe a court-lady: Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a court-lady; but then ſhe is a moſt damnable party-woman, and will never make me eaſy, as you promiſe. It muſt be riches, which anſwers all your deſcription. I am glad ſhe viſits you; but my voice is ſo weak, that I doubt ſhe will never hear me.

Mr. Lewis ſent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illneſs; which is a very ſenſible affliction to me who, by living ſo long out of the world, have loſt that hardneſs of heart contracted by years and general converſation I am daily loſing friends, and neither ſeeking nor getting others. Oh, if the world had but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my travels! But however he is not without fault. There is a paſſage in Bede, highly commending the piety and learning of the Iriſh in that age; where, after abundance of

praiſes

praiſes, he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Eaſter at a wrong time of the year. So our Doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or uſeful; but, alas, he hath a ſort of flouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Chriſtian, tho' not a Catholic.

I hear nothing of our friend Gay, but I find the court keeps him at hard meat. I adviſed him to come over here with a Lord Lieutenant. Philips writes little flams (as Lord Leiceſter called thoſe ſort of verſes) on Miſs Carteret. A Dublin blackſmith, a great poet, hath imitated his manner in a poem to the ſaid Miſs. Philips is a complainer; and on this occaſion I told Lord Carteret, that complainers never ſucceeded at court, though railers do.

Are you altogether a country-gentleman, that I muſt addreſs to you out of London, to the hazard of your loſing this precious letter, which I will now conclude, although ſo much paper is left? I have an ill name, and therefore ſhall not ſubſcribe it, but you will gueſs it comes from one who eſteems and loves you about half as much as you deſerve, I mean as much as he can.

I am in great concern at what I am juſt told is in ſome of the news papers, that Lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting. I am glad he has ſo much youth and vigour left, (of which he hath not been thrifty); but I wonder he has no more diſcretion.

LETTER XIII.

Oct. 15. 1725.

I Am wonderfully pleaſed with the ſuddenneſs of your kind anſwer. It makes mt hope you are coming towards us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends, in proportion as you draw nearer to them, and are getting into our vortex. Here is one who was once a powerful planet, but has (after long experience of all that comes of ſhining) learned to be content with returning to his firſt point, without the thought or ambition of ſhining at all. Here is another, who thinks one of the greateſt glories of his father was to have diſtinguiſhed and loved you, and who loves hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot, recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleaſed with the hope of ſeeing you again, than of reviewing a world; every part of which he has long deſpiſed, but what is made up of a few men like yourſelf. He goes abroad again, and is more chearful than ever health can make a man; (for he has a good conſcience into the bargain, which is the moſt catholic of all remedies, though not the moſt univerſal). I knew it would be a pleaſure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write ſo ſoon to you.

I am ſorry poor P. is not promoted in this age; for certainly if his rewards be of the next, he is of all poets the moſt miſerable. I am alſo ſorry for another reaſon; if they don't promote him, they'll ſpoil the concluſion of one of my ſatires, where having endeavoured to correct the taſte of the town in wit and criticiſm, I end thus,

But

But what avails to lay down rules for ſenſe?
In ——'s reign theſe fruitleſs lines were writ.
When Ambroſe Philips was preferr'd for wit!

Our friend Gay is uſed as the friends of Tories are by Whigs (and generally by Tories too). Becauſe he had humour, he was ſuppoſed to have dealt with Dr. Swift: in like manner as when any one had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the devil. He puts his whole truſt at court in that lady whom I deſcribed to you, and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy. I wiſh ſhe really were riches for his ſake; though as for your's, I queſtion whether (if you knew her) you would change her for the other

Lord Bolingbroke had not the leaſt harm by his fall. I wiſh he had received no more by his other fall. Lord Oxford had none by his. But Lord Bolingbroke is the moſt improved mind ſince you ſaw him, that ever was improved, without ſhifting into a new body or being; *paulo minus ab angelis*. I have often imagined to myſelf, that if ever all of us meet again, after ſo many varieties and changes, after ſo much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, that ſcarce a ſingle thought of the one, any more than a ſingle atom of the other, remains juſt the ſame; I've fancied, I ſay, that we ſhould meet like the righteous in the millennium, quite in peace, diveſted of all our former paſſions, ſmiling at our paſt follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the juſt in tranquillity. But I find you would rather be employed as an avenging angel of wrath, to break your vial of indignation over the heads of the wretched creatures of this world; nay, would make them *eat your book*, which you have made, I doubt not, as bitter a pill for them as poſſible.

I won't tell you what deſigns I have in my head (beſides writing a ſet of maxims in oppoſition to all Rochefoucault's principles *) till I ſee you here, face to face. Then you ſhall have no reaſon to complain of me, for want of a generous diſdain of this world, though I have not loſt my ears in yours and their ſervice. Lord Oxford too (whom I have now the third time mentioned in this letter, and he deſerves to be always mentioned in every thing that is addreſſed to you, or comes from you) expects you: that ought to be enough to bring you hither: 'tis a better reaſon than if the nation expected you. For I really enter as fully as you can deſire, into your principle of love of individuals; and I think the way to have a public ſpirit, is firſt to have a private one: for who can believe, (ſaid a friend of mine), that any man can care for a hundred thouſand people, who never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a patriot, any more than a friend.

I deſigned to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill; but he is ſo touched with the period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to anſwer it by a whole letter. He too is buſy about a book, which I gueſs he will tell you of. So adieu——What remains worth telling you? Dean Berkley is well, and happy in the proſecution of his ſcheme. Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke in health; Duke Diſney ſo alſo; Sir William Wyndham better; Lord Barthurſt well. Theſe, and ſome others, preſerve their ancient honour and and ancient friendſhip. Thoſe who do neither, if they were d—— d, what is it to a Proteſtant prieſt, who has nothing to do with the dead? I anſwer,

* This is only ſaid as an oblique reproof of the horrid miſanthropy in the foregoing letter; and which he ſuppoſed might be chiefly occaſioned by the Dean's fondneſs for Rochefoucault, whoſe maxims are founded on the principle of an univerſal ſelfiſhneſs in human nature. *Warb.*

for,

for my own part, as a Papiſt, I would not pray them out of purgatory.

My name is as bad an one as yours, and hated by all bad poets, from Hopkins and Sternhold to Gildon and Cibber. The firſt prayed againſt me with the Turk, and a modern imitator of theirs (whom I leave you to find out) has added the Chriſtian to them, with proper definitions of each, in this manner;

The Pope's the whore of Babylon,
The Turk he is a Jew;
The Chriſtian is an infidel
That ſitteth in a pew.

LETTER XIV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 26. 1725.

I Should ſooner have acknowledged yours, if a feveriſh diſorder, and the relics of it, had not diſabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuſes, becauſe I hope I am pretty near ſeeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance; becauſe if you do not know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face; for my face and letters are counter-parts of my heart. I fear I have not expreſſed that right; but I mean well, and I hate blots I look in your letter, and in my conſcience you ſay the ſame thing, but in a better manner. Pray tell my Lord Bolingbroke, that I wiſh he were baniſhed again; for then I ſhould hear from him, when he was full of philoſophy, and talked *de contemptu mundi.*

mundi. My Lord Oxford was so extremely kind as to write to me immediately an account of his son's birth: which I immediately acknowledged; but before my letter could reach him, I wished it in the sea. I hope I was more afflicted than his Lordship. 'Tis hard that parsons and beggars should be overrun with brats, while so great and good a family wants an heir to continue it. I have received his father's picture, but I lament (*sub sigillo confessionis*) that it is not so true a resemblance as I could wish. Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it, if I could with safety. I wish there were an hospital built for its despisers, where one might act with safety; and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endowed. P** is *fort chancellant*, whether he shall turn parson or no. But all employments here are engaged, or in reversion. Cast wits and cast beaux have a proper sanctuary in the church: yet we think it a severe judgement, that a fine gentleman, and so much the finer for hating ecclesiastics, should be a domestic humble retainer to an Irish prelate. He is neither secretary nor gentleman-usher, yet serves in both capacities. He hath published several reasons why he never came to see me; but the best is, that I have not waited on his Lordship. We have had a poem sent from London, in imitation of that on Miss Carteret. It is on Miss Hervey of a day old; and we say and think it is yours. I wish it were not, because I am against monopolies.—— You might have spared me a few more lines of your satire, but I hope in a few months to see it all. To hear boys like you talk of milleniums and tranquillity! I am older by thirty years, Lord Bolingbroke by twenty, and you but by ten, than when we last were together; and we should differ more than ever, you coquetting a maid of honour, my Lord looking on to see how the gamesters play, and I railing at you both. I

desire

desire you and all my friends will take a special care, that my disaffection to the world may not be imputed to my age; for I have credible witnesses ready to depose, that it hath never varied from the twenty-first to the f--ty-eighth year of my life, (pray fill that blank charitably). I tell you after all, that I do not hate mankind; it is *vous autres* who hate them, because you would have them reasonable animals, and are angry at being disappointed. I have always rejected that definition, and made another of my own. I am no more angry with ——— than I was with the kite that last week flew away with one of my chickens; and yet I was pleased when one of my servants shot him two days after. This I say, because you are so hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write maxims in opposition to Rochefoucault, who is my favourite, because I found my whole character in him *: however, I will read him again, because it is possible I may have since undergone some alteration. ——— Take care the bad poets do not outwit you, as they have served the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to transmit their names to posterity. Mœvius is as well known as Virgil; and Gildon will be as well known as you, if his name gets into your verses: and as to the difference between good and bad fame, 'tis a perfect trifle. I ask a thousand pardons, and so leave you for this time, and will write again, without concerning myself whether you write or no.

I am, &c.

* This methinks, is no great compliment to his own heart. *Warb.*

LETTER

LETTER XV.

Dec. 10. 1725.

I Find myself the better acquainted with you for a long absence, as men are with themselves for a long affliction. Absence does but hold off a friend, to make one see him the more truly. I am infinitely more pleased to hear you are coming near us, than at any thing you seem to think in my favour; an opinion which has perhaps been aggrandized by the distance or dulness of Ireland, as objects look larger through a medium of fogs: and yet I am infinitely pleased with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our wits) our judgements jump in the notion, that all scribblers should be passed by in silence. To vindicate one's self against such nasty slander, is much as wise as it was in your countryman, when the people imputed a stink to him, to prove the contrary by shewing his backside. So let Gildon and Philips rest in peace! What Virgil had to do with Mœvius, that he should wear him upon his sleeve to all eternity, I don't know. I have been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works may possibly meet in England. We your true acquaintance, will look upon you as a good man, and love you; others will look upon you as a wit, and hate you. So you know the worst; unless you are as vindicative as Virgil, or the aforesaid Hibernian.

I wish as warmly as you for an hospital in which to lodge the despisers of the world; only I fear it would be filled wholly, like Chelsea, with maimed

ſoldiers, and ſuch as had been diſabled in its ſervice. I would rather have thoſe that, out of ſuch generous principles as you and I, deſpiſe it, fly in its face, than retire from it. Not that I have much anger againſt the great; my ſpleen is at the little rogues of it. It would vex one more to be knocked on the head with a piſs pot, than by a thunderbolt. As to great oppreſſors, they are like kites or eagles; one expects miſchief from them: but to be ſquirted to death (as poor Wycherly ſaid to me on his deathbed) by apothecaries apprentices, by the under-ſtrappers of under-ſecretaries to ſecretaries who were no ſecretaries—this would provoke as dull a dog as Ph——s himſelf.

So much for enemies: now for friends Mr. L— thinks all this indiſcreet: the Doctor not ſo: he loves miſchief the beſt of any good-natured man in England. Lord B. is above trifling. When he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal; "if ever he trifles, it muſt be when "he turns a divine." Gay is writing tales for Prince William. I ſuppoſe Mr. Philips will take this very ill, for two reaſons; one, that he thinks all childiſh things belong to him; and the other, becauſe he'll take it ill to be taught, that one may write things to a child, without being childiſh. What have I more to add, but that Lord Oxford deſires earneſtly to ſee you; and that many others, whom you do not think the worſt of, will be gratified by it; None more, be aſſured, than

Your's, &c.

P. S. Pope and you are very great wits, and, I think, very indifferent philoſophers. If you deſpiſed the world as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, you would not be ſo angry with it. The founder of your ſect, that noble original whom you think it ſo great an honour to reſemble *, was a

* Seneca.

ſlave to the worſt part of the world, to the court; and all his big words were the language of a ſlighted lover, who deſired nothing ſo much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing ſo much as a rupture. I believe the world hath uſed me as ſcurvily as moſt people; and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the ſimple, falſe, capricious thing. I ſhould bluſh alike, to be diſcovered fond of the world, or picqued at it. Your definition of *animal rationis capax*, inſtead of the common one *animal rationale*, will not bear examination. Define but reaſon, and you will ſee why your diſtinction is no better than that of the Pontiff Cotta, between *mala ratio*, and *bona ratio*. But enough of this. Make us a viſit; and I'll ſubſcribe to any ſide of theſe important queſtions which you pleaſe. We differ leſs than you imagine perhaps, when you wiſhed me baniſhed again; but I am not leſs true to you and to philoſophy in England, than I was in France.

Your's, &c. B.

LETTER XVI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

London, May 4. 1726.

I had rather live in forty Irelands, than under the frequent diſquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it moſt after a great dinner; for the leaſt tranſgreſſion of yours, if it be only two bits and one ſip more than your ſtint, is a great debauch; for which you certainly pay more than thoſe ſots who are carried dead drunk to bed.

My

My Lord Peterborow ſpoiled every body's dinner, but eſpecially mine, with telling us, that you were detained by ſickneſs. Pray let me have three lines under any hand or pot-hook that will give me a better account of your health; which concerns me more than others, becauſe I love and eſteem you for reaſons that moſt others have little to do with, and would be the ſame although you had never touched a pen, further than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage, and preparing for my journey. I will endeavour to think of you as little as I can; and when I write to you, I will ſtrive not to think of you. This I intend in return to your kindneſs; and further, I know no body has dealt with me ſo cruelly as you; the conſequences of which uſage I fear will laſt as long as my life; for ſo long ſhall I be, in ſpite of my heart, entirely your's.

LETTER XVII.

Aug. 22. 1726.

MAny a ſhort ſigh you coſt me the day I left you, and many more you will coſt me, till the day you return, I really walked about like a man baniſhed; and when I came home, found it no home. 'Tis a ſenſation like that of a limb lopped off; one is trying every minute unawares to uſe it, and finds it is not. I may ſay you have uſed me more cruelly than you have done any other man; you have made it more impoſſible for me to live at eaſe without you. Habitude itſelf would have done that, if I had leſs friendſhip in my nature than I have. Beſides my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which preſents you to me

in every place I frequent. I ſhall never more think of Lord Cobham's, the woods of Cicetter, or the pleaſing proſpect of Byberry, but your idea muſt be joined with them; nor ſee one ſeat in my own garden, or one room in my own houſe, without a phantom of you, ſitting or walking before me. I travelled with you to Cheſter, I felt the extreme heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and cloſeneſs of the uneaſy coach, and wiſhed a hundred times I had either a deanery or a horſe in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my ſoul peeviſh ever ſince with all about me, from a warm uneaſy deſire after you. I am gone out of myſelf to no purpoſe. and cannot catch you. *Inhiat in pedes* was not more properly applied to a poor dog after a hare, than to me with regard to your departure. I wiſh I could think no more of it, but lie down and ſleep till we meet again, and let that day (how far ſoever off it be) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my amends, that every thing you wiſh may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there in the ſtate you wiſh him or her; ſo that your viſits to us may have no other effect, than the progreſs of a rich man to a remote eſtate, which he finds greater than he expected; which knowledge only ſerves to make him live happier where he is, with no diſagreeable proſpect if ever he ſhould chuſe to remove. May this be your ſtate till it become what I wiſh. But indeed I cannot expreſs the warmth with which I wiſh you all things, and myſelf you. Indeed you are ingraved elſewhere than on the cups you ſent me, (with ſo kind an inſcription), and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleaſed with them, but take them very kindly too: and had I ſuſpected any ſuch uſage from you, I ſhould have enjoyed your company leſs than I really did; for at this rate I may ſay,

Nec

Nec tecum poſſum vivere, nec ſine te.

I will bring you over juſt ſuch another preſent, when I go to the deanry of St. Patrick's: which I promiſe you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindneſs. *Donarem pateras*, &c. Till then I'll drink (or Gay ſhall drink) daily healths to you, and I'll add to your inſcription the old Roman vow for years to come, VOTIS X. VOTIS XX. My mother's age gives me authority to hope it for your's. Adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

Sept. 3. 1726.

YOur's to Mr. Gay gave me greater ſatisfaction than that to me (though that gave me a great deal); for to hear that you were ſafe at your journey's end, exceeds the account of your fatigues while in the way to it: otherwiſe believe me, every title of each is important to me, which ſets any one thing before my eyes that happens to you. I writ you a long letter, which I gueſs reached you the day after your arrival. Since then I had a conference with Sir ———, who expreſſed his deſire of having ſeen you again before you left us. He ſaid, he obſerved a willingneſs in you to live among us; which I did not deny; but at the ſame time told him, you had no ſuch deſign in your coming this time, which was merely to ſee a few of thoſe you loved: but that indeed all thoſe wiſhed it, and particularly Lord Peterborow and myſelf, who wiſhed you loved Ireland leſs, had you any reaſon to love England more. I ſaid nothing but what I think would induce any man to be as fond of you as I:

plain truth, did they know either it or you. I can't help thinking (when I consider the whole short list of our friends), that none of them except you and I, are qualified for the mountains of Wales. The Doctor goes to cards, Gay to court; one loses money, one loses his time: another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling soil. One lady you like has too much of France to be fit for Wales: Another is too much a subject to princes and potentates, to relish that wild taste of liberty and poverty. Mr. Congreve is to sick to bear a thin air: and she that leads him, too rich to enjoy any thing. Lord Peterborow can go to any climate, but never stay in any. Lord Bathurst is too great a husbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr. Bethel indeed is too good and too honest to live in the world; but yet 'tis fit, for its example, he should. We are left to ourselves, in my opinion, and may live where we please, in Wales, Dublin, or Bermudas: and for me, I assure you I love the world so well, and it loves me so well, that I care not in what part of it I pass the rest of my days. I see no sunshine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glimpse of a letter of yours lately, by which I find you are (like the vulgar) apter to think well of people out of power, than of people in power; perhaps 'tis a mistake, but however there's something in it generous. Mr. * * * takes it extremely kindly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion, for which I believe he is only to thank his ill fortune; for, if I am not in an error, he would rather be in power, than out.

To shew you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will, with great truth, apply to myself an old sentence: "Those that are in, may abide in; "and those that are out, may abide out: yet to "me, those that are in shall be as those that are "out.

" out, and thoſe that are out ſhall be as thoſe that " are in."

I am indifferent as to all thoſe matters; but I miſs you as much as I did the firſt day, when (with a ſhort ſigh) I parted. Where-ever you are, (or on the mountains of Wales, or on the coaſt of Dublin,

Tu mihi, ſeu magni ſuperas jam ſaxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris——),

I am, and ever ſhall be your's, &c.

LETTER XIX.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 17. 1726.

ABout ten days ago a book was publiſhed here of the travels of one Gulliver, which hath been the converſation of the whole town ever ſince. The whole impreſſion ſold in a week; and nothing is more diverting, than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally ſaid that you are the author; but I am told, the bookſeller declares, he knows not from what hand it came. From the higheſt to the loweſt it is univerſally read, from the the cabinet counſel to the nurſery. The politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the ſatire on general ſocieties of men is too ſevere. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perſpicuity, who are in ſearch for particular applications in every leaf; and 'tis highly probable we ſhall have keys publiſhed to give light into Gulliver's deſign. Lord —— is the

the perſon who leaſt approves it, blaming it as a deſign of evil conſequence to depreciate human nature; at which it cannot be wondered that he takes moſt offence, being himſelf the moſt accompliſhed of his ſpecies, and ſo loſing more than any other of that praiſe which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man *. Your friend, my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in ſome places the matter too far carried. The Ducheſs dowager of Marlborough is in rapture at it; ſhe ſays ſhe can dream of nothing elſe ſince ſhe read it; ſhe declares, that ſhe hath now found out, that her whole life hath been loſt in careſſing the worſt part of mankind, and treating the beſt as her foes; and that if ſhe knew Gulliver, though he had been the worſt enemy ſhe ever had, ſhe would give up her preſent acquaintance for his friendſhip. You may ſee by this, that you are not much injured by being ſuppoſed the author of this piece. If you are, you have diſobliged us, and two or three of your beſt friends, in not giving us the leaſt hint of it, while you were with us; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who ſays, 'tis ten thouſand pities he had not known it, he could have added ſuch abundance of things upon every ſubject. Among lady-critics, ſome have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to maids of honour, Thoſe of them who frequent the church, ſay his deſign is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator Notwithſtanding, I am told the Princeſs hath read it with great pleaſure. As to other critics, they think the flying iſland is the leaſt entertaining; and ſo great an opinion the town have of the impoſſibility of Gulliver's writing at all be-

* It is no wonder a man of worth ſhould condemn a ſatire on his ſpecies; as it injures virtue, and violates truth; and as little, that a corrupt man ſhould approve it, becauſe it juſtifies his principles, and tends to excuſe his practice. *Warb.*

low

low himſelf, 'tis agreed that was not writ by the ſame hand, though this hath its defenders too. It hath paſſed Lords and Commons *nemine contradicente*: and the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it.

Perhaps, I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never ſeen, and which hath not yet reached Ireland. If it hath not, I believe what we have ſaid will be ſufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to ſend it to you.

But it will be much better to come over yourſelf, and read it here, where you will have the pleaſure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult paſſages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the preciſe time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima*; which we modern naturaliſts pronounce ought to he reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, ſtyl. Greg. at fartheſt. But to us your friends, the coming of ſuch a black ſwallow as you, will make a ſummer in the worſt of ſeaſons. We are no leſs glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at court.

The princeſs is cloathed with Iriſh ſilk; pray give our ſervice to the weavers. We are ſtrangely ſurpriſed to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B —— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like Houyhnhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo, and diſcarded him your ſervice. I fear you do not underſtand theſe modiſh terms, which every creature now underſtands but yourſelf.

You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your houſe, which we look upon to be tautology. The beſt advice we can give you

you is, to make them a present of your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are mistaken: we envy those you are with; for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

LETTER XX.

Nov. 16. 1726.

I Have resolved to take time; and, in spite of all misfortunes and demurs, which sickness, lameness, or disability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letters. My two least fingers of one hand hang impediments to the others *, like useless dependents, who only take up room, and never are active or assistant to our wants. I shall never be much the better for them. I congratulate you first upon what you call your cousin's wonderful book, which is *publica trita manu* at present, and I prophesy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen, is delightful; I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I've never been a night in London since you left me, till now for this very end; and indeed it has fully answered my expectations.

I find no considerable man very angry at the

* This was occasioned by a bad accident as he was returning home in a friend's chariot: which in passing a bridge was overturned, and thrown with the horses into the river. The glasses being up, and Mr. Pope unable to break them, he was in immediate danger of drowning; when the postilion, who had just recovered himself, beat the glass which lay uppermost to pieces, a fragment of which cut one of Mr. Pope's hands very dangerously. *Warb.*

book.

book. Some indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a ſatire: but none, that I hear of, accuſe it of particular reflections; (I mean no perſons of conſequence, or good judgement; the mob of critics, you know, always are deſirous to apply ſatire to thoſe they envy for being above them): ſo that you needed not to have been ſo ſecret upon this head. Motte received the copy, he tells me, he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his houſe in the dark, from a hackney-coach. By computing the time, I found it was after you left England: ſo, for my part, I ſuſpend my judgement.

I am pleaſed with the nature and quality of your preſent to the princeſs. The Iriſh ſtuff you ſent to Mrs. H. her R. H. laid hold of, and has made up for her own uſe. Are you determined to be national in every thing, even in your civilities? You are the greateſt politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational politician, there is no great fear of you, you will never ſucceed.

Another thing in which you have pleaſed me, was what you ſay to Mr. P.; by which it ſeems to me, that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reaſon. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men; and it is high time to be ſo, after twenty or thirty years obſervation of the great world.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri.

I queſtion not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their intereſt: but God forbid any honeſt or witty man ſhould be of any but that of his country. They have ſcoundrels enough to write for their paſſions and their deſigns; let us write for truth, for honour, and for poſterity. If you muſt needs write about politicks at all, (but perhaps 'tis full as wiſe to play the fool any other

ther way), surely it ought to be so as to preserve the dignity and integrity of your character with those times to come, which will most impartially judge of you,

I wish you had writ to Lord Peterborow: no man is more affectionate towards you. Don't fancy none but Tories are your friends; for at that rate I must be, at most, but half your friend, and sincerely I am wholly so. Adieu, write often, and come soon; for many wish you well, and all would be glad of your company.

LETTER XXI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Nov. 17. 1726.

I Am just come from answering a letter of Mrs. H——'s, writ in such mystical terms, that I should never have found out the meaning, if a book had not been sent me, called Gulliver's Travels, of which you say so much in yours. I read the book over; and in the second volume observe several passages which appear to be patched and altered *, and the style of a different sort, unless I am much mistaken. Dr. Arbuthnot likes the projectors least †; others, you tell me, the flying island: some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole bodies or corporations; yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blamed: so that, in these cases, I think the best method

* This was the fact, which is complained of and redressed in the Dublin edition of the Dean's works. *Warb.*

† Because he understood it to be intended as a satire on the Royal Society. *Warb.*

is, to let cenſure and opinion take their courſe. A biſhop here ſaid, that book was full of improbable lies; and, for his part, he hardly believed a word of it. And ſo much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumſtance, of returning to Ireland. It is a ſhame you do not perſuade your miniſters to keep me on that ſide, if it were but a court-expedient of keeping me in priſon for a plotter; but, at the ſame time, I muſt tell you, that ſuch journeys very much ſhorten my life, for a month here is longer than ſix at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be ſo tedious? Another man can publiſh fifty thouſand lies ſooner than he can fifty fables.

I am juſt going to perform a very good office; it is to aſſiſt with the Archbiſhop, in degrading a parſon who couples all our beggars; by which I ſhall make one happy man; and decide the great queſtion of an indelible character in favour of the principles in faſhion. This I hope you will repreſent to the miniſtry in my favour, as a point of merit; ſo farewel till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parſon, who by a law here is to be hanged the next couple he marries. He declared to us, that he reſolved to be hanged; only deſired, that when he was to go to the gallows, the Archbiſhop would take off his excommunication. Is not he a good catholic? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Iriſh event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deſerves notice.——Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend, I would deſire all my acquaintance to give out, that his copy was baſely mangled, and abuſed, and added to, and blotted out, by the printer; for ſo to me it ſeems, in the ſecond volume particularly. Adieu.

LETTER XXII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Decem. 5. 1726.

I Believe the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does yourself; and with reason, because I may probably be a greater loser by it. What have accidents to do with those who are neither jockeys nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? And yet a rascally groom shall gallop a foundered horse ten miles upon a causey, and get home safe.

I am very much pleased that you approve what was sent; because I remember to have heard a great man say, that nothing required more judgement than making a present; which when it was done to those of high rank, ought to be of something that is not readily got for money. You oblige me, and at the same time do me justice, in what you observe as to Mr. P. Besides, it is too late in life for me to act otherwise; and therefore I follow a very easy road to virtue, and purchase it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a state of power, and dependence a state of slavery? We care not three-pence whether a prince or minister will see us or no: we are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor are at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree, that riches are liberty; but then we are to put into the balance, how long our apprenticeship is to last in acquiring them.

Since you have received the verses, I most earnestly intreat you to burn those which you do not approve, and in those few where you may not dislike some parts, blot out the rest, and sometimes (though

(though it be againſt the lazineſs of your nature) be ſo kind to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have ſome few of thoſe things I call thoughts moral and diverting; if you pleaſe I will ſend the beſt I can pick from them, to add to the new volume. I have reaſon to chuſe the method you mention of mixing the ſeveral verſes, and I hope thereby, among the bad critics, to be intitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am ſo happy to have a letter from my Lord Peterborow, for which I intreat you will preſent him with my humble reſpects and thanks, though he all-to-be-Gullivers me by very ſtrong inſinuations. Though you deſpiſe riddles, I am ſtrongly tempted to ſend a parcel to be printed by themſelves, and make a nine-penny job for the bookſeller. There are ſome of my own, wherein I exceed mankind; *mira poemata!* the moſt ſolemn that ever were ſeen; and ſome writ by others, admirable indeed, but far inferior to mine; but I will not praiſe myſelf. You approve that writer who laughs, and makes others laugh: but why ſhould I who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it ſo happy? therefore I reſolve from henceforth to handle only ſerious ſubjects, *niſi quid tu, docte Trebati, diſſentis.*

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

March 8. 1726-7.

MR. Stopford will be the bearer of this letter, for whoſe acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you: and I think the acquaintance of ſo valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man, to be none of the leaſt obligations.

Our miſcellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiouſly pleaſed with this joint volume; in which methinks we look like friends, ſide by ſide, ſerious and merry by turns, converſing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to poſterity; not in the ſtiff forms of learned authors, flattering each other, and ſetting the reſt of mankind at nought; but in a free, unimportant, natural, eaſy manner, diverting others juſt as we diverted ourſelves. The third volume conſiſts of verſes; but I would chuſe to print none but ſuch as have ſome peculiarity, and may be diſtinguiſhed for ours from other writers. There's no end of making books, Solomon ſaid, and, above all, of making miſcellanies, which all men can make. For unleſs there be a character in every piece, like the mark of the elect, I ſhould not care to be one of the twelve thouſand ſigned.

You received, I hope, ſome commendatory verſes from a horſe and a Lilliputian, to Gulliver, and an heroic epiſtle of Mrs. Gulliver. The bookſeller would fain have printed them before the ſecond edition of the book; but I would not permit it without your approbation; nor do I much like them. You ſee how much like a poet I write; and yet if you were with us, you'd be deep in politics. People are very warm, and very angry, very little to the purpoſe; but therefore the more warm and the more angry. *Non noſtrum eſt tantas componere lites.* I ſtay at Twitnam, without ſo much as reading news-papers, votes, or any other paltry pamphlets. Mr. Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them, which are ſent for your diverſion, but not imitation. For my own part, methinks I am at Glubdubdrib, with none but ancients and ſpirits about me.

I am rather better than I uſe to be at this ſeaſon; but my hand (though, as you ſee, it has not loſt its cunning) is frequently in very awkward ſenſations, rather

rather than pain. But, to convince you it is pretty well, it has done some mischief already, and just been strong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long lively letter, which will attend this. She has very bad health, he very good. Lord Peterborow has writ twice to you. We fancy some letters have been intercepted, or lost by accident. About ten thousand things I want to tell you: I wish you were as impatient to hear them; for if so, you would, you must come early this spring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vexed at losing Mr. Stopford as soon as I knew him: but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value must settle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of them, and I forgive you this one.

LETTER XXIV.

Oct. 2. 1727.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you; and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a girl. I can't tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life; that it is almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good, or give any ease to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know, as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not; and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to

find you could think yourſelf eaſier in any houſe than in mine; though at the ſame time I can allow for a tenderneſs in your way of thinking, even when it ſeemed to want that tenderneſs. I can't explain my meaning; perhaps you know it. But the beſt way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to viſit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added ſome diſagreeable news from Ireland, which might occaſion your ſo ſudden departure: for the laſt time I ſaw you, you aſſured me you would not leave us this whole winter, unleſs your health grew better; and I don't find it did ſo. I never complied ſo unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in ſtaying ſo entirely from you; nor could I have had the conſtancy to do it, if you had not promiſed, that before you went we ſhould meet, and you would ſend to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to thoſe you mention in yours. We are quite ſorry for you, I mean for ourſelves. I hope, as you do, that we ſhall meet in a more durable and more ſatisfactory ſtate; but the leſs ſure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe we ſhall have ſomething better than even a friend there; but certainly here we have nothing ſo good. Adieu for this time. May you find every friend you go to as pleaſed and happy, as every friend you went from is ſorry and troubled.

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Oct. 12. 1727.

I Have been long reaſoning with myſelf upon the condition I am in, and in concluſion have thought it beſt to return to what fortune hath made my home. I have there a large houſe, and ſervants and conveniencies about me. I may be worſe than I am; and I have no where to retire. I therefore thought it beſt to return to Ireland, rather than go to any diſtant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleaſes God to reſtore me to my health, I ſhall readily make a third journey; if not, we muſt part, as all human creatures have parted. You are the beſt and kindeſt friend in the world, and I know no body alive or dead to whom I am ſo much obliged: and if you ever made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wiſhed, that God Almighty would be ſo eaſy to the weakneſs of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another ſtate; and if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my ſchemes. This wildneſs you muſt allow for, becauſe I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be ſick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneaſy; yet my giddineſs alone would not have done, if that unſociable comfortleſs deafneſs had not quite tired me. And I believe I ſhould have returned from the inn, if I had not feared it was only a ſhort intermiſſion, and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely, beſides all other faults, I ſhould be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendſhip and kindneſs.

kindneſs. But it hath pleaſed God, that you are not in a ſtate of health, to be mortified with the care and ſickneſs of a friend. Two ſick friends never did well together; ſuch an office is fitter for ſervants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent, whether we give them trouble or no. The caſe would be quite otherwiſe if you were with me; you could refuſe to ſee any body; and here is a large houſe, where we need not hear each other if we were both ſick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both ſexes at command, who are of no conſequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread ſoftly when I am only giddy, and would ſleep.

I had another reaſon for my haſte hither; which was changing my agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs; to which however I am grown ſo indifferent, that I believe I ſhall loſe two or three hundred pounds rather than plague myſelf with accounts; ſo that I am very well qualified to be a Lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increaſe Mr. Congreve's amendment; though he does not deſerve it like you, having been too laviſh of that health which nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the preacher ſaid, "the "day of judgement was nearer than ever it had "been before."

Pray God ſend you health, *det ſalutem, det opes; animam æquam tibi ipſe parabis.* You ſee Horace wiſhed for money, as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I ſhall never be a friend to the court till you do ſo too.

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 30. 1727.

THE firſt letter I writ after my landing was to Mr. Gay; but it would have been wiſer to direct it to Tonſon or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better known than to the runners of the poſt-office. In that letter you will find what a quick change I made in ſeven days from London to the deanery, through many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world. And I have often reflected, in how few hours, with a ſwift horſe, or a ſtrong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the antipodes. If I did not know you more by your converſation and kindneſs than by your letter, I might be baſe enough to ſuſpect; that in point of friendſhip, you acted like ſome philoſophers who writ much better upon virtue than they practiſed it. In anſwer, I can only ſwear, that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years further than by inexpreſſible nonſenſe; but now I can every night diſtinctly ſee Twickenham, and the grotto, and Dawley, and many other *et ceteras*, and it is but three nights ſince I beat Mrs. Pope. I muſt needs confeſs, that the pleaſure I take in thinking on you, is very much leſſened by the pain I am in about your health. You pay dearly for the great talents God hath given you; and for the conſequences of them, in the eſteem and diſtinction you receive from mankind, unleſs you can provide a tolerable ſtock of health; in which purſuit I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather intreat you would mend

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it, by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke, and your other phyſicians. When you talked of cups and impreſſions, it came into my head to imitate you in quoting ſcripture, not to your advantage. I mean what was ſaid to David by one of his brothers; "I knew thy pride, and "the naughtineſs of thy heart." I remember when it grieved your ſoul to ſee me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board; for which, if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way, it would have coſt me a hundred pounds; for I live worſe here upon more. Did you ever conſider, that I am for life almoſt twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do Port, and have neither coach chair, nor mother? As to the world, I think you ought to ſay to it with St. Paul, "If we have ſown unto you "ſpiritual things, is it a great thing if we ſhall reap "your carnal things?" This is more proper ſtill, if you conſider the French word *ſpiritual*, in which ſenſe the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a preſent of a thouſand pound, I would not allow myſelf to be in your debt; and if I made you a preſent of two, I would not allow myſelf to be out of it. But I have not half your pride: witneſs what Mr. Gay ſays in his letter, that I was cenſured for begging preſents, though I limited them to ten ſhillings. I ſee no reaſon (at leaſt my friendſhip and vanity ſee none) why you ſhould not give me a viſit, when you ſhall happen to be diſengaged. I will ſend a perſon to Cheſter to take care of you, and you ſhall be uſed by the beſt folks we have here, as well as civility and good-nature can contrive. I believe local motion will be no ill phyſic; and I will have your coming inſcribed on my tomb, and recorded in never-dying verſe.

I thank Mrs. Pope for her prayers; but I know the myſtery. A perſon of my acquaintance, who uſed

uſed to correſpond with the laſt Great Duke of Tuſcany, ſhewing one of the Duke's letters to a friend, and profeſſing great ſenſe of his Highneſs's friendſhip, read this paſſage out of the letters, "I "would give one of my fingers to procure your "real good." The perſon to whom this was read, and who knew the Duke well, ſaid, the meaning of *real good* was only, that the other might turn a good Catholic. Pray aſk Mrs. Pope, whether this ſtory is applicable to her and me? I pray God bleſs her, for I am ſure ſhe is a good Chriſtian, and (which is almoſt as rare) a good woman.

Adieu.

LETTER XXVII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 22. 1727.

THE Queen's family is at laſt ſettled; and in the liſt I was appointed Gentleman-uſher to the Princeſs Louiſa, the youngeſt Princeſs; which, upon account that I am ſo far advanced in life, I have declined accepting; and have endeavoured, in the beſt manner I could, to make my excuſes by a letter to her Majeſty. So now all my expectations are vaniſhed; and I have no proſpect but in depending wholly upon myſelf, and my own conduct. As I am uſed to diſappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be diſappointed; ſo that I am in a bleſſed condition.—— You remember you were adviſing me to go into Newgate to finiſh my ſcenes the more correctly.—— I now think I ſhall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my opera is already finiſhed. I leave the reſt of this paper to Mr. Pope.

Gay

Gay is a free man, and I writ him a long congratulatory letter upon it. Do you the ſame. It will mend him, and make him a better man than a court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Auguſtus time, if he pleaſed; but I won't in the time of our Auguſtus. My poem, (which it grieves me that I dare not ſend you a copy of, for fear of the Curlls and Denniſes of Ireland, and ſtill more for fear of the worſt of traitors, our friends and admirers), my poem, I ſay, will ſhew what a diſtinguiſhing age we lived in. Your name is in it, with ſome others, under a mark of ſuch ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bleſs you, and give you health and ſpirits,

Whether thou chuſe Cervantes' ſerious air,
Or laugh and ſhake in Rab'lais eaſy chair,
Or in the graver gown inſtruct mankind,
Or, ſilent let thy morals tell thy mind.

Theſe two verſes are over and above what I have ſaid of you in the poem. Adieu.

LETTER XXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 23. 1727.

I Entirely approve your refuſal of that employment, and your writing to the Queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the miniſtry. God forgive him, but not till he puts himſelf in a ſtate to be forgiven. Upon reaſoning with myſelf, I ſhould hope they are gone too far to diſcard you quite, and that they will give you

ſomething; which, although much leſs than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumſtantiated; and ſince you already juſt live, a middling help will make you juſt tolerable. Your lateneſs in life (as you ſo ſoon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almoſt the eldeſt men may hope to ſee changes in a court. A miniſter is always ſeventy: you are thirty years younger; and conſider, Cromwell himſelf did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a ſhilling, which Dr. Birch ſaid was a ſerious thing. Get a ſtronger fence about your 1000 l. and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be adviſed by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the moſt refractory, honeſt, good-natured man I ever have known. I could argue out this paper.—— I am very glad your opera is finiſhed, and hope your friends will join the readier to make it ſucceed, becauſe you are ill-uſed by others.

I have known courts theſe thirty-ſix years, and know they differ; but in ſome things they are extremely conſtant. Firſt, in the trite old maxim of a miniſter's never forgiving thoſe he hath injured. Secondly, in the inſincerity of thoſe who would be thought the beſt friends. Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing. Fourthly, in ſacrificing thoſe whom we really wiſh well, to a point of intereſt or intrigue. Fifthly, in keeping every thing worth taking, for thoſe who can do ſervice or diſſervice.

Now, why does not Pope publiſh his Dulneſs *? The rogues he marks will die of themſelves in peace, and ſo will his friends, and ſo there will be neither puniſhment nor reward.——Pray inquire how my Lord St. John does? There's no man's health in England I am more concerned about

* The Dunciad.

than his.—I wonder whether you begin to taſte the pleaſure of independence; or whether you do not ſometimes leer upon the court, *oculo retorto*. Will you not think of an annuity, when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchaſe-money? Have you dedicated your opera, and got the uſual dedication-fee of twenty guineas? How is the Doctor? Does he not chide, that you never called upon him for hints? Is my Lord Bolingbroke, at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philoſopher, or a writer? Is Mr. Pultney in expectation of a ſon, or my Lord Oxford of a new old manuſcript?

I bought your opera to-day for ſixpence; a curſed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface; both which wants I approve; it is in the *grand goût*.

We are as full of it, *pro modulo noſtro*, as London can be; continually acting, and houſes cramm'd, and the Lord Lieutenant ſeveral times there laughing his heart out. I did not underſtand, that the ſcene of Locket and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Caſſius till I was told it. I wiſh Mackheath, when he was going to be hanged, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying. I would have had his fellow-rogues deſire his commands about a ſucceſſor, and he to anſwer, Let it be the moſt worthy, *&c.* We hear a million of ſtories about the opera, of the applauſe at the ſong, *that was levelled at me*, when two great miniſters were in a box together, and all the world ſtaring at them. I am heartily glad your opera hath mended your purſe, though perhaps it may ſpoil your court.

Will you deſire my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pultney, and Mr. Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thouſand pounds, that you may laugh at courts, and bid miniſters———

Ever

Ever preſerve ſome ſpice of the aldermen, and prepare againſt age and dulneſs, and ſickneſs, and coldneſs, or death of friends. A whore has a reſource left, that ſhe can turn bawd; but an old decayed poet is a creature abandoned, and at mercy, when he can find none. Get me likewiſe Polly's mezzotinto. Lord, how the ſchoolboys at Weſtminſter, and univerſity-lads adore you at this juncture! Have you made as many men laugh as miniſters can make weep?

I will excuſe Sir —— the trouble of a letter. When ambaſſadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his nephew, after two years; the Emperor anſwered, that he likewiſe condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and reſpected him very much, and do ſtill as much as ever; and it is a return ſufficient, if he pleaſes to accept the offers of my moſt humble ſervice.

The Beggar's opera hath knocked down Gulliver; I hope to ſee Pope's Dulneſs * knock down the Beggar's opera, but not till it hath fully done its job.

To expoſe vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public ſervice than all the miniſters of ſtate from Adam to Walpole and ſo adieu.

LETTER XXIX.

Lord BOLINBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

POpe charges himſelf with this letter. He has been two days; he is now hurrying to London; he will hurry back to Twickenham in two

* The Dunciad.

days more; and, before the end of the week, he will be, for ought I know, at Dublin. In the mean time, his *Dulneſs* * grows and flouriſhes, as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work. The many will ſtare at it, the few will ſmile, and all his patrons, from Bickerſtaff to Gulliver, will rejoice, to ſee themſelves adorned in that immortal piece.

I hear that you have had ſome return of your illneſs which carried you ſo ſuddenly from us, if indeed it was your own illneſs which made you in ſuch haſte to be at Dublin. Dear Swift, take care of your health. I'll give you a receipt for it, *à la Montagne*, or, which is better, *à la Bruyere. Nouriſſer bien votri corps ; ne lefatiguer jamais ; Liſſer rouiller l'eſprit, meuble inutil, voire outile dangereux : laiſſer ſonner vos cloches le matin, pour eveiller les chanoines, et pour faire dormir le Doyen d'un ſommeil doux et profond, qui lui procure de beaux ſonges : lever vous tard, et aller à l'égliſe, pour vous faire payer d'avoir bien dormi et bien déjeuné.* As to myſelf, (a perſon about whom I concern myſelf very little), I muſt ſay a word or two out of complaiſance to you. I am in my farm, and here I ſhoot ſtrong and tenacious roots. I have caught hold of the earth, (to uſe a gardener's phraſe), and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an eaſy matter to tranſplant me again. Adieu. Let me hear from you, at leaſt of you. I love you for a thouſand things ; for none more than for the juſt eſteem and love which you have for all the ſons of Adam.

P. S. According to Lord Bolingkroke's account, I ſhall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot help adding a word, to deſire you to expect my ſoul there with you by that time ; but as for the jade of a body that is tacked to it, I fear there will

* The Dunciad.

be

be no dragging it after. I assure you I have few friends here to detain me, and no powerful one at court absolutely to forbid my journey. I am told the gynocracy are of opinion, that they want no better writers than Cibber, and the British journalist; so that we may live at quiet. and apply ourselves to our more abstruse studies. The only courtiers I know, or have honour to call my friends, are John Gay and Mr. Bow'ry. The former is at present so employed in the elevated airs of his opera, and the latter in the exaltation of his high dignity, (that of her Majesty's waterman), that I can scarce obtain a categorical answer from either to any thing I say to them. But the opera succeeds extremely, to yours and my extreme satisfaction, of which he promises this post to give you a full account. I have been in a worse condition of health than ever, and think my immortality is very near out of my enjoyment; so it must be in you, and in posterity, to make me what amends you can for dying young. Adieu. While I am, I am your's. Pray love me, and take care of yourself.

LETTER XXX.

March 23. 1727-8.

I Send you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston in new England, wherein you'll find a real person, a member of their parliament, of the name of *Jonathan Gulliver*. If the fame of that traveller has travelled thither, it has travelled very quick to have folks christened already by the name of the supposed author. But if you object, that no child so lately christened, could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected in parliament; I

reply, (to ſolve the riddle), that the perſon is an *Anabaptiſt*, and not chriſtened till full age, which ſets all right. However it be, the accident is very ſingular, that theſe two names ſhould be united.

Mr. Gay's opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole ſeaſon. So he has more than a fence about his thouſand pound * : he'll ſoon be thinking of a fence about his two thouſand. Shall no one of us live as we would wiſh each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no ſettlement on this ſide, and I no proſpect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæſar,—as Cato ſaid ; for ambitious, falſe, or flattering people, to domineer in. Nay, they would not, by their good will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words in quiet. I deſpiſe the world yet, I aſſure you, more than either Gay or you, and the court more than all the reſt of the world As for theſe ſcribblers for whom you apprehend I would ſuppreſs my *Dulneſs*, (which, by the way, for the future, you are to call by a more pompous name, *The Dunciad*), how much that neſt of hornets are my regard, will eaſily appear to you, when you read the treatiſe of the Bathos.

At all adventures, yours and my name ſhall ſtand linked as friends to poſterity, both in verſe and proſe, and, as Tully calls it, *in conſuetudine ſtudiorum*. Would to God our perſons could but as well and as ſurely be inſeparable ! I find my other ties dropping from me : ſome worn off, ſome torn

* Before Mr. Gay had fenced this thouſand pounds, he had a conſultation with his friends about the diſpoſal of it. Mr. L. adviſed him to intruſt it to the funds, and live upon the intereſt. Dr. Arbuthnot, to intruſt it to Providence, and live upon the principal ; and Mr. Pope was for purchaſing an annuity for life. In this uncertainty he could only ſay with the old man in Terence, *Feciſtis probe* ; *Inertior ſum multo, quam cudum.* Warb.

off,

off, others relaxing daily: my greateſt, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, time is ſhaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older, for living ſo much with one ſo old; much the more helpleſs, for having been ſo long helped and tended by her; much the more conſiderate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who required me juſtly to be both to her; and conſequently the more melancholy and thoughtful; and the leſs fit for others, who want only in a companion or a friend, to be amuſed or entertained. My conſtitution too has had its ſhare of decay, as well as my ſpirits; and I am as much in the decline at forty, as you at ſixty. I believe we ſhould be fit to live together, could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite inſupportable. Your deafneſs would agree with my dulneſs; you would not want me to ſpeak when you could not hear. But God forbid you ſhould be as deſtitute of the ſocial comforts of life, as I muſt when I loſe my mother; or that ever you ſhould loſe your more uſeful acquaintance ſo utterly, as to turn your thoughts to ſuch a broken reed as I am, who could ſo ill ſupply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafneſs; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; every thing you do or ſay in this kind, obliges me, nay, delights me, to ſee the juſtice you do me in thinking me concerned in all your concerns, ſo that though the pleaſanteſt thing you can tell me be that you are better or eaſier, next to that it pleaſes me, that you make me the perſon you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happieſt end I know of this life, ſo the next felicity is, to get rid of fools and ſcoundrels; which I can't but own to you was one part of my deſign in falling upon theſe authors, whoſe incapacity is not greater

greater than their insincerity; and of whom I have always found, (if I may quote myself),

"That each bad author is as bad a friend."

This poem will rid me of those insects.

Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Graii;
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade;

I mean than my Iliad; and I call it *Nescio quid*, which is a degree of modesty; but however, if it silence these fellows *, it must be something greater than any Iliad in Christendom.

LETTER XXXI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, May 10. 1728.

I Have with great pleasure shewn the New-England news-paper with the two names Jonathan Gulliver; and I remember Mr. Fortescue sent you an account from the assizes, of one Lemuel Gulliver, who had a cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd strange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been matter for historians. Mr. Gay's opera hath been acted here twenty times; and my Lord Lieutenant † tells me, it is very well performed; he hath seen it often, and approves it much.

* It did, in a little time, effectually silence them. *Warb.*
† Lord Carteret.

You

You give a moſt melancholy account of yourſelf, and which I do not approve. I reckon, that a man ſubject like us to bodily infirmities, ſhould only occaſionally converſe with great people, notwithſtanding all their good qualities, eaſineſſes, and kindneſſes. There is another race which I prefer before them, as beef and mutton for conſtant diet before partridges; I mean a middle kind both for underſtanding and fortune; who are perfectly eaſy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and ſit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I can tell without offence, that I am otherwiſe engaged at preſent. This you cannot expect from any of thoſe that either you or I, or both, are acquainted with on your ſide; who are only fit for our healthy ſeaſons, and have much buſineſs of their own. God forbid I ſhould condemn you to Ireland, (*quanquam O!*); and for England I deſpair; and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my ſeaſon of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs. Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loſs will be very ſenſible, whenever it ſhall happen. I ſay one thing, that both ſummers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune: you will have an abſolute command of your company, with whatever obſequiouſneſs or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly houſekeeper *, who hath been my W—lp - le above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villa's near this town: you have a warm apartment in this houſe, and two gardens for amuſement. I have ſaid enough, yet not half. Except abſence from friends, I confeſs

* Mrs. Brent.

freely

freely that I have no diſcontent at living here; beſides what ariſes from a ſilly ſpirit of liberty, which as it neither ſours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor ſpoils my ſtomach farther than in imagination, ſo I reſolve to throw it off.

You talk of this Dunciad: but I am impatient to have it *volare per ora* — there is now a vacancy for fame. The Beggar's Opera hath done its talk; *diſcedat, uti conviva ſatur.* Adieu.

LETTER XXXII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

June 1. 1728.

I Look upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us two, as a peculiar triumvirate, who have nothing to expect, or to fear; and ſo far fitteſt to converſe with one another: only he and I are a little ſubject to ſchemes, and one of us (I won't ſay which) upon very weak appearances, and this you have nothing to do with. I do profeſs, without affectation, that your kind opinion of me as a patriot, (ſince you call it ſo), is what I do not deſerve; becauſe what I do is owing to perfect rage and reſentment, and the mortifying ſight of ſlavery, folly, and baſeneſs about me, among which I am forced to live. And I will take my oath, that you have more virtue in an hour, than I in ſeven years: for you diſpiſe the follies, and hate the vices of mankind, without the leaſt ill effect on your temper; and with regard to particular men, you are inclined always rather to think the better; whereas with me 'tis always directly contrary. I hope, however, this is not in you from a ſuperior principle of virtue, but from your

your ſituation; which hath made all parties and intereſts indifferent to you, who can be under no concern about high and low church, Whig and Tory, or who is firſt miniſter.——Your long letter was the laſt I received till this day by Dr. Delany, although you mention another ſince. The Doctor told me your ſecret about the Dunciad; which does not pleaſe me, becauſe it defers gratifying my vanity in the moſt tender point, and perhaps may wholly diſappoint it. As to one of your inquiries, I am eaſy enough in great matters; but I have a thouſand paltry vexations in my little ſtation; and the more contemptible, the more vexatious. There might be a Lutrin writ upon the tricks uſed by my chapter to teaſe me. I do not converſe with one creature of ſtation or title, but I have a ſet of eaſy people whom I entertain when I have a mind. I have formerly deſcribed them to you; but when you come, you ſhall have the honours of the country as much as you pleaſe; and I ſhall, on that account, make a better figure as long as I live. Pray God preſerve Mrs. Pope for your ſake and eaſe; I love and eſteem her too much to wiſh it for her own; if I were five and twenty, I would wiſh to be of her age, to be as ſecure as ſhe is of a better life. Mrs. P. B. has writ to me, and is one of the beſt letter writers I know; very good ſenſe, civility, and friendſhip, without any ſtiffneſs or conſtraint. The Dunciad has taken wind here; but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the univerſity-lads will croud to kiſs the hem of your garment. I am grieved to hear that my Lord Bolingbroke's ill health forced him to the Bath. Tell me not, is Temperance a neceſſary virtue for great men, ſince it is the parent of Eaſe and Liberty? ſo neceſſary for the uſe and improvement of the mind, and which philoſophy allows to be the greateſt felicities of life? I believe, had health been given ſo liberally to you,

it

it would have been better husbanded without shame to your parts.

LETTER XXXIII.

Dawley, June 28. 1728.

I Now hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two hay-cocks; but his attention is somewhat diverted, by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the triumvirate between yourself and me; though he says, that he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power like Augustus, and and another with all the pleasures like Anthony. It is upon a foresight of this, that he has fitted up his farm; and you will agree, that this scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purged out of him, and his great temperance and œconomy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a bishopric in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might inquire of his hay-makers; but as to his temperance, I can answer, that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.

Now his Lordship is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I overheard him yesterday agree with a painter for 200 l. to paint his country-hall with trophies of rakes, spades, prongs, *&c.* and other ornaments, merely to coun-

tenance his calling this place a farm.——Now turn over a new leaf.——

He bids me assure you, he should be sorry not to have more schemes of kindness for his friends, than of ambition for himself. There, though his schemes may be weak, the motives at least are strong. And he says further, if you could bear as great a fall and decrease of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you would not live in Ireland an hour.

The Dunciad is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inscription which makes me proudest. It will be attended with *Proeme*, *Prolegomena*, *Testimonia Scriptorum*, *Index Authorum*, and notes *Variorum*. As to the latter, I desire you to read over the text, and make a few in any way you like best *, whether dry raillery, upon the style and way of commenting of trivial critics; or humorous, upon the authors in the poem; or historical, of persons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel passages of the ancients Adieu I am pretty well, my mother not ill; Dr. Arbuthnot vexed with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we shall lose a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much.

I am, &c.

* Dr. Swift did so.

LETTER XXXIV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

July 16. 1728.

I Have often run over the Dunciad in an Irish edition, (I suppose full of faults), which a gentleman sent me. The notes I could wish to be very large, in what relates to the persons concerned; for I have long observed, that twenty miles from London no body understands hints, initial letters, or town facts and passages; and in a few years not even those who live in London. I would have the names of those scribblers printed indexically at the beginning or end of the poem, with an account of their works, for the reader to refer to I would have all the parodies (as they are called) referred to the author they imitate. —— When I began this long paper, I thought I should have filled it with setting down the several passages I had marked in the edition I had; but I find it unnecessary, so many of them falling under the same rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never, in my opinion, saw so much good satire, or more good sense, in so many lines. How it passes in Dublin I know not yet; but I am sure it will be a great disadvantage to the poem, that the persons and facts will not be understood, till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be published till towards winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again, I insist, you must have your asterisks filled up with real names of real dunces.

I am now reading your preceding letter of June 28. and find, that all I have advised above is mentioned there. I would be glad to know whether the

the quarto edition is to come out anonymouſly, as publiſhed by the commentator, with all his pomp of prefaces, *&c.* and among many complaints of ſpurious editions. I am thinking whether the editor ſhould not follow the old ſtyle of this excellent author, *&c.* and refine in many places when you meant no refinement; and into the bargain, take all the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, hiſtories, and performances.

As to yourſelf, I doubt you want a ſpurrer-on to exerciſe and to amuſements; but to talk of decay at your ſeaſon of life, is a jeſt. But you are not ſo regular as I. You are the moſt temperate man God-ward, and the moſt intemperate yourſelf-ward, of moſt I have known. I ſuppoſe Mr. Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more fleſh, and two hundred leſs in money. Providence never deſigned him to be above two and twenty, by his thoughtleſſneſs and cullibility. He hath as little foreſight of age, ſickneſs, poverty, or loſs of admirers, as a girl at fifteen. By the way, I muſt obſerve, that my Lord Bolingbroke (from the effects of his kindneſs to me) argues moſt ſophiſtically: the fall from a million to a hundred thouſand pounds is not ſo great, as from eight hundred pounds a-year to one; beſides he is a controller of fortune, and poverty dares not look a great miniſter in the face under his loweſt declenſion. I never knew him live ſo great and expenſively as he hath done ſince his return from exile; ſuch mortals have reſources that others are not able to comprehend. But God bleſs you, whoſe great genius has not ſo tranſported you as to leave you to the courteſy of mankind; for wealth is liberty, and liberty is a bleſſing fitteſt for a philoſopher, — and Gay is a ſlave juſt by two thouſand pounds too little.—— And Horace was of my mind, and let my Lord contradict him if he dares——

LETTER XXXV.

Bath, Nov 12. 1728.

I Have paſſed ſix weeks in queſt of health, and found it not; but I found the folly of ſolicitude about it in a hundred inſtances; the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of phyſicians, the blind obedience of ſome patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe at a certain time of life, men are either fools or phyſicians for themſelves, and zealots or divines for themſelves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's viſit; but laſt week I repented that wiſh, having been alarmed with a report of your lying ill on the road from Ireland; from which I am juſt relieved, by an aſſurance that you are ſtill at Sir A——'s planting and building; two things that I envy you for, beſides a third, which is the ſociety of a valuable lady. I conclude, (though I know nothing of it), that you quarrel with her, and abuſe her every day, if ſhe is ſo. I wonder I hear of no lampoons upon her, either made by yourſelf, or by others, becauſe you eſteem her. I think it a vaſt pleaſure, that whenever two people of merit regard one another, ſo many ſcoundrels envy and are angry at them: it is bearing teſtimony to a merit they cannot reach; and if you knew the infinite content I have received of late, at the finding yours and my name conſtantly united in any ſilly ſcandal, I think you would go near to ſing *Io triumphe!* and celebrate my happineſs in verſe; and I believe, if you will not, I ſhall. The inſcription to the Dunciad is now printed, and inſerted in the poem. Do you care I ſhould ſay any thing further how much that

poem

poem is yours? since certainly without you it had never been. Would to God we were together for the rest of our lives! The whole weight of scribblers would just serve to find us amusement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them. Every stick you plant, and every stone you lay, is to some purpose; but the business of such lives as theirs is but to die daily, to labour, and raising nothing. I only wish we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities; and let those who have so great a mind to have more wit than we, win it, and wear it. Give us but ease, health, peace, and fair weather! I think it is the best wish in the world, and you know whose it was. If I lived in Ireland, I fear the wet climate would endanger more than my life; my humour and health; I am so atmospherical a creature.

I must not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words spoken of you in the drawing-room, was not true. The sayings of princes are generally as ill related, as the sayings of wits. To such reports little of our regard should be given, and less of our conduct influenced by them.

LETTER XXXVI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Feb. 13. 1728.

I Lived very easily in the country. Sir A is a man of sense, and a scholar, has a good voice, and my Lady a better: she is perfectly well bred, and desirous to improve her understanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine lady. She was my pupil there, and severely chid

when she read wrong. With that, and walking, and making twenty little amusing improvements, and writing family-verses of mirth by way of libels on my lady, my time passed very well, and in very great order; infinitely better than here, where I see no creature but my servants, and my old Presbyterian housekeeper, denying myself to every body, till I shall recover my ears.

The account of another Lord Lieutenant was only in a common news-paper when I was in the country; and if it should have happened to be true, I would have desired to have had access to him, as the situation I am in requires. But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr. Congreve, whom I loved from my youth, and who surely, besides his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to squander away a very good constitution in his younger days; and I think a man of sense and merit like him, is bound in conscience to preserve his health, for the sake of his friends, as well as of himself. Upon his own account I could not much desire the continuance of his life under so much pain, and so many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me; and I have an addition of weight on my spirits since we lost him; though I saw him so seldom; and possibly, if he had lived on, should never have seen him more. I do not only wish, as you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deserving person, but almost that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good-humoured physician *, a fine gentleman, an excellent scholar, easy in his fortunes, kind to every body, hath abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally; they pass the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together; he loves them all, and they him. He has twenty of these at command,

* Dr. Helsham.

if

if one of them dies, it is no more than poor Tom! he gets another, or takes up with the reſt, and is no more moved than at the loſs of his cat; he offends no body, is eaſy with every body.——Is not this the true happy man? I was deſcribing him to my Lady A——, who knows him too; but ſhe hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health. I would give half my fortune for the ſame temper; and yet I cannot ſay I love it; for I do not love my Lord ——, who is much of the Doctor's nature. I hear Mr. Gay's ſecond opera †, which you mention, is forbid; and then he will be once more fit to be adviſed, and reject your advice. Adieu.

† Polly.

END of Vol. IX.

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